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THE CHADSEY—SPAIN READERS

SEVENTH BOOK

They Were Suddenly Dragged Into the World of Romance

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THE CHADSEY–SPAIN READERS

SEVENTH BOOK

BY
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PREFACE

There are many readers in the market which are highly satisfactory and of great merit, but there is little doubt that there is opportunity for a series of the type that is represented by this volume. In the upper grades of the elementary school the purpose of the work in reading is not merely to furnish an opportunity for drill in oral expression; it should also have as a distinct aim the development of interest in good literature and should expose the child to samples of many types of English prose and verse. While in some systems it is considered preferable to emphasize in the reading period the careful study of certain selected classics, in the judgment of the editors of this series it is highly desirable that our students be given an opportunity to come in contact with a more extended group of selections than is possible without the use of a school reader.

There has been a deliberate effort to bring together as large an amount of fresh material as is possible and it is believed that there will be found fewer selections in these volumes which have been used in other readers than in any other similar collection of material. Great care has been exercised in securing selections of inherent interest to the pupils. In too many cases in readers now in general use much of the material is distinctly beyond the intellectual comprehension of the child. While the editors are not averse to using some selections of this sort, yet the greater portion should be of a type which the child would be glad to pick up and read voluntarily. The teaching of English literature both in the elementary school and in secondary schools fails in the great majority of cases in the development of a taste for reading of a worthy character. It is too much to hope that students within the limited opportunities of a school reader, can go far in the develop-

ment of such interest, but many of these selections should operate to stimulate the child's desire to read more of a similar character. Teachers who have become interested in the unquestioned value of silent reading as a factor in the development of the child's equipment can make good use of these volumes for this purpose. The editors suggest that so far as possible children be encouraged to bring into the class for silent reading, selections suggested by the interests developed in the regular reading work. While keenly aware of the fact that the whole subject of English in the elementary and junior high school is in process of reconstruction, the editors submit this series, confident that it contains much of interest and value to the students of the upper grades of our elementary schools.

For the use of copyrighted material, the authors are indebted to the New York *Times* and Edith M. Thomas for "Britons and Guests"; to the New York *Times* and Beatrice Barry for "An Invocation"; to Chas. Scribners' Sons for "A Handful of Clay" by Henry Van Dyke and "The Coming of the Prince" by Eugene Field; to Edgar A. Guest for "Roses and Sunshine"; to Little, Brown and Company and Ailo Bates for "The Torch Bearers"; to Laurence LaTourette Driggs and Little, Brown and Company for "A Zeppelin Raid Over Paris"; to "The Bellman" for the "Flag in Belgium"; to Thomas Y. Crowell Co. for "America the Beautiful" by Katherine Lee Bates; to the Century Company for the following selections from their publications: "The Lost Prince," Frances Hodgson Burnett; "The World I Live In," Helen Keller; "When Mozart Raced with Marie Antoinette," from "Boyhood Stories of Famous Men," Katherine Dunlap Cather; "Fort Michilimackinac," from the "White Islander," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood; "The Redemptioner," from "Jack Ballister's Fortune," Howard Pyle; "The Making of a Patriot," from "Heroines of Service," Mary R. Parkman; "Going Over the Top," from the "Notebook of an Intelligence Officer," Major Eric Fisher Wood; "The Children of the Road," from "Tramp-

ing with Tramps," Josiah Flynt; "Secrets of Polar Travel," Robert E. Peary; "The Horse Trade," John Luther Long; "The Fall of New Amsterdam," John Bennett; "A Ride on an Avalanche," John Muir; "School Days of a Russian Peasant," from "My Childhood," Maxim Gorky; "The Pilot of the Lachine Rapids," Cleveland Moffet; "Louis Kerneguy," from "Story and Play Readers," Margaret Knox and Anna M. Lükenhaus; "Gulliver the Great," Walter A. Dyer; "Chickaree the Scold," Dallas Lore Sharp.

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THE CHADSEY—SPAIN READERS

SEVENTH BOOK

THE LOST PRINCE

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

NOTE. Marco Loristan, a boy of twelve, his father and their old servant, Lazarus, were exiles from the kingdom of Samavia. From his earliest years, Marco had been hurried about from one European capital to another, now living for a time in St. Petersburg or Berlin and again in Vienna, Budapest or London. Marco had never seen Samavia but his father had often told him of his country's struggles for liberty and of the cruelties of the ruling kings. Marco had, in his father's presence, pledged his heart and sword to Samavia. There was a legend that five hundred years before, the kingdom of Samavia had been ruled over by a vicious, cruel king, who had a son who was much beloved by the people. The Samavians rose in revolt and killed the cruel king, but when they sought the Prince to crown him King, he was nowhere to be found. Since that day Samavians have cherished the belief that Prince Ivor, the Lost Prince, will some day return and restore peace and harmony to his country. Marco was forbidden by his father to speak to anyone of their wanderings or of the fact that they were Samavians. While dwelling in London, Marco one day, while taking a walk, found himself in an out of the way part of the city, where the events narrated below took place.

Marco found himself passing a side street and looked up it. It was so narrow, and on either side of it were such old, tall, and sloping-walled houses that it attracted his attention. It looked as if a bit of old London had been left to stand while newer places grew up and hid it from view. This was the kind of street he liked to pass through for curiosity's sake. He knew many of them in the old quarters of many cities. He had lived in some of them. He could find his way home from the other end of it. Another thing than its queerness attracted him. He heard a clamor of boys' voices, and he wanted to see what they were doing. Sometimes, when he had reached a new place and had

had that lonely feeling, he had followed some boyish clamor of play or wrangling, and had found a temporary friend or so.

Half-way to the street's end there was an arched brick passage. The sound of the voices came from there — one of them high, and thinner and shriller than the rest. Marco tramped up to the arch and looked down through the passage. It opened on to a gray flagged space, shut in by the railings of a black, deserted, and ancient graveyard behind a venerable church which turned its face toward some other street. The boys were not playing, but listening to one of their number who was reading to them from a newspaper.

Marco walked down the passage and listened also, standing in the dark arched outlet at its end and watching the boy who read. He was a strange little creature with big forehead, and deep eyes which were curiously sharp. But this was not all. He had a hunch back, his legs seemed small and crooked. He sat with them crossed before him on a rough wooden platform set on low wheels, on which he evidently pushed himself about. Near him were a number of sticks stacked together as if they were rifles. One of the first things that Marco noticed was that he had a savage little face marked with lines as if he had been angry all his life.

"Hold your tongues, you fools!" he shrilled out to some boys who interrupted him. "Don't you want to know anything, you ignorant swine?"

He was as ill-dressed as the rest of them, but he did not speak in the Cockney dialect. If he was of the riffraff of the streets, as his companions were, he was somehow different.

Then he, by chance, saw Marco, who was standing in the arched end of the passage.

"What are you doing there listening?" he shouted, and at once stooped to pick up a stone and threw it at him. The stone hit Marco's shoulder, but it did not hurt him much. What he did not like was that another lad should want to throw something at

him before they had even exchanged boy-signs. He also did not like the fact that two other boys promptly took the matter up by bending down to pick up stones also.

He walked forward straight into the group and stopped close to the hunchback.

"What did you do that for?" he asked, in his rather deep young voice.

He was big and strong-looking enough to suggest that he was not a boy it would be easy to dispose of, but it was not that which made the group stand still a moment to stare at him. It was something in himself — half of it a kind of impartial lack of anything like irritation at the stone-throwing. It was as if it had not mattered to him in the least. It had not made him feel angry or insulted. He was only rather curious about it. Because he was clean, and his hair and his shabby clothes were brushed, the first impression given by his appearance as he stood in the archway was that he was a young "toff" poking his nose where it was not wanted; but, as he drew near, they saw that the well-brushed clothes were worn, and there were patches on his shoes.

"What did you do that for?" he asked, and he asked it merely as if he wanted to find out the reason.

"I 'm not going to have you swells dropping into my club as if it was your own," said the hunchback.

"I 'm not a swell, and I did n't know it was a club," Marco answered. "I heard boys, and I thought I 'd come and look. When I heard you reading about Samavia, I wanted to hear."

He looked at the reader with his silent-expressioned eyes.

"You need n't have thrown a stone," he added. "They don't do it at men's clubs. I 'll go away."

He turned about as if he were going, but before he had taken three steps, the hunchback hailed him unceremoniously.

"Hi!" he called out. "Hi, you!"

"What do you want?" said Marco.

"I bet you don't know where Samavia is, or what they 're

fighting about." The hunchback threw the words at him.

"Yes, I do. It 's north of Beltrazo and east of Jiardasia, and they are fighting because one party has assassinated King Maran, and the other will not let them crown Nicola Iarovitch. And why should they? He 's a brigand, and has n't a drop of royal blood in him."

"Oh!" reluctantly admitted the hunchback. "You do know that much, do you? Come back here."

Marco turned back, while the boys still stared. It was as if two leaders or generals were meeting for the first time, and the rabble, looking on, wondered what would come of their encounter.

"The Samavians of the Iarovitch party are a bad lot and want only bad things," said Marco, speaking first. "They care nothing for Samavia. They only care for money and the power to make laws which will serve them and crush everybody else. They know Nicola is a weak man, and that, if they can crown him king, they can make him do what they like."

The fact that he spoke first, and that, though he spoke in a steady boyish voice without swagger, he somehow seemed to take it for granted that they would listen, made his place for him at once. Boys are impressionable creatures, and they know a leader when they see him. The hunchback fixed glittering eyes on him. The rabble began to murmur.

"Rat! Rat!" several voices cried at once in good strong Cockney. "Arst 'im some more, Rat!"

"Is that what they call you?" Marco asked the hunchback.

"It 's what I called myself," he answered resentfully. "'The Rat!' Look at me! Crawling round on the ground like this! Look at me!"

He made a gesture ordering his followers to move aside, and began to push himself rapidly, with queer darts this side and that, round the inclosure. He bent his head and body, and twisted his face, and made strange animal-like movements. He even uttered sharp squeaks as he rushed here and there — as a rat might

have done when it was being hunted. He did it as if he were displaying an accomplishment, and his followers' laughter was applause.

"Was n't I like a rat?" he demanded, when he suddenly stopped.

"You made yourself like one on purpose," Marco answered. "You do it for fun."

"Not so much fun," said The Rat. "I feel like one. Every one 's my enemy. I 'm vermin. I can't fight or defend myself unless I bite. I can bite, though." And he showed two rows of fierce, strong, white teeth, sharper at the points than human teeth usually are. "I bite my father when he gets drunk and beats me. I 've bitten him till he 's learned to remember." He laughed a shrill, squeaking laugh. "He has n't tried it for three months — even when he was drunk — and he 's always drunk." Then he laughed again still more shrilly. "He 's a gentleman," he said. "I 'm a gentleman's son. He was a Master at a big school until he was kicked out — that was when I was four and my mother died. I 'm thirteen now. How old are you?"

"I 'm twelve," answered Marco.

The Rat twisted his face enviously.

"I wish I was your size! Are you a gentleman's son? You look as if you were."

"I 'm a very poor man's son," was Marco's answer. "My father is a writer."

"Then, ten to one, he 's a sort of gentleman," said The Rat. Then quite suddenly he threw another question at him. "What 's the name of the other Samavian party?"

"The Maranovitch. The Maranovitch and the Iarovitch have been fighting with each other for five hundred years. First one dynasty rules, and then the other gets in when it has killed somebody as it killed King Maran," Marco answered without hesitation.

"What was the name of the dynasty that ruled before they

began fighting? The first Maranovitch assassinated the last of them," The Rat asked him.

"The Fedorovitch," said Marco. "The last one was a bad king."

"His son was the one they never found again," said The Rat. "The one they call the Lost Prince."

Marco would have started but for his long training in exterior self-control. It was so strange to hear his dream-hero spoken of in this back alley in a slum, and just after he had been thinking of him.

"What do you know about him?" he asked, and, as he did so, he saw the group of vagabond lads draw nearer.

"Not much. I only read something about him in a torn magazine I found in the street," The Rat answered. "The man that wrote about him said he was only part of a legend, and he laughed at people for believing in him. He said it was about time that he should turn up again if he intended to. I 've invented things about him because these chaps like to hear me tell them. They 're only stories."

"We like 'im," a voice called out, "becos 'e wos the right sort; 'e 'd fight, 'e would, if 'e was in Samavia now."

Marco rapidly asked himself how much he might say. He decided and spoke to them all.

"He is not part of a legend. He 's part of Samavian history," he said. "I know something about him too."

"How did you find it out?" asked The Rat.

"Because my father 's a writer, he 's obliged to have books and papers, and he knows things. I like to read, and I go into the free libraries. You can always get books and papers there. Then I ask my father questions. All the newspapers are full of things about Samavia just now." Marco felt that this was an explanation which betrayed nothing. It was true that no one could open a newspaper at this period without seeing news and stories of Samavia.

The Rat saw possible vistas of information opening up before him.

"Sit down here," he said, "and tell us what you know about him. Sit down, you fellows."

There was nothing to sit on but the broken flagged pavement, but that was a small matter. Marco himself had sat on flags or bare ground often enough before, and so had the rest of the lads. He took his place near The Rat, and the others made a semicircle in front of them. The two leaders had joined forces, so to speak, and the followers fell into line at "attention."

Then the new-comer began to talk. It was a good story, that of the Lost Prince, and Marco told it in a way which gave it reality. How could he help it? He knew, as they could not, that it was real. He who had pored over maps of little Samavia since his seventh year, who had studied them with his father, knew it as a country he could have found his way to any part of if he had been dropped in any forest or any mountain of it. He knew every highway and byway, and in the capital city of Melzarr could almost have made his way blindfolded. He knew the palaces and the forts, the churches, the poor streets and the rich ones. His father had once shown him a plan of the royal palace which they had studied together until the boy knew each apartment and corridor in it by heart. But this he did not speak of. He knew it was one of the things to be silent about. But of the mountains and the emerald velvet meadows climbing their sides and only ending where huge bare crags and peaks began, he could speak. He could make pictures of the wide fertile plains where herds of wild horses fed, or raced and sniffed the air; he could describe the fertile valleys where clear rivers ran and flocks of sheep pastured on deep sweet grass. He could speak of them because he could offer a good enough reason for his knowledge of them. It was not the only reason he had for his knowledge, but it was one which would serve well enough.

"That torn magazine you found had more than one article

about Samavia in it," he said to The Rat. "The same man wrote four. I read them all in a free library. He had been to Samavia, and knew a great deal about it. He said it was one of the most beautiful countries he had ever traveled in — and the most fertile. That 's what they all say of it."

The group before him knew nothing of fertility or open country. They only knew London back streets and courts. Most of them had never traveled as far as the public parks, and in fact scarcely believed in their existence. They were a rough lot, and as they had stared at Marco at first sight of him, so they continued to stare at him as he talked. When he told of the tall Samavians who had been like giants centuries ago, and who had hunted the wild horses and captured and trained them to obedience by a sort of strong and gentle magic, their mouths fell open. This was the sort of thing to allure any boy's imagination.

"Blimme, if I would n't 'ave liked ketchin' one o' them 'orses," broke in one of the audience, and his exclamation was followed by a dozen of like nature from the others. Who would n't have liked "ketchin' one"?

When he told of the deep endless-seeming forests, and of the herdsmen and shepherds who played on their pipes and made songs about high deeds and bravery, they grinned with pleasure without knowing they were grinning. They did not really know that in this neglected, broken-flagged inclosure, shut in on one side by smoke-blackened, poverty-stricken houses, and on the other by a deserted and forgotten sunken graveyard, they heard the rustle of green forest boughs where birds nested close, the swish of the summer wind in the river reeds, and the tinkle and laughter and rush of brooks running.

They heard more or less of it all through the Lost Prince story, because Prince Ivor had loved lowland woods and mountain forests and all out-of-door life. When Marco pictured him tall and strong-limbed and young, winning all the people when he

rode smiling among them, the boys grinned again with unconscious pleasure.

When they heard of the unrest and dissatisfaction of the Samavians, they began to get restless themselves. When Marco reached the part of the story in which the mob rushed into the palace and demanded their prince from the king, they ejaculated scraps of bad language.

It was a story which had a queer effect on them. It made them think they saw things; it fired their blood; it set them wanting to fight for ideals they knew nothing about — adventurous things, for instance, and high and noble young princes who were full of the possibility of great and good deeds. Sitting upon the broken flagstones of the bit of ground behind the deserted graveyard, they were suddenly dragged into the world of romance, and noble young princes and great and good deeds became as real as the sunken gravestones, and far more interesting.

And then the smuggling across the frontier of the unconscious prince in the bullock cart loaded with sheepskins! They held their breaths. Would the old shepherd get him past the line! Marco, who was lost in the recital himself, told it as if he had been present. He felt as if he had, and as this was the first time he had ever told it to thrilled listeners, his imagination got him in its grip, and his heart jumped in his breast as he was sure the old man's must have done when the guard stopped his cart and asked him what he was carrying out of the country. He knew he must have had to call up all his strength to force his voice into steadiness.

And then the good monks! He had to stop to explain what a monk was, and when he described the solitude of the ancient monastery, and its walled gardens full of flowers and old simples to be used for healing, and the wise monks walking in the silence and the sun, the boys stared a little helplessly, but still as if they were vaguely pleased by the picture.

And then there was no more to tell — no more. There it broke

off, and something like a low howl of dismay broke from the semicircle.

"Aw!" they protested, "is that all there is?"

"It's all that was ever known really. And that last part might only be a sort of story made up by somebody. But I believe it myself."

The Rat had listened with burning eyes. He had sat biting his finger-nails, as was a trick of his when he was excited or angry.

"Tell you what!" he exclaimed suddenly. "This was what happened. It was some of the Maranovitch fellows that tried to kill him. They meant to kill his father and make their own man king, and they knew the people would n't stand it if young Ivor was alive. They just stabbed him in the back, the fiends! I dare say they heard the old shepherd coming, and left him for dead and ran."

"Right, oh! That was it!" the lads agreed. "Yer right there, Rat!"

"When he got well," The Rat went on feverishly, still biting his nails, "he could n't go back. He was only a boy. The other fellow had been crowned, and his followers felt strong because they 'd just conquered the country. He could have done nothing without an army, and he was too young to raise one. Perhaps he thought he 'd wait till he was old enough to know what to do. I dare say he went away and had to work for his living as if he 'd never been a prince at all. Then perhaps sometime he married somebody and had a son, and told him as a secret who he was and all about Samavia." The Rat began to look vengeful. "If I 'd bin him, I 'd have told him not to forget what the Maranovitch had done to me. I 'd have told him that if I could n't get back the throne, he must see what he could do when he grew to be a man. And I 'd have made him swear, if he got it back, to take it out of them or their children or their children's children in torture and killing. I 'd have made him swear not to leave a Maranovitch alive. And I 'd have told him that, if he

could n't do it in his life, he must pass the oath on to his son and his son's son, as long as there was a Fedorovitch on earth. Would n't you?" he demanded hotly of Marco.

Marco's blood was also hot, but it was a different kind of blood, and he had talked too much to a very sane man.

"No," he said slowly. "What would have been the use? It would n't have done Samavia any good, and it would n't have done him any good to torture and kill people. Better keep them alive and make them do things for the country. If you 're a patriot, you think of the country." He wanted to add "That 's what my father says," but he did not.

"Torture 'em first and then attend to the country," snapped The Rat. "What would you have told your son if you 'd been Ivor?"

"I 'd have told him to learn everything about Samavia — and all the things kings have to know — and study things about laws and other countries — and about keeping silent — and about governing himself as if he were a general commanding soldiers in battle — so that he would never do anything he did not mean to do or could be ashamed of doing after it was over. And I 'd have asked him to tell his son's sons to tell their sons to learn the same things. So, you see, however long the time was, there would always be a king getting ready for Samavia — when Samavia really wanted him. And he would be a real king."

He stopped himself suddenly and looked at the staring semicircle.

"I did n't make that up myself," he said. "I have heard a man who reads and knows things say it. I believe the Lost Prince would have had the same thoughts. If he had, and told them to his son, there has been a line of kings in training for Samavia for five hundred years, and perhaps one is walking about the streets of Vienna, or Budapest, or Paris, or London now, and he 'd be ready if the people found out about him and called him."

"Wisht they would!" some one yelled.

"It would be a queer secret to know all the time when no one else knew it," The Rat communed with himself as it were, "that you were a king and you ought to be on a throne wearing a crown. I wonder if it would make a chap look different?"

He laughed his squeaky laugh, and then turned in his sudden way to Marco:

"But he'd be a fool to give up the vengeance. What is your name?"

"Marco Loristan. What's yours? It isn't The Rat really."

"It's Jem *Rat*cliffe. That's pretty near. Where do you live?"

"No. 7 Philibert Place."

"This club is a soldiers' club," said The Rat. "It's called the Squad. I'm the captain. 'Tention, you fellows! Let's show him."

The semicircle sprang to its feet. There were about twelve lads altogether, and, when they stood upright, Marco saw at once that for some reason they were accustomed to obeying the word of command with military precision.

"Form in line!" ordered The Rat.

They did it at once, and held their backs and legs straight and their heads up amazingly well. Each had seized one of the sticks which had been stacked together like guns.

The Rat himself sat up straight on his platform. There was actually something military in the bearing of his lean body. His voice lost its squeak and its sharpness became commanding.

He put the dozen lads through the drill as if he had been a smart young officer. And the drill itself was prompt and smart enough to have done credit to practised soldiers in barracks. It made Marco involuntarily stand very straight himself, and watch with surprised interest.

"That's good!" he exclaimed when it was at an end. "How did you learn that?"

The Rat made a savage gesture.

"If I'd had legs to stand on, I'd have been a soldier!" he said. "I'd have enlisted in any regiment that would take me. I don't care for anything else."

Suddenly his face changed, and he shouted a command to his followers.

"Turn your backs!" he ordered.

And they did turn their backs and looked through the railings of the old churchyard. Marco saw that they were obeying an order which was not new to them. The Rat had thrown his arm up over his eyes and covered them. He held it there for several moments, as if he did not want to be seen. Marco turned his back as the rest had done. All at once he understood that, though The Rat was not crying, yet he was feeling something which another boy would possibly have broken down under.

"All right!" he shouted presently, and dropped his ragged-sleeved arm and sat up straight again.

"I want to go to war!" he said hoarsely. "I want to fight! I want to lead a lot of men into battle! And I have n't got any legs. Sometimes it takes the pluck out of me."

"You 've not grown up yet!" said Marco. "You might get strong. No one knows what is going to happen. How did you learn to drill the club?"

"I hang about barracks. I watch and listen. I follow soldiers. If I could get books, I'd read about wars. I can't go to libraries as you can. I can do nothing but scuffle about like a rat."

"I can take you to some libraries," said Marco. "There are places where boys can get in. And I can get some papers from my father."

"Can you?" said The Rat. "Do you want to join the club?"

"Yes!" Marco answered. "I'll speak to my father about it."

He said it because the hungry longing for companionship in his own mind had found a sort of response in the queer hungry look in The Rat's eyes. He wanted to see him again. Strange creature as he was, there was attraction in him. Scuffling about on

his low wheeled platform, he had drawn this group of rough lads to him and made himself their commander. They obeyed him; they listened to his stories and harangues about war and soldiering; they let him drill them and give them orders. Marco knew that, when he told his father about him, he would be interested. The boy wanted to hear what Loristan would say.

"I 'm going home now," he said. "If you 're going to be here to-morrow, I will try to come."

"We shall be here," The Rat answered. "It 's our barracks."

Marco drew himself up smartly and made his salute as if to a superior officer. Then he wheeled about and marched through the brick archway, and the sound of his boyish tread was as regular and decided as if he had been a man keeping time with his regiment.

"He 's been drilled himself," said The Rat. "He knows as much as I do."

And he sat up and stared down the passage with new interest.

From "The Lost Prince."

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

KATHERINE LEE BATES

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress

A thoroughfare for freedom beat
  Across the wilderness!
    America! America!
  God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
  Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
  In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
  And mercy more than life!
    America! America!
  May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
  And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
  That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
  Undimmed by human tears!
    America! America!
  God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
  From sea to shining sea!

NOTES

1. How has America the Beautiful helped to realize "the brotherhood of man"?

2. Give historical examples illustrating the first four lines of the second stanza.

3. In each stanza find some thought that makes for Democracy.

THE SUBSTITUTE

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE

He was scarcely ten years old when he was arrested the first time for vagabondage. What he said to the judges was this —

" My name is Jean François Leturc, and for the last six months I have been with the man who sings on the Place de la Bastille between two lanterns, scraping on a piece of catgut. We say the chorus together and then I cry out —' Ask for the new song book, ten centimes, two sous.' He was always intoxicated and he beat me. That is the reason the police found me the other night in these ruined houses. Before that I was with a man who used to sell brushes. My mother was a laundress; her name was Adele. A long time ago a gentleman had established her on the ground floor at Montmartre. She was a fine worker and was very fond of me. She made money because she had the business of the café waiters and they need a great deal of linen. On Sundays she put me to bed early to go to the ball; but during the week she sent me to the brothers' school where I learned to read. At last the policeman whose beat was on our street used to stop in front of our window to talk to her. He was a fine man with a Crimean medal. They were married and then everything went wrong. He disliked me and influenced my mother against me. Everybody slapped me and it was then that, to get away from the house, I used to stay all day at the Place Clichy where I became acquainted with the mountebanks. My stepfather lost his position, my mother her customers. So she went to the wash house to support her husband. It was then that she became ill with consumption from the dampness. She died at Lariboisiere. She was a good woman. Ever since that time I have lived with the brush seller and the fiddler. Are you going to put me in prison? "

He spoke candidly, cynically as a man. He was a ragged little rascal, only as big as a top boot, his forehead hidden under a strange mop of yellow hair.

As nobody claimed him they sent him to the reform school. Unintelligent, lazy, clumsy with his hands, he could learn only a very poor trade,— to reseat straw chairs. Nevertheless, he was obedient and of a quiet, taciturn nature that did not seem too profoundly corrupted in that school of vice. But when, at seventeen years of age, he was released into the Paris streets he found there, unfortunately, his prison companions, all wretched creatures following professions of the lowest sort. Some were trainers of dogs for rat catching in the sewers; some shined shoes in the Passage de l'Opera the nights of the ball; some were wrestlers, allowing themselves to be thrown by the Hercules of the side shows; some fished from rafts out in the river during the day. He tried first one and then another of these callings and just a few months after his discharge from the House of Correction he was arrested again for a petty crime: the theft of an old pair of shoes, picked from out an open shop window. As a result — a term of imprisonment at Sainte-Pélagie where he served as valet to the political prisoners.

He lived, astonished, among this group of prisoners, all very young and carelessly dressed, who spoke so loudly and carried themselves in such a solemn way. They used to gather in the cell of the eldest of them, a man of thirty, imprisoned for a long time and seeming to be settled at Sainte-Pélagie. It was a big cell from the windows of which one could see Paris, its roofs, its steeples, its domes, and beyond, the distant line of the hills, blue and indistinct against the sky. On the walls there were shelves filled with books and all the old apparatus of a fencing school: broken masks, rusty foils, leather packets and gloves with the stuffing half gone. It was there that the political prisoners dined together, adding to the regular "soup and beef" fruit, cheese, and bottles of wine which Jean François was sent to buy at the

Canteen — riotous repasts interrupted by the violent disputes and songs sung in chorus at the dessert — the Carmagnole and the Ça Ira. In the meantime they assumed an air of dignity on those days when they were receiving a newcomer, treating him, at first, gravely, as a Citizen, but the next day calling him by his given name. They made use of large words: Corporation, Solidarity, and others quite unintelligible to Jean François; such for example as this, which at one time he heard uttered with an imperious air by a hideous little hunchback who scribbled on paper all night:

"It is said. The cabinet is composed thus: Raymond in the Department of Education, Martial in the Department of the Interior, and I in the Department of Foreign Affairs."

When his time was up he wandered again about Paris, closely watched by the police like the cockchafers which thoughtless children keep flying at the end of a string. He had become one of those timid fugitives from justice whom the law, with a sort of coquetry, arrests and releases turn and turn about, a little like those platonic fishers who, in order not to empty the pool, throw back the fish in their nets. Without his suspecting that so great an honor was done such an insignificant person, he had a special docket in the mysterious archives of the police station — his name written in beautiful backhand on the gray paper of the cover and the notes and reports, carefully classified, gave him these graduated names; the "man named Leturc," the "accused Leturc," and finally the "condemned Leturc."

He stayed out of prison two years, eating at the Californié, sleeping in the rooming houses and sometimes in the lime kilns and taking part with his companions in endless games of pitch and toss on the boulevard near the gates. He wore a greasy cap on the back of his head, slippers of tapestry, and a short white blouse. When he had five sous he had his hair curled. He used to dance at Constant's at Montparnasse; for two sous he bought the jack-of-hearts or the ace-of-spades, used as return checks, to sell them at the entrance to the Bobino for four sous; he

opened carriage doors when the chance came, led broken-down nags to market. He was always unlucky. In drawing lots for military service he drew a good number. It is a question whether the atmosphere of honor which one breathes in the barracks, whether the military discipline might not have saved him. Caught in the toils of the net with a lot of young vagrants who used to rob the drunken sleepers of the streets, he energetically denied having taken part in the expedition. Perhaps it was true. But his previous record was accepted as proof and he was sent to Poissy for three years. There he learned to make rude toys for children; had himself tattooed on the breast; learned the professional slang and the penal code. Fresh release and a fresh plunge into the Parisian underworld but this time very short, for at the end of six weeks he was again implicated in a theft by night, aggravated by violent burglary, a vague case in which he played an obscure part, half dupe, half receiver of goods. Upon the whole, his complicity in the affair seemed evident and he was condemned to five years of hard labor.

His chief regret in this adventure was at being separated from an old dog which he had found on a pile of rubbish and cured of the mange. This beast loved him.

Toulon, the ball on his ankle, work in the harbor, wooden shoes without straw, soup of black beans dating from Trafalgar, no money for tobacco and the terrible sleep on the filthy iron convict bed — this is what he knew for five sweltering summers and five winters with whistling wind. He came out of it, stunned, and was sent under surveillance to Vernon where he worked for some time on the river; then, incorrigible vagabond that he was, he broke bounds and returned to Paris.

He had his fortune, that is to say fifty-six francs, and time to reflect. During his long absence his old horrible companions had disappeared. He was well hidden and slept in an attic at the home of an old woman to whom he represented himself as a sailor tired of the sea, having lost his papers in a recent wreck,

and who wished to try another trade. His tanned face, his calloused hands and some sea phrases which he let drop occasionally made this seem plausible.

One day when he had risked a saunter along the street and when chance brought him to Montmartre, where he had been born, a sudden memory stopped him before the door of the Brothers' School where he had learned to read. As it was very warm the door was open and with a single look the hesitating passer-by could recognize the school room. Nothing had been changed; not the crucifix over the desk nor the flooding light falling through the great window, nor the rows of seats with their leaden inkstands, nor the table of weights and measures, nor the geography map on which were still the pins pointing out the movements of some old war. Thoughtlessly and without reflection, Jean François read on the blackboard these words of Scripture, which a well-trained hand had traced as an example of handwriting:

"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance."

It was doubtless the hour for recreation for the Brother teacher had left his chair and was sitting on the edge of the table. He seemed to be telling a story to the children around him with attentive faces and lifted eyes. What a gay and innocent expression was that of the beardless young man in his long black robe with white cravat, coarse ugly shoes and whose poorly-cut brown hair stood up in back. All the pallid faces of the children of the common people who were looking at him, seemed less childlike than his, especially when, charmed with a candid priestly pleasantry he had made, he burst into a frank burst of laughter which showed his sound regular teeth, and was so contagious that all the scholars laughed noisily in their turn. And it was simple and sweet, this group in the joyous sunshine which made their clear eyes and their light curls shine.

Jean François watched it some time in silence and for the first time in his savage nature, all instinct and appetite, there awoke

a mysterious sweet emotion. His heart, that rough and hardened heart which was not moved by the heavy cudgel or the weight of the whip, beat to oppression. Before this sight, in which he renewed his childhood, his eyes closed sorrowfully and restraining a violent gesture, speaking the torture of regret, he moved away with long strides. The words written on the blackboard came back to him in thought.

"If it were not too late after all?" he murmured. "If I may even yet eat my white bread honestly, sleep my sleep dreamlessly like the others? The detective would have to be very clever who would recognize me now. My beard which I shaved down there has grown thick and strong again. One can hide himself in this great ant-heap and work is not lacking. The man who does not soon break in the hell of prison comes out of it agile and robust, and I have learned how to climb ladders with a load on my back. There is a great deal of building going on around here and the masons have need of help. Three francs a day — I have never earned so much. If only they will forget me — that is all that I ask."

He carried out his daring resolution — he was faithful to it, and three months later he was another man. The master for whom he worked commended him as his best man. After the long day passed on the ladder, in the hot sun, constantly bending and straightening his back to take the stones from the man below him, he came home to eat at the cheap eating house, exhausted, his eyes heavy, his hands burning, and his eyelashes stuck together, but satisfied with himself and carrying his well-earned wages in the corner of his handkerchief.

He went out now without fear of anything for his white mask rendered him unrecognizable; moreover, he had observed that the suspicious glance of the policeman rested seldom on the hard worker. He was silent and sober. He slept the good sleep of fatigue. He was free.

At last, as a supreme reward, he found a friend. It was a

mason's helper like himself, called Savinien, a little peasant from Limoges with red cheeks. He had come to Paris with his bundle on a stick over his shoulder. He kept away from the wine dealer and went to mass every Sunday. Jean François liked him for his wholesomeness, his candor, his honesty — for all that which he himself had lost so long ago. It was a deep passion, reserved, and expressing itself in the care and forethought of a father. Savinien himself, naturally complacent and selfish, let things alone as they were, satisfied only to have found a comrade who shared his horror of the cabaret. The two friends lived together in a fairly clean furnished room but their resources were very limited and they had to admit to their rooms a third companion, an old man from Auvergne, quiet and avaricious, who found a way of saving out of his meager wage to buy land at home.

Jean François and Savinien scarcely ever left each other. Their days of rest they went together on long walks in the country around Paris and dined in one of those little open air country inns where the sauces are filled with mushrooms and the plates have innocent enigmas on the bottom. Jean François then had his friend tell him all the things which those who live in cities do not know. He learned the names of the trees, the flowers and plants, the dates of the different harvests; he listened greedily to the thousand details of a farmer's labor: the autumn sowing, the winter work, the great feasts of harvest-home and vintage, the flails beating the ground, the noise of the mills on the water's edge, the tired horses being led to the watering trough, the morning hunts in the fog, and, above all, the long evenings around the vine-shoot fire, shortened by wonderful tales. He discovered in himself sources of imagination hitherto unknown, finding a peculiar satisfaction in the mere recital of these details so sweet, calm and monotonous.

This one fear troubled him, however, that Savinien might find out about his past. Sometimes he let slip a shady word of slang, an ignoble gesture, survivals of his former horrible existence, and

he suffered the agony of a man whose old wounds have been reopened. Especially as he then thought he saw in Savinien the awakening of an unhealthy curiosity. When the young man, already tempted by the pleasures which Paris offers even to the poor, asked him about the mysteries of the great city, Jean François pretended ignorance and turned the conversation; but even then he had vague doubts as to the future of his friend.

This was not without foundation and Savinien could not long remain the innocent country man he had been on his arrival at Paris. If the gross and noisy pleasures of the cabaret were still repugnant to him he was deeply affected by other desires full of danger for the inexperience of his twenty years. As soon as spring came he began to seek solitude and wandered at first before the lighted entrance to the dance halls, where he saw the girls going in couples without hats, whispering and with their arms around each other's waists. Then one evening when the lilacs were in bloom and the call of the music was especially fascinating, he crossed the threshold and from then on Jean François saw him change, little by little, in looks and manner. Savinien became more careful of his dress and he spent more. Often he borrowed from the poor savings of his friend and forgot to return. Jean François, feeling deserted, was both indulgent and jealous; he suffered and kept silent. He did not believe he had the right to reproach, but his deep friendship had cruel, unconquerable forebodings.

One evening as he was climbing the stairs to his room, absorbed in thought, he heard, in the room he was about to enter, a dialogue of irritated voices, one of which he recognized as that of the man from Auvergne who lived with Savinien and him. An old habit of suspicion made him wait on the landing to find out the cause of the trouble.

"Yes," the old Auvergnian was saying angrily, "I am sure that some one has opened my trunk and stolen the three louis which I had in a little box. And the man who did the trick can be no

one but one of my two companions who sleep here — unless it might be Maria, the servant. This concerns you as much as it does me since you are the master of the house; and I will hale you to court at once if you do not allow me to search the valises of these two masons. My poor savings! They were still in their place yesterday and I will tell you what they were like so that if we do find them you will not accuse me of lying. Oh, I know them, my three beautiful gold pieces and I see them as plainly as I see you. One was a little more worn than the rest, of a greener gold, and it had the portrait of the great Emperor; another had that of a fat old man with a queue and epaulets; and the third had a Philip with side whiskers. I had marked it with my teeth. I am not to be cheated, not I. Do you know that I need only two others to pay for my vineyard. Come! Let us search the clothes of my two comrades or I shall call the guard."

"Very well," replied the voice of the man who kept the hotel. "We'll search with Maria. So much the worse if you find nothing and the masons are angry. It is you who are forcing me."

Jean François' heart was filled with fear. He recalled the poverty of Savinien and the small loans and the somber manner which he had noticed the last few days. Still he did not wish to believe in any theft. He heard the heavy breathing of the man from Auvergne in the ardor of the search; and he clenched his hands against his breast to still the beating of his heart.

"There they are," suddenly cried the victorious miser. "There they are, my louis, my beloved treasure. And in the Sunday waistcoat of that little hypocrite from Limoges. See here, landlord! They are just as I told you. There's the Napoleon and the man with the queue and the Philip that I have bitten. See the mark! Ah! The little rascal with his innocent air. I should have suspected the other more. Ah! The little scoundrel! He shall have to go to prison."

At that moment Jean François heard the familiar step of Savinien as he slowly climbed the stairs.

"He will betray himself," he thought. "Three flights. I still have time."

And, pushing open the door, he entered, pale as death, into the room where the stupid servant and the hotel keeper were still in corner and the man from Auvergne was on his knees amid the disorder lovingly kissing his gold pieces.

"Enough of this," he said in a dull voice. "It is I who took the money and put it in my comrade's trunk. But that is too disgusting. I am a thief, not a Judas. Go call the police. I shall not run. Only allow me a word in private with Savinien who is here."

The little fellow from Limoges had in fact just arrived, and seeing his crime discovered and believing himself lost, he stood there, his eyes fixed, his arms falling.

Jean François threw his arms around his neck as if to embrace him; he glued his lips to Savinien's ear and said to him in a low beseeching voice: "Keep still!" Then turning to the others: "Leave me alone with him. I shall not go away, I tell you. Lock us in if you want to, but leave us alone."

Again with a commanding gesture, he showed them the door. They went out.

Savinien, overcome with anguish, had seated himself on the bed and had lowered his eyes without understanding.

"Listen," said Jean François, taking his hand. "I understand; you took the three gold pieces to buy some trifle for a girl. That would have cost you six months in prison. But one does not go from that place except to return; and you would have become a pillar of the police tribunals and the assize courts. I know all about them. I have been seven years in the reform school, one at Sainte Pélagie, three at Poissy, and five at Toulon. Now do not have any fear. All is arranged. I have taken everything on my own shoulders."

"Poor wretch!" cried Savinien; but hope already was returning to his cowardly breast.

"When the elder brother is serving under the flag the younger does not go. I am your substitute, that is all. You love me a little, do you not? I am paid. This is no child's play. You cannot refuse. I should have been put in prison one of these days, for I have broken my parole, and then you see that life there would be less hard for me than for you; I am well used to it, and I shall not complain if I do not render this service for nothing and if you will swear to me you will never do it again. Savinien, I have loved you very deeply, and your friendship has made me very happy, for it is thanks to our friendship that I have stayed honest and clean, and what, perhaps, I should have been always if, like you, I had had a father to put a tool in my hands and a mother to teach me my prayers. My only regret has been that I was useless to you and that I was deceiving you about myself. To-day I have taken my mask off in saving you. It is all right. Come now, good-bye! Do not weep; and embrace me, for already I hear the big boots on the stairs. They are returning with the police, and it is not best for us to have the appearance of knowing each other too well before these fellows."

He hastily strained Savinien to his breast; then he pushed him away as the door opened wide.

It was the landlord and the man from Auvergne, bringing the police. Jean François sprang to the landlord, held out his hands for the handcuffs, and said laughingly:

"Let 's be off, worthless set!"

To-day he is at Cayenne, condemned for life as an incorrigible.

NOTES

François Coppée (1842–1908) was a French poet and dramatist. He was born in Paris and became very noted for his masterful writings, which have been translated into many languages.

BRITONS AND GUESTS!

EDITH M. THOMAS

We fought you once — but that was long ago!
  We fought you once, O Briton hearts of oak;
  Away from you — from parent stock — we broke.
Be glad we did! Because from every blow
We hurled in that old day a force did grow
  That now shall stead you, level stroke by stroke —
  So Heaven help us, who but late awoke,
The charge upon our common race to know!

And we will stand with you, the world to save —
  To make it safe for Freedom (as we free have been).
Have you not seen our mutual banners wave
As one upon the wind — a sight most brave! . . .
  We once did fight you — ev'n as next of kin
  May cleave apart, at end to closer win!

NOTES

1. What do we owe to Great Britain?
2. Explain how our separation from Britain has ultimately made us her stronger friend.
3. Explain "hearts of oak"; "mutual banners"; "safe for Freedom."

THE WORLD I LIVE IN

HELEN KELLER

NOTE. This essay by Miss Helen Keller reveals how it is possible for one to be wanting in both sight and hearing and still be perfectly familiar with the world about him through the aid of the senses of touch and smell.

Necessity gives to the eye a precious power of seeing, and in the same way it gives a precious power of feeling to the whole body. Sometimes it seems as if the very substance of my flesh

were so many eyes looking out at will upon a world new created every day. The silence and darkness which are said to shut me in, open my door most hospitably to countless sensations that distract, inform, admonish, and amuse. With my three trusty guides, touch, smell, and taste, I make many excursions into the borderland of experience which is in sight of the city of Light. Nature accommodates itself to every man's necessity. If the eye is maimed, so that it does not see the beauteous face of day, the touch becomes more poignant and discriminating. Nature proceeds through practice to strengthen and augment the remaining senses. For this reason the blind often hear with greater ease and distinctness than other people. The sense of smell becomes almost a new faculty to penetrate the tangle and vagueness of things. Thus, according to an immutable law, the senses assist and reinforce one another.

It is not for me to say whether we see best with the hand or the eye. I only know that the world I see with my fingers is alive, ruddy, and satisfying. Touch brings the blind many sweet certainties which our more fortunate fellows miss, because their sense of touch is uncultivated. When they look at things, they put their hands in their pockets. No doubt that is one reason why their knowledge is often so vague, inaccurate, and useless. It is probable, too, that our knowledge of phenomena beyond the reach of the hand is equally imperfect. But, at all events, we behold them through a golden mist of fantasy.

There is nothing, however, misty or uncertain about what we can touch. Through the sense of touch I know the faces of friends, the illimitable variety of straight and curved lines, all surfaces, the exuberance of the soil, the delicate shapes of flowers, the noble forms of trees, and the range of mighty winds. Besides objects, surfaces, and atmospherical changes, I perceive countless vibrations. I derive much knowledge of every-day matter from the jars and jolts which are to be felt everywhere in the house.

Footsteps, I discover, vary according to the age, the sex, and the manners of the walker. It is impossible to mistake a child's patter for the tread of a grown person. The step of the young man, strong and free, differs from the heavy, sedate tread of the middle-aged, and from the step of the old man, whose feet drag along the floor, or beat it with slow, faltering accents. On a bare floor a girl walks with a rapid, elastic rhythm which is quite distinct from the graver step of the elderly woman. I have laughed over the creak of new shoes and the clatter of a stout maid performing a jig in the kitchen. One day, in the dining-room of a hotel I sat still and listened with my feet. I found that two waiters were walking back and forth, but not with the same gait. A band was playing, and I could feel the music-waves along the floor. One of the waiters walked in time to the band, graceful and light, while the other disregarded the music and rushed from table to table to the beat of some discord in his own mind. Their steps reminded me of a spirited war-steed harnessed with a cart-horse.

Often footsteps reveal in some measure the character and the mood of the walker. I feel in them firmness and indecision, hurry and deliberation, activity and laziness, fatigue, carelessness, timidity, anger, and sorrow. I am most conscious of these moods and traits in persons with whom I am familiar.

Footsteps are frequently interrupted by certain jars and jerks, so that I know when one kneels, kicks, shakes something, sits down, or gets up. Thus I follow to some extent the actions of people about me and the changes of their postures. Just now a thick, soft patter of bare, padded feet and a slight jolt told me that my dog had jumped on the chair to look out of the window. I do not, however, allow him to go uninvestigated; for occasionally I feel the same motion, and find him, not on the chair, but trespassing on the sofa.

When a carpenter works in the house or in the barn near by, I know by the slanting, up-and-down, toothed vibration, and the

ringing concussion of blow upon blow, that he is sawing or hammering. If I am near enough, a certain vibration, traveling back and forth along a wooden surface, brings me the information that he is using a plane.

A slight flutter on the rug tells me that a breeze has blown my papers off the table. A round thump is a signal that a pencil has rolled on the floor. If a book falls, it gives a flat thud. A wooden rap on the balustrade announces that dinner is ready. Many of these vibrations are obliterated out of doors. On the lawn or the road, I can feel only running, stamping, and the rumble of wheels.

By placing my hand on a person's lips and throat, I gain an idea of many specific vibrations, and interpret them: a boy's chuckle, a man's "Whew!" of surprise, the "Hem!" of annoyance or perplexity, the moan of pain, a scream, a whisper, a rasp, a sob, a choke, and a gasp. The utterances of animals, though wordless, are eloquent to me — the cat's purr, its mew, its angry, jerky, scolding spit; the dog's bow-wow of warning or of joyous welcome, its yelp of despair, and its contented snore; the cow's moo; a monkey's chatter; the snort of a horse; the lion's roar, and the terrible snarl of the tiger. Perhaps I ought to add, for the benefit of the critics and doubters who may peruse this essay, that with my own hand I have felt all these sounds. From my childhood to the present day I have availed myself of every opportunity to visit zoölogical gardens, menageries, and the circus, and all the animals, except the tiger, have talked in to my hand. I have touched the tiger only in a museum, where he is as harmless as a lamb. I have, however, heard him talk by putting my hand on the bars of his cage. I have touched several lions in the flesh, and felt them roar royally, like a cataract over rocks.

To continue, I know the *plop* of liquid in a pitcher. So if I spill my milk, I have not the excuse of ignorance. I am also familiar with the pop of a cork, the sputter of a flame, the tick-tack of the clock, the metallic swing of the windmill, the labored

rise and fall of the pump, the voluminous spurt of the hose, the deceptive tap of the breeze at door and window, and many other vibrations past computing.

There are vibrations which do not belong to skin-touch. They penetrate the skin, the nerves, the bones, like pain, heat, and cold. The beat of a drum smites me through from the chest to the shoulder-blades. The din of the train, the bridge, and grinding machinery retains its grip upon me long after its cause has been left behind. If vibration and motion combine in my touch for any length of time, the earth seems to run away while I stand still. When I step off the train, the platform whirls round, and I find it difficult to walk steadily.

I am exceedingly sensitive to the harshness of noises like grinding, scraping, and the hoarse creak of rusty locks. Fog-whistles are my vibratory nightmares. I have stood near a bridge in process of construction, and felt the tactual din, the rattle of heavy masses of stone, the roll of loosened earth, the rumble of engines, the dumping of dirt-cars, the triple blows of vulcan hammers. I can also smell the fire-pots, the tar and cement. So I have a vivid idea of mighty labors in steel and stone, and I believe that I am acquainted with all the fiendish noises which can be made by man or machinery. The whack of heavy falling bodies, the sudden shivering splinter of chopped logs, the crystal shatter of pounded ice, the crash of a tree hurled to the earth by a hurricane, the irrational, persistent chaos of noise made by switching freight-trains, the explosion of gas, the blasting of stone, and the terrific grinding of rock upon rock which precedes the collapse — all these have been in my touch-experience.

Touch brings me into contact with the traffic and manifold activity of the city. Besides the bustle and crowding of people and the nondescript grating and electric howling of street-cars, I am conscious of exhalations from many different kinds of shops; from automobiles, drays, horses, fruit stands, and many varieties of smoke.

The city is interesting; but the silence of the country is always most welcome after the din of town and the irritating concussions of the train. How noiseless and undisturbing are the demolition, the repairs and the alterations of nature! With no sound of hammer or saw or stone severed from stone, but a music of rustles and ripe thumps on the grass come the fluttering leaves and mellow fruits which the wind tumbles all day from the branches. Silently all droops, all withers, all is poured back into the earth that it may recreate; all sleeps while the busy architects of day and night ply their silent work elsewhere. The same serenity reigns when all at once the soil yields up a newly wrought creation. Softly the ocean of grass, moss, and flowers rolls surge upon surge across the earth. Curtains of foliage drape the bare branches. Great trees make ready in their sturdy hearts to receive again birds which occupy their spacious chambers to the south and west. Nay, there is no place so lowly that it may not lodge some happy creature. The meadow brook undoes its icy fetters with rippling notes, gurgles, and runs free. And all this is wrought in less than two months to the music of nature's orchestra, in the midst of balmy incense.

The thousand soft voices of the earth have truly found their way to me — the small rustle in tufts of grass, the silky swish of leaves, the buzz of insects, the hum of bees in blossoms I have plucked, the flutter of a bird's wings after his bath, and the slender rippling vibration of water running over pebbles. Once having been felt, these loved voices rustle, buzz, hum, flutter, and ripple in my thought forever, an undying part of happy memories.

Between my experiences and the experiences of others there is no gulf of mute space which I may not bridge. For I have endlessly varied, instructive contacts with all the world, with life, with the atmosphere whose radiant activity enfolds us all. The thrilling energy of the all-encasing air is warm and rapturous. Heat-waves and sound-waves play upon my face in infinite

variety and combination, until I am able to surmise what must be the myriad sounds that my senseless ears have not heard.

The air varies in different regions, at different seasons of the year, and even different hours of the day. The odorous, fresh sea-breezes are distinct from the fitful breezes along river banks, which are humid and freighted with inland smells. The bracing, light, dry air of the mountains can never be mistaken for the pungent salt air of the ocean. The rain of winter is dense, hard, compressed. In the spring it has new vitality. It is light, mobile, and laden with a thousand palpitating odors from earth, grass, and sprouting leaves. The air of midsummer is dense, saturated, or dry and burning, as if it came from a furnace. When a cool breeze brushes the sultry stillness, it brings fewer odors than in May, and frequently the odor of a coming tempest. The avalanche of coolness which sweeps through the low-hanging air bears little resemblance to the stinging coolness of winter.

The rain of winter is raw, without odor and dismal. The rain of spring is brisk, fragrant, charged with life-giving warmth. I welcome it delightedly as it visits the earth, enriches the streams, waters the hills abundantly, makes the furrows soft with showers for the seed, elicits a perfume which I cannot breathe deep enough. Spring rain is beautiful, impartial, lovable. With pearly drops it washes every leaf on tree and bush, ministers equally to salutary herbs and noxious growths, searches out every living thing that needs its beneficence.

The senses assist and reinforce each other to such an extent that I am not sure whether touch or smell tells me the most about the world. Everywhere the river of touch is joined by the brooks of odor-perception. Each season has its distinctive odors. The spring is earthy and full of sap. July is rich with the odor of ripening grain and hay. As the season advances, a crisp, dry, mature odor predominates, and golden-rod, tansy, and everlastings mark the onward march of the year. In autumn, soft, alluring scents fill the air, floating from thicket, grass, flower, and

tree, and they tell me of time and change, of death and life's renewal, desire and its fulfilment.

NOTE

Helen Keller was born in 1880. An attack of fever when she was nineteen months old left her deaf, dumb and blind. She learned the sign language and at an early age was able to read stories. In 1890 she began to be able to use her voice. She prepared for college in 1900 and graduated with high honors. Miss Keller speaks foreign languages as well as English. She is now an interesting writer and lecturer and her achievements stand as a splendid example of the results of real patience and effort.

THE NOBLE NATURE

BEN JONSON

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night —
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

NOTES

1. How does quality versus quantity apply to this poem?

2. How does one day's real value compare with the uselessness of the "dry log of three hundred year"?

WHEN MOZART RACED WITH MARIE ANTOINETTE

KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER

He was the child of a poor musician, and she was an Austrian archduchess, yet they played as happily in the stately old garden as if there were no such thing in the world as high or low degree. The fountains around the grotto plashed and murmured, their falling waters meeting below the terraces in a stream that went singing away into the pines beyond; while from a pond half hidden in a riot of reeds and rushes, a speckled trout or silver-striped bass leaped up into the sunlight.

Wolfgang felt as if he had come to paradise, and it was not strange. The only garden in which he had ever played was the one at his home in Salzburg, where there was just a plot of grass and gnarled oak-tree, with a clump of yellow jasmine dipping over the old stone wall. A poor little garden, and suffering sometimes for the care his father and mother were both too busy to give it, while the great park at Schönbrunn, with its myriad singing-birds and acres and acres of grove and lawn, was the loveliest spot in all of lovely Austria.

"See!" he exclaimed, pointing to where a fountain threw out a veil of iridescent spray. "There is a rainbow there, just like the one we see in the sky after a shower."

Marie Antoinette nodded. To her the gleaming colors in the spray were an every-day sight.

"Of course," she replied; "there is always a rainbow where a fountain plays. It is great fun to run through the spray. Come, I 'll beat you to the aspen-tree yonder."

And away they went, Marie's yellow curls flying, and merriment dancing in her wide blue eyes. For a minute, Wolfgang kept even with her. But he was younger and less accustomed to exercise, for while the royal child spent the entire summer romping in the open, he sat at piano or harp practising for concerts

that were a large source of the family income. His father was conductor of the court orchestra at Salzburg, and orchestra directors were paid little in those days, so Wolfgang and his sister Marianne, both of whom played wonderfully well, gave exhibitions of their skill, sometimes making as much on one of these occasions as did the elder Mozart in a month. But it meant many hours of practising, and bodies weaker than those of children who were free to romp and run. So Wolfgang began to fall behind, and Marie reached the goal several yards ahead of him.

"Oh!" she cried merrily. "I beat you, Wolfgang Mozart! I beat you, and I am a girl!"

Wolfgang bit his lip. It was bad enough to be vanquished by a girl without being taunted about it, and he felt like running away and hiding. But it was only for a minute. Then he realized that Marie had not meant to hurt him, for he knew her kind heart, and had not forgotten that, a few nights before, when he slipped and fell on the polished floor of the palace, instead of laughing with the others, she ran to help him up. So what did it matter if she did boast about winning? She was big-hearted, and the pleasantest playmate he had ever had.

"Yes, Your Highness, you beat me at running," he answered, "but there is one kind of race in which you cannot."

Marie was alert with interest.

"What is it?" she asked.

"On the harp. You may play and I will play, and we will ask the Countess of Brandweiss who does best."

The little duchess clapped her hands. She was a fun-loving child, and always ready for a new form of sport.

"It will be splendid!" she cried. "And if you win, you may have my silver cross. But we must wait until to-morrow, for Mother will be out from Vienna then, and she will be a better judge than the Brandweiss. Let us go and practise now, so each one can do his best."

Away They Went, Marie's Yellow Curls Flying

"But, Your Highness," came a voice from among the trees, "do not forget that you are the daughter of an empress."

It was the Countess of Brandweiss who spoke, and Marie Antoinette shrugged her shoulders, for she knew very well what her governess meant.

Wolfgang was a boy of no rank, and but for the fact that Maria Theresa was a tender mother as well as a great empress, would not have been at Schönbrunn. But mothers think of the happiness of their children, and sometimes royal ones allow what queens alone would not.

So it happened that, when the Mozart children, who were on a concert tour with their father, played before the court at Vienna, and Marie Antoinette took a great fancy to the delicate-faced boy, the empress asked the musician to let his son spend a few days at Schönbrunn as the playmate of her daughter. It was an unusual honor for a lad of the people, and the Countess Brandweiss was not at all sure that it was wise. That is why she objected to the contest. It seemed like putting them on an equality. But Marie Antoinette was too impulsive and kind to think much about such things, and reasoned that her mother intended them to play as they wished, or she would not have invited Wolfgang to Schönbrunn.

So they went toward the palace in high glee, the lad very sure of winning, and Marie almost as sure, for she had had music lessons ever since her fingers were strong enough to strum the strings, and one of the things she could do exceedingly well was to play on the harp. So both went to their practising, and by the time that was done, Marie had a French lesson with her governess, and Wolfgang spent the remainder of the afternoon in the park alone.

The next morning, every one about the place was excited. The empress was coming early from Vienna, and her apartments always had to be decorated with flowers before her arrival. Marie and Wolfgang flew in and out among the workers, being

really very much in the way, yet imagining they were helping. The young duchess was radiantly happy, and danced and sang. Maria Theresa was one of the world's greatest rulers, and affairs of state kept her so busy that she saw very little of her children, especially during the summer, when they were at Schönbrunn, away from the heat and dust of the city. Throughout that time, she visited them only once a week, and by Marie Antoinette, who thought her mother the loveliest woman in the world, the rare but joyous occasions upon which they were together were delightfully anticipated and joyously remembered. So it was not strange that she wanted a hand in beautifying the palace for the reception of its loved mistress.

A trumpet call from the warder at the outer gate announced the arrival of the empress, and the Countess of Brandweiss led Marie and her sister, the Archduchess Caroline, into the great hall to pay tribute to the royal mother. Wolfgang stayed behind with the attendants, for the strict etiquette of the Austrian court did not permit him to be present on such an occasion. He watched Maria Theresa embrace her daughters as lovingly as any mother who had never worn a crown, and thought, with Marie Antoinette, that she was the most beautiful woman in the world. She was so big, and fair, and splendidly handsome, and the mother-love gleamed tenderly in her clear blue eyes.

After the greetings were over, she moved toward her apartments, and, seeing Wolfgang by the way, stopped and kissed him. Then all followed her to her reception-room, and Marie told of the race.

"But Wolfgang Mozart says he can beat me on the harp," she continued, "so we are going to find out. Your Majesty and Caroline and the Brandweiss shall be judges."

Maria Theresa smiled.

"It must be soon, then," she said, "for at eleven Baron Kaunitz comes to talk over some important matters."

"Oh!" exclaimed Marie, petulantly; "it is always Kaunitz

who breaks in on our good times! I wish he would go so far away that it would take him a year to get back."

For a minute, Maria Theresa looked in amazement at her daughter. Then she spoke reprovingly, but gently:

"My child, Baron Kaunitz is Austria's great prime minister, and must be spoken of with respect by the daughter of Austria's empress."

The little duchess hung her head. She was not rude at heart, but just self-willed, and fond of having things go to suit her.

"I am sorry, Mother!" she cried, as she flung her arms around the empress's neck. "I know he is good and great, but why does he take you from me so often?"

"Because public affairs demand it," the mother said, as she stroked the sunny curls, "and not because he is unkind. You must not fret about it, for princesses must consider many things besides their own desires. Let us be happy now, and not waste time with regrets. We will go to the hill above here — my favorite spot of all Schönbrunn. Then we shall see who plays best. Brandweiss, order the harp to be taken out, please."

The governess left the room to carry out her instructions, and Maria Theresa and the children went into the park. The wealth of flowers threw out mingled perfumes, and as they strolled along the shaded walks, among rare trees and by plashing fountains and statues, every one of which was the triumph of some great artist, Maria Theresa laughed and jested, stopping now to pick a flower or to glance over the housetops of Vienna to the Danube and the hills of the Wienerwald.

It was good to be free from public affairs for an hour — free, just like any ordinary mother, to stroll with her children and talk about books, and games, and pets, instead of puzzling over treaties with Frederick the Great, and questions of international friendship. And, as Wolfgang watched her stoop to look at a beetle or to crown Marie Antoinette with a daisy chain or laurel garland, he could hardly believe that this laughing woman was

the stately ruler who presided over the destinies of the great Austrian land.

They lingered awhile at the zoölogical garden, and then went on past the labyrinth and the Neptune fountain to the eminence where now stands the Gloriette. A pretty rustic lodge crowned it in those days, and Maria Theresa loved the spot and spent many hours there.

Johann Michael, one of the house servants, arrived just as they did, and set the harp in its place. Then the Brandweiss came, and the empress gave the word for the contest to begin.

"You play, Maria Antoinetta," she said, using the affectionate German name by which the little archduchess was called until negotiations were under way for her French marriage. For no matter how gracious the mother might be to the musician's child, the Empress of Austria must observe the rules of court etiquette, one of which was that princesses must always take precedence over those of lower rank.

The girl began, and wonderfully well she played. No one knew it better than Wolfgang, and as her white fingers danced along the strings, he listened in real admiration, while Maria Theresa thought with pride that few of her age could do as well. When she finished, the judges and the boy who was her competitor broke into genuine applause, and the Brandweiss smiled with gratification at her charge, very sure that, although Wolfgang had often played in public, he could not do as well. The countess had very decided opinions about things, and was particularly strong in her belief that low-born children ought not to be allowed to vie with princesses of the blood royal.

"Now, Master Mozart," the Archduchess Caroline said, "you take the harp, and see if you can do better."

Wolfgang moved to the instrument and swept his fingers across the strings. First came a few broken chords, and then an exquisite strain of melody, a folk-song of old Austria still to be heard at eventide in the fields around Salzburg, as the peasants

come in from their toiling. Caroline sat with clasped hands and gleaming eyes. She had listened to that ballad many times, but never had it seemed so beautiful. The empress, very still, looked far out across the sweep of hill and plain that skirted the river, her face wonderfully tender as she listened to the gifted child. Even the punctilious countess forgot her prejudices, and looked at the boy with misty eyes, for the melody took her back to the far-off time when as a child on an old estate at Salzburg she had often sat with her mother and listened to peasant songs sweetening the twilight. Again she saw the flowers and trees of the well-remembered park, the hunting lodge and the copsewood just beyond, and heard the voice of her father, who had slept for years among Austria's honored dead.

But Wolfgang thought only of the music, and played as seldom a child has played, something stronger and finer than his will guiding his sensitive fingers along the strings.

The melody died away, and he turned to his listeners with a question in his eyes. He was so eager to win, yet he knew the young archduchess had done remarkably well.

But Marie Antoinette did not wait for the word of the judges. She ran to him in her big-hearted, impulsive way, and pinned the cross on his coat.

"You have beaten me," she said, "and the cross is yours! You have won it, Wolfgang, for I cannot play *half* as well as that!"

An attendant appeared just then and saluted the empress.

"Your Majesty," he announced, "his excellency, the Baron Kaunitz, awaits your commands at the palace."

But Maria Theresa, mighty ruler of the Austrian land, seemed not to hear. She had forgotten all about affairs of state, and sat as one in a dream, charmed by the magical music of Mozart, as men and women are still charmed by it to-day.

From "Boyhood Stories of Famous Men."

NOTES

Wolfgang Mozart (1756–91) was a great German composer. At the age of four he is said to have played both violin and piano well. He developed into one of the greatest musicians of the world, writing many operas and appearing at all the noted courts of Europe.

The above story deals with his boyhood experience with the famous little Marie Antoinette, who later became Queen of France and the unfortunate victim of the mob of the French Revolution which condemned her to death October, 1793.

A GREYPORT LEGEND

BRET HARTE

They ran through the streets of the seaport town;
They peered from the decks of the ships that lay:
The cold sea-fog that comes whitening down
Was never as cold or white as they.
"Ho, Starbuck, and Pinckney, and Tenterden,
Run for your shallops, gather your men,
Scatter your boats on the lower bay!"

Good cause for fear! In the thick midday
The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,
Filled with the children in happy play,
Parted its moorings and drifted clear;
Drifted clear beyond reach or call,—
Thirteen children they were in all,—
All adrift in the lower bay!

Said a hard-faced skipper, "God help us all!
She will not float till the turning tide!"
Said his wife, "My darling will hear *my* call,
Whether in sea or heaven she bide!"
And she lifted a quavering voice and high,
Wild and strange as a sea-bird's cry,
Till they shuddered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each laboring crew,
Veiled each from each and the sky and shore;
There was not a sound but the breath they drew,
And the lap of water and creak of oar.
And they felt the breath of the downs fresh blown
O'er leagues of clover and cold grey stone,
But not from the lips that had gone before.

They came no more. But they tell the tale
That, when fogs are thick on the harbor reef,
The mackerel-fishers shorten sail;
For the signal they know will bring relief,
In a phantom-hulk that drifts alway
Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,
A theme for a poet's idle page;
But still, when the mists of doubt prevail,
And we lie becalmed by the shores of age,
We hear from the misty troubled shore
The voice of the children gone before,
Drawing the soul to its anchorage!

NOTES

1. Describe the town of Greyport.
2. Explain "the cold sea fog that comes whitening down."
3. Picture "the hulk that lay by the rotting pier."
4. What is "the breath of the downs"?
5. Select the lines of the poem which build up an atmosphere of dampness and fog.

FORT MICHILIMACKINAC

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

The young fur-trader, Alexander Henry, sat in his house within the fort, writing letters. The June day was sultry. Such mid-summer heat was rarely felt on the straits where the great lakes mingled.

The Chippewa Indians of the settlement were playing a game of baggatiway with some neighboring Sacs, and as they pursued the ball across half a mile of sandy beach from one post to the other, their shouts approached or retreated. The fortress gates stood open, officers and soldiers lounging outside to watch the game. Henry could see the expanse of sparkles which Lake Michigan spread beyond the palisade tips. Fort Michilimackinac was one of the oldest outposts of civilization on the continent. The earliest explorers had rested here; and now that French rule was giving way before the pressure of England, this post grudged itself to the new colors hanging from the flagstaff. It had never been strongly built, having only wooden bastions and palisades, and it had never been so carelessly guarded as on this June day.

Within the area, and against eastern walls, which gave them shadow, sat Chippewa squaws, huddling their blankets around them in spite of the heat. There was a canoe at the beach, just arrived from Detroit, and the trader made haste to finish his letters that he might go out and inquire the news of the English garrison there. His habit of self-control kept him at his task while the whole settlement played.

A trampling rush of the Indians driving their ball to the post nearest the fort came like a sudden rustle of the lake against its beach. Out of this noise rose another, echoing from the pine-woods back of the clearing, and filling the sky's hollow and the lake's plane. It was the Indian war-whoop, and meant death to the garrison.

Henry sprang to his feet, and seized his rifle, expecting to hear the drum-call to arms. But the savages took the fort in an instant. Not an English voice was raised except in death-cries. The squaws threw back their blankets, revealing the weapons they had carried into the inclosure, and gave these to the swarming Chippewas. Half-naked figures, their rigid sinews working like lines of fire, struck down and scalped all they met in their furious courses. The earth seemed turned to a frightful picture, and incredible things were done where a deceitful tribe had just been amusing themselves and their victims with ball-play.

That long moment of waiting for the signal of defense blanched the young trader. It was useless for him to take up arms alone against four hundred Indians. He saw through his open windows more than one soldier struggling between buckskin knees. The first savage eye turned his way would mark him for its next victim. The Canadians of the fort stood by unhurt, looking at the destruction of the English, as trees appear to rise calmly above a flood which they cannot stop, but which does not sweep them away. That kindness between French and aboriginal blood, which grew from century to century, was strongest at this time. The French settlers were not to be included in the massacre.

Lake Michigan sparkled. The hot sunshine lay unchanged and serene on a turf soaking pools of scarlet, and on bodies outstretched or doubled upon themselves in heaps. Henry was conscious of perfume from the garden outside the palisades. Bees were stooping to gooseberry-bushes or searching the apple-boughs. A water-freshened breeze came upon the land, stirring foliage, while seventy men were being hacked down by six times as many savages. The gun sank in the trader's grasp. He looked around for some hiding-place. As soon as the savages left off slaughter for sacking, his storehouse would be their first thought. He could not escape through the palisades to the woods. Langlade's cottage stood next to his. The French family were gathered safely within, and it flashed through Henry that they

might mercifully hide him. He had reached his back door, when it opened, and an Indian girl stood there with a blanket in her hands. She was Langlade's slave, whose name her owners never took the trouble to pronounce. They called her Pani, from her tribe. Her copper skin had not its usual tint, the grayness of extreme anxiety clouding it. Pani had often come into the storehouse, and stood looking at the trader. She wore silver bands riveted on her naked ankles. Her rounded arms were bare. Only that morning, when the sun showed the crimson of her cheeks, Henry had noticed that she was handsomer than the girls of the northern tribes; but he saw her now as the means of escape. Pani beckoned to him, and threw the blanket over his head. The trader knew he was stumbling on the low fence, and then within Langlade's door. It was a back room into which Pani took him, and she pushed him up a staircase. The mob's howling filled every crevice of earth and sky that sound could penetrate.

They reached the attic. The Indian girl looked at him earnestly before she closed the attic door, shaking her head when he whispered his thanks. The young man heard her draw the key from the lock as she turned it, and her moccasins went downstairs without his knowledge. She had put him out of the massacre for as long a time as his hiding-place would conceal him. There were no windows in this roof-room, but Henry found a crevice between timbers through which he could look into the fort. Chippewa voices were already raising the shout, "It is done!" Some half-naked fellows ran, knife in hand, toward the storehouse. At the same instant he heard others breaking into the room below.

Langlade's house had nothing but a layer of boards between lower rooms and attic. Distinctly the guttural inquiry rose through loosely covered joists:

"Are any English hiding in this house?"

"I do not know of any," replied the Frenchman.

"Where, then, is the trader?"

"You can search for him if you think he is here, and satisfy yourselves."

The man in the attic stood up and looked around him. There was a feather-bed on the floor, and in one corner were some birch-bark vessels and troughs used in making maple sugar, and during their season of disuse piled at one end of the floor under the low rafters. Henry crept to the heap and inserted himself feet foremost. He could hear the crowding of moccasins on the narrow stairs as he labored. Water stood in chill drops on his face. He dared not disturb the light birch boxes too vigorously, for fear they would fall with a clatter, or raise suspicious dust in the air. Indians have many senses beside sight. They shook the locked door, and bumped it with their hatchets, until the key was handed up from below. Then four light-footed searchers came into the room.

Henry was scarcely concealed. His breath stopped. He expected to be seized and dragged from the heap instantly, and closed his eyes to his fate. Buckskin legs trod around in the darkness of the attic, kicking the pile, and twice brushing against him. The boxes rattled, but did not fall apart. The exhilarated savages talked of what they had done, and stood counting the number of scalps they had taken. Their search was rapid and careless. They trod on the feather-bed, and prodded the darkest corners with their hatchets. They went down-stairs, still talking, obligingly locking the door again before returning the key.

The trader crept out to the feather-bed and lay down, exhausted by suspense. His body relaxed, and he fell soundly asleep.

When he awoke it was as black as midnight in the attic, and rain was beating the bark roof over his head. The tinkling and the rush of streams down irregular grooves soothed him. It was one of those moments between perils when a fugitive rests, indifferent to his pursuers. He could hear the storm roaring on the lake.

He sat up and looked at his hopeless case. He was probably the only living Englishman in Fort Michilimackinac. It was four hundred miles to Detroit, the nearest point of safety. If the door were unlocked, or if he could make an opening in the roof and steal out unseen as far as the beach, and find a canoe, he had nothing with which to stock it; and the whole route lay through hostile tribes who were evidently united in rising against the English. Yet to stay was to die. The Indians knew him well. They owed him for goods. By morning they would search him out, and as many as could unite in paying him with their hatchets would cut him down.

His troubled thoughts, and the downpour on the roof, must have shut his ears to noise in the room below; for he was startled at seeing a rod of light appear under the attic door. By this token Henry knew a candle was coming up-stairs.

Monsieur Langlade was the bearer of it.

"You searched the place yourselves," he said outside the door, his key groping for its bolt in the lock. "Very good. Look again. Look until you are satisfied."

The door swung back, and Monsieur Langlade stepped in, lifting his candle so that its sheen fell upon naked red heads and shoulders gorging the staircase.

The young trader stood up. His person expanded, and he fixed an unmoving eye on the rabble. As Monsieur Langlade's candle revealed the occupant of the attic, he uttered a nervous cry. It was for the children asleep below, rather than for the trader, whose concealment in his house might bring vengeance on them. He had himself so many times braved death with coolness that it did not seem to him the worst thing which could befall a man, but it was a pitiable thing for the very young.

The foremost savage caught Henry by the collar, and lifted his knife. Death was endured in that action, though the raised arm was not permitted to inflict it. A Chippewa in hunting-dress caught the knife-handle. The little yellow flame scarcely

Wawatam

showed two struggling figures, or the faces brought close together by the bracing of sinewy limbs. Other Indians poured into the attic, but waited, weapons in hand, respecting the brief wrestle of the two for the knife. Imperfect as was his knowledge of the Chippewa tongue, Henry seized the meaning of the fierce words between the holders of the knife.

"Will you kill my adopted brother before my eyes?" The hunter was Wawatam. Henry knew his voice.

"We will make broth of all the English."

"But every man in the tribe promised me to save the life of my brother, if I would go away and not tell him. I went."

"We know that well. We know Wawatam went hunting, instead of lifting the hatchet against the English. The fort at Detroit is taken, and all the tribes are risen with Pontiac to sweep the English from our country. And Wawatam goes hunting."

"Stop! I am a Chippewa, but I cannot eat my brother's people. My blood is in his arm, and his blood is in my arm. I cannot eat my own blood."

"But we can eat all the English."

"Give me this knife. I believed you were false Chippewas, and so I came back."

"Let go the knife!"

"I will not let it go. I have brought a present to give in exchange for my brother. You taunt me with going hunting. I went to my lodge."

"Yes; Wawatam goes to his lodge in time of war."

"It is well for you now that you hold the knife. I am no woman, but neither am I the eater of my brother's flesh. Will the Chippewas take my present and let him go, or will they cut down one of their chiefs with their enemies?"

The Frenchman who held the light waited the end of this dispute with more visible anxiety than the Englishman. Henry began to feel that no Indian could kill him. His brother Wawatam

seemed to prevail. The squad of warriors remembered their promise. They were a people ruled only by persuasive eloquence moving on the surface of their passions, and they felt in their own lives and practices the force of Wawatam's plea. The Chippewa in his grasp inquired where his present was. Wawatam said it was in the kitchen below. His antagonist relaxed hold, and Monsieur Langlade lifted the candle high to light the descent.

A knot of bodies emerged from the foot of the stairs, Wawatam keeping close to Henry. Rain was pouring down the kitchen windows in sheets, showing diamond lights against a background of blackness. The muddy prints of many moccasins tarnished Madame Langlade's scoured floor. Her husband's face was drawn with anxiety to have the business over and the party out of his house.

Wawatam dragged his packet from the spot where he had dropped it, and stooped to one knee while he uncorded it. Fine skins and wampum enough to satisfy the greedy eyes around him were displayed as well as the light could display them. Wawatam was quick in completing his tacit bargain. Only a few of his tribe were parties to the exchange, and so jealous and changeable is the savage nature that he could not count on their continued acceptance of it.

"Take your brother," said the man with whom he had struggled for the knife; and Wawatam at once opened the door and slipped with Henry into the storm.

From "The White Islander."

SONG OF CLAN-ALPINE

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honored and blessed be the evergreen Pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back again,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! iero!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Moored in rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow:
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise again,
"Rhoderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! iero!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;

Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear again,
"Rhoderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! iero!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars for the evergreen Pine!
O that the rosebud that graces yon islands
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honored and blessed in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from her deepest glen,
"Rhoderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! iero!"

CHRISTMAS AT BLACK ROCK

RALPH CONNOR

NOTE. This story describes a bit of life in a Canadian lumber camp in the great Northwest. The chief contestants in the race were Nixon, a friend of Mr. Craig, the preacher, and Sandy McNaughton, a Canadian Highlander, who was ably assisted by Baptiste, a wiry little French-Canadian, Sandy's sworn ally and devoted admirer. The race was the crowning event of the Christmas day sports in the village of Black Rock.

The great event of the day was to be the four-horse race, for which three teams were entered — one from the mines driven by Nixon, Craig's friend, a citizens' team, and Sandy's. The race was really between the miners' team and that from the woods, for the citizens' team, though made up of speedy horses, had not been driven much together and knew neither their driver nor each other. In the miners' team were four bays, very powerful, a trifle heavy perhaps, but well matched, perfectly trained, and perfectly handled by their driver. Sandy had his long,

rangy roans, and for leaders a pair of half-broken pinto bronchos. The pintos, caught the summer before upon the Alberta prairies, were fleet as deer, but wicked and uncertain. They were Baptiste's special care and pride. If they would only run straight there was little doubt that they would carry the roans and themselves to glory; but one could not tell the moment they might bolt or kick things to pieces.

Being the only non-partisan in the crowd, I was asked to referee. The race was about half a mile and return, the first and last quarters being upon the ice. The course, after leaving the ice, led up from the river by a long, easy slope to the level above, and at the further end curved somewhat sharply round the old fort. The only condition attaching to the race was that the teams should start from the scratch, make the turn of the fort, and finish at the scratch. There were no vexing regulalations as to fouls. The man making the foul would find it necessary to reckon with the crowd, which was considered sufficient guarantee for a fair and square race. Owing to the hazards of the course, the result would depend upon the skill of drivers quite as much as upon the speed of the teams. The points of hazard were at the turn round the old fort and at a little ravine which led down to the river, over which the road passed by means of a long log bridge or causeway.

From a point upon the high bank of the river the whole course lay in open view. It was a scene full of life and vividly picturesque. There were miners in dark clothes and peak caps; citizens in ordinary garb; ranchmen in wide cowboy hats and buckskin shirts and leggings, some with cartridge-belts and pistols; a few half-breeds and Indians in half-native, half-civilized dress; and scattering through the crowd the lumbermen with gay scarlet and blue blanket coats, and some with knitted toques of the same colors. A very good-natured but extremely uncertain crowd it was. At the head of each horse stood a man, but at the pintos' heads Baptiste stood alone, trying to hold down the

off leader, thrown into a frenzy of fear by the yelling of the crowd.

Gradually all became quiet, till, in the midst of absolute stillness, came the words, "Are you ready?" then the pistol-shot, and the great race had begun. Above the roar of the crowd came the shrill cry of Baptiste as he struck his broncho with the palm of his hand and swung himself into the sleigh beside Sandy as it shot past.

Like a flash the bronchos sprang to the front, two lengths before the other teams; but, terrified by the yelling of the crowd, instead of bending to the left bank, up which the road wound, they wheeled to the right and were almost across the river before Sandy could swing them back into the course.

Baptiste's cries, a curious mixture of French and English, continued to strike through all other sounds till they gained the top of the slope, to find the others almost a hundred yards in front, the citizens' team leading, with the miners' following close. The moment the pintos caught sight of the teams before them they set off at a terrific pace and steadily devoured the intervening space. Nearer and nearer the turn came, the eight horses in front, running straight and well within their speed. After them flew the pintos, running savagely with ears set back, leading well the big roans, thundering along and gaining at every bound. And now the citizens' team had almost reached the fort, running hard and drawing away from the bays. But Nixon knew what he was about, and was simply steadying his team for the turn. The event proved his wisdom, for in the turn the leading team left the track, lost for a moment or two in the deep snow, and before they could regain the road the bays had swept superbly past, leaving their rivals to follow in the rear. On came the pintos, swiftly nearing the fort. Surely at that pace they cannot make the turn. But Sandy knows his leaders. They have their eyes upon the teams in front and need no touch of rein. Without the slightest change in speed the nimble-footed bronchos round the turn, haul-

ing the big roans after them, and fall in behind the citizens' team, which is regaining steadily the ground lost in the turn.

And now the struggle is for the bridge over the ravine. The bays in front, running with mouths wide open, are evidently doing their best; behind them, and every moment nearing them, but at the limit of their speed, too, come the lighter and fleeter citizens' team; while opposite their driver are the pintos, pulling hard, eager and fresh. Their temper is too uncertain to send them to the front; they run well following, but when leading cannot be trusted, and besides, a broncho hates a bridge; so Sandy holds them where they are, waiting and hoping for his chance after the bridge is crossed. Foot by foot the citizens' team creep up upon the flank of the bays, with the pintos in turn hugging them closely, till it seems as if the three, if none slackens, must strike the bridge together; and this will mean destruction to one at least. This danger Sandy perceives, but he dare not check his leaders. Suddenly, within a few yards of the bridge, Baptiste throws himself upon the lines, wrenches them out of Sandy's hands, and with a quick swing faces the pintos down the steep side of the ravine, which is almost sheer ice with a thin coat of snow. It is a daring course to take, for the ravine, though not deep, is full of undergrowth and is partially closed up by a brush-heap at the further end. But with a yell Baptiste hurls his four horses down the slope and into the undergrowth. "*Allons, mes enfants!* Courage! *Vite! vite!*" cries the driver, and nobly do the pintos respond. Regardless of bushes and brush-heaps, they tear their way through; but as they emerge the hind bob-sleigh catches a root, and with a crash the sleigh is hurled high in the air. Baptiste's cries ring out high and shrill as ever, encouraging his team, and never cease till, with a plunge and a scramble, they clear the brush-heap lying at the mouth of the ravine and are out on the ice on the river, with Baptiste standing on the front bob, the box trailing behind, and Sandy nowhere to be seen.

Three hundred yards of the course remain. The bays, perfectly handled, have gained at the bridge and in the descent to the ice, and are leading the citizens' team by half a dozen sleigh-lengths. Behind both comes Baptiste. It is now or never for the pintos. The rattle of the trailing box, together with the wild yelling of the crowd rushing down the bank, excites the bronchos to madness, and taking the bits in their teeth they do their first free running that day. Past the citizens' team like a whirlwind they dash, clear the intervening space, and gain the flanks of the bays. Can the bays hold them? Over them leans their driver, plying for the first time the hissing lash. Only fifty yards more. The miners begin to yell. But Baptiste, waving his lines high in one hand, seizes his toque with the other, whirls it about his head, and flings it with a fiercer yell than ever at the bronchos. Like the bursting of a hurricane the pintos leap forward, and with a splendid rush cross the scratch, winners by their own lengths.

There was a wild quarter of an hour. The shantymen had torn off their coats and were waving them wildly and tossing them high, while the ranchers added to the uproar by emptying their revolvers into the air in a way that made one nervous.

When the crowd was somewhat quieted Sandy's stiff figure appeared, slowly making toward them. A dozen lumbermen ran to him, eagerly inquiring if he were hurt. But Sandy could only curse the little Frenchman for losing the race.

"Lost! Why, man, we 've won it!" shouted a voice, at which Sandy's rage vanished, and he allowed himself to be carried in upon the shoulders of his admirers.

"Where 's the lad?" was his first question.

"The bronchos are off with him. He 's down at the rapids like enough."

"Let me go!" shouted Sandy, setting off at a run in the track of the sleigh. He had not gone far before he met Baptiste coming back with his team foaming, the roans going quietly, but the bronchos dancing and eager to be at it again.

"*Voilà!* Bully boy! Tank the *bon Dieu,* Sandy. You not kele, heh? Ah! you are one grand chevalier," exclaimed Baptiste, hauling Sandy in and thrusting the lines into his hands. And so they came back, the sleigh box still dragging behind, the pintos executing fantastic figures on their hind legs, and Sandy holding them down. The little Frenchman struck a dramatic attitude and called out:

"*Voilà!* What's the matter wiz Sandy, heh?"

AN INVOCATION

BEATRICE BARRY

That little children may in safety ride
  The strong, clean waters of Thy splendid seas;
That Anti-Christ be no more glorified,
  Nor mock Thy justice with his blasphemies,
We come — but not with threats or braggart boasts.
  Hear us, Lord God of Hosts!

That Liberty be not betrayed and sold,
  And that her sons prove worthy of the breed;
That Freedom's flag may shelter as of old,
  Nor decorate the shrines of Gold and Greed,
We come; and on our consecrated sword
  We ask Thy blessing, Lord.

That honor be among those priceless things
  Without which life shall seem of little worth;
That covenants be not the sport of kings;
  That freedom shall not perish from the earth,
We come; across a scarred and bloodstained sod,
  Lead us, Almighty God!

NOTES

1. Name from the above poem the definite objects which made our purpose in the recent war sacred.

2. What do we mean by "consecrated sword"?
3. Explain the line "That covenants be not the sport of kings."
4. Compare this poem with Kipling's "Lest We Forget."

"THE REDEMPTIONER"

HOWARD PYLE

I

INTRODUCTION

One of the most important problems that confronted the Virginia plantations in the earlier colonial days was the question of how to obtain sufficient labor to till the soil and to raise tobacco for the English market.

Some of the colonial planters of Virginia owned thousands of acres of the richest tobacco land in the world — whole tracts of virgin earth where the priceless loam lay open to the rain, the air, and the warm sky; bountifully fruitful loam, only waiting for tillage to be coined into vast tobacco fortunes for the princely owners. All that was needed was human labor to dig the earth, to plant, to hoe, to cultivate, and to prepare the tobacco for market, for there was not a hundredth part enough labor to turn the waiting soil, that lay ready to yield at any time its thousands of hogsheads of tobacco, and the question was, where and how labor was to be obtained.

The easiest and quickest solution of the question appeared to be the importation of negro slave labor from Africa.

The introduction of such slave labor began almost in the earliest days of the provinces. Hundreds of ship-loads of African negroes were brought across the ocean and set to work digging and hoeing in the tobacco fields, and slave trade became a regular traffic between the west coast of Africa and the Americas.

But the African slaves, when imported, were found only fit to do the very rudest and simplest sort of labor. They were poor, ignorant savages, who, until they were set to work on the plantations, knew almost nothing at all about such labor as was practised by civilized mankind. When they were told to dig the earth, they dug, but they labored without knowing either why they worked or wherefore. They did just as their masters or their overseers bade them, and nothing more.

So the Virginia plantations were still without that intelligent labor which

white men alone could bring to the tilling of the soil; labor that knew what it was about when it dug the earth, and which, when told to do so, could turn its hand to other things that might be required of it. And so it was that every means was used to bring English men and women to the Virginia plantations. In Virginia the land was nearly all owned by the great tobacco planters. Hence it was that only the poorest and least ambitious of these white men and women could in the earlier provincial days be induced to go thither, and hence white labor was so much more in demand in the South than in the North.

A certain class of the immigrants of that time were called "redemptioners" or "redemption servants." They were so called because they had to redeem by their labor the cost of their passage across the ocean from England to America. Upon their arrival in the New World they were sold for a term of years — seven, eight, nine, ten, as the case might be — and the money received from such sale was paid to the ship captain or the merchant who transported them from the Old World to the New. Thus their debt was redeemed, and hence their name.

Those who came thus as redemption servants from England were generally the poorest and most wretched of its people — paupers, outcasts, criminals — unfortunates who were willing to do almost anything to get away from their surroundings into a new life, where they hoped something better might be in store for them than that wretchedness which they had had to endure at home.

Thousands of such people were sent across the ocean to the Virginia and other plantations, where, poor and miserable as they often were, the demand for them grew ever greater and greater as the wilderness became more and more open to cultivation.

Every year higher and higher prices were paid for such servants, until, at last, a ship-load of redemptioners (provided the voyage across the ocean had been speedy and no contagious disease had developed aboard the vessel) became almost the most profitable cargo exported from England.

When the transportation of servants became thus so remunerative, the crimps who supplied them to merchants or to ship captains were oftentimes tempted, when other means failed, to resort to kidnapping, or man-stealing, to supply the demand.

During the earlier fifty years of the 18th century, thousands of men, women, and even children were stolen from England and sent away to the Americas, perhaps never to return, perhaps never even to be heard of again. In those days — "The kidnapper will catch you!" were words of terror to frighten children and gadding girls on all the coastways of England.

Jack Ballister, son of the vicar of Stalbridge, was upon his father's death sent to live with his uncle, Hezekiah Tipton, in whose hands all of Jack's inheritance had been left. Hezekiah Tipton, who was an unprincipled, miserly old man, was at this time engaged in shipping white servants to Virginia to be sold as "redemptioners." In order to rid himself of Jack and to acquire Jack's fortune, he conspired with a drunken sea captain to kidnap the boy and carry him away to the New World. The brig *Arundel* has just entered York harbor and the "redemptioners" are about to be brought ashore.

Jack had seen nothing but the water for so long, and his eyes had become so used to the measureless stretch of ocean all around him, that the land looked very near, although it must have been quite a league away. He stood gazing and gazing at it. The New World! The wonderful new world of which he had heard so much! And now he was really looking at it with his very living eyes. Virginia! That, then, was the New World. He stood gazing and gazing. In the long line of the horizon there was an open space free of trees. He wondered whether that was a tobacco-plantation. There was a single tree standing by itself — a straight, thin trunk, and a spread of foliage at the top. He wondered if it was a palm-tree. He did not then know that there were no palm-trees in Virginia, and that single, solitary tree seemed to him to be very wonderful in its suggestion of a strange and foreign country.

Then, as he stood gazing, a sudden recollection of the fate that now, in a little while, awaited him in this new world — of his five years of coming servitude. The recollection of this came upon him, gripping him with an almost poignant pang; and he bent suddenly over, clutching the rail tightly with both hands. How would it be with him then? What was in store for him in this new world upon which he was looking? Was it hope or despair, happiness or misery?

It was after sunset when the brig, half sailing, half drifting, floated with the insweep of the tide up into the York River. Jack stood with the other redemption servants gazing silently and

intently at the high bluff shores. Above the crest of the bluff they could see the roofs and brick chimneys of the little town. A half-dozen vessels of various sorts were riding at anchor in the harbor, looming darkly against the bright face of the water, just ruffled by the light breeze. The line of a long, straggling wharf reached some distance out across the water to a frame shed at the end. Along the shore toward the bluff were two or three small frame-houses and a couple of big brick buildings. Somebody had told Jack that they were the tobacco warehouses, and they appeared very wonderful to him. A boat was pulling off from the wharf — it was the custom officer's boat. Other boats were following it, and a sailboat came fluttering out from the shore into the bright stretch of water. Suddenly there was a thunderous splash. It was the anchor dropped. There was a quick rattling of the cable and a creaking as it drew taut. Then the *Arundel* swung slowly around with the sweep of the tide, and the voyage was ended.

Just then Captain Butts came out of the cabin with the custom officer. He did not then pay any attention to the group of redemptioners gathered at the rail. He stood looking at the custom officer as he climbed down into the boat. Then he turned sharply around. "Here, Dyce!" he roared to the mate, "send those men down into the steerage. We 'll have half on 'em running away in the dark next we knows on."

The transports grumbled and growled among themselves as they were driven below. One or two of them were disposed to joke, but the others swore as they climbed stumblingly down the forecastle ladder.

The day had been warm, and the steerage was close and hot; a lantern hung from the deck above, and in the dim, dusky light the men stood crowded together. Presently one of them began singing a snatch of a scurrilous song. Other voices joined in the refrain, and gradually the muttering and grumbling began to change into a noisy and rebellious turbulence. The singing

grew louder and louder, breaking now and then into a shout or yell.

Jack had crept into his berth. It was close and stuffy and it smelt heavy and musty after the fresh air above. He felt very dull and numb, and the noises and tumult in the close confines of the steerage stunned and deafened him.

Suddenly Captain Butts's voice sounded from the open scuttle of the forecastle companionway. "What d' ye mean below there?" he roared; "are ye all gone drunk or crazy? Stop that there noise or I 'll put a stopper on ye that 'll be little enough to your liking! D' ye hear?"

A moment's lull followed his voice; then one of the men gave a shrill cat-call. It was, as a signal, instantly followed by a burst of yells and whistles and jeers. Jack expected to see Captain Butts down among them bodily, but he did not come, and for a while the transports whistled and yelled and shouted unchecked. Presently there was the noise of some one coming down into the forecastle beyond. It was Joe Barkley — one of the sailors. He came into the steerage, and at his coming an expectant lull fell upon the tumult. He carried a cocked and loaded pistol in his hand. His face was stolid and expressionless, and he looked neither to the right nor to the left. "What be ye going to do, Joe," called out one of the redemptioners. He did not answer; he went straight up to the lantern, opened it, blew out the light, closed it again, and then turned away without saying a word. He went into the forecastle and blew out the lantern there, and then everything was instantly engulfed in an impenetrable and pitchy darkness. A burst of derisive yells followed Joe as he climbed clattering up the forecastle ladder again, but he paid no attention to the jibes and jeers, and the next moment Jack heard the rattling of the slide of the scuttle as it was closed, and then the snapping of the lock. For a while after the lights were put out the uproar was louder than ever. The men thumped and banged and kicked. But in time the pitchy darkness quelled their spirits

in spite of themselves, and little by little the turmoil ceased. It broke out intermittently, it quieted again, and then at last it subsided into a muffled grumbling.

Jack lay in his berth staring into the darkness; his ears seemed to hum and tingle with the black stillness that surrounded him. He felt intensely wide awake as though he could never sleep again. Teeming thoughts passed vividly through his brain. Visions of all he had seen during the day — the sandy shore, the distant strip of pine woods, the restless, crawling waters between — he could almost see the water. But gradually thoughts and visions intermingled, and almost before he knew it he had drifted off into the ocean of sleep.

II

It was the morning after the arrival at Yorktown. Jack was awake and up on deck bright and early. The sun had just risen upon a clear and cloudless day, and the brisk, fresh wind drove the crisp waves splashing against the brig as she rode at anchor. The foliage of the trees on shore whitened to the breeze, and the smoke blew sharply away here and there from some tall brick chimney. The town looked fresh and strangely new in the brightness of the morning. Three of the vessels that had lain in the harbor over night were getting under way. The yo-hoeing of the sailors, and the creaking and rattling of block and tackle, as the sails rose higher and higher apeak, sounded sharp and clear across the water. One large schooner, heeling over before the wind, slid swiftly and silently past the *Arundel*. Three or four sailors, clustered along the rail, were looking over toward the *Arundel* as they passed the brig, but the man at the helm — he wore a red woolen monteray cap — gazed out steadily ahead, stooping a little so as to see under the boom of the mainsail.

Several of the redemptioners had come up on deck; one or two of them, doubtless remembering the tumult and disorder of the

night before, wore a hang-dog doubtful look. Suddenly Jack saw the mate coming toward them from aft. "What are ye doing up here on deck?" he called out. "Were n't you ordered below last night? Very well then, you go down below now, and don't ye come up till you 're sent for; d' ye hear?" The men, though sullen and lowering, had no thought of disobeying the mate's orders, and Jack, with the others, climbed down the ladder into the forecastle again.

It was well toward the middle of the day, and Jack was lounging in his berth, when suddenly the boatswain appeared at the companionway of the forecastle, and piped all hands up on deck. Jack and Dred went up together. Captain Butts and the agent were standing waiting for the men, the agent holding a little packet of papers in his hand. Jack, in a glance, saw that the agent was a tall, lean man dressed in rusty black, wearing a long, black coat, and with the flaps of his hat tied up with leather thongs. His lips moved as he counted the redemptioners, one by one, as they came up out of the companion-way and were formed in a line before him by the boatswain. A great, flat boat, rowed by four negroes and with a white man in the stern, had been made fast to the side of the brig. "Nineteen, twenty — that 's all of 'em, Captain,"— the agent had counted Jack in with the others,—"and very lucky you 've been with 'em. Now, Bo's'n, get 'em down as soon as you can."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the boatswain; and then to the men, "Now then, look alive, my hearties, and don't take all day about it!"

Then, suddenly, Jack went straight up to where the agent stood. "Sir," said he, hoarsely, "I have been ill-used. I was knocked down and kidnapped, and brought away from home against my will. Will you not listen to me and hear what I have to say?"

"Hold your noise!" roared the captain.

"No, I won't, neither," said Jack. He did not expect much,

indeed he felt that he had no hope of escape, but still the effort was worth making. He stood chokingly looking at the agent, and he felt that his heart was beating very heavily within him.

"I don't know anything about what you say," said the agent. "The bill calls for twenty men shipped from Southampton, and your name must be among them. What 's your name?"

"Jack Ballister."

"Yes, here 't is — John Ballister — shipped for five years. If there is something wrong, you 'll have to hold Captain Butts and Mr. Hezekiah Tipton to answer. I 'm only an agent, and 't is none of my business."

"I wish I had ye for a couple of days longer," said Captain Butts, "I 'd answer ye, I would. I 'd put my answer upon your back, I would, afore I let ye go."

"But Master Hezekiah Tipton is my own uncle," said Jack.

"I don't know anything about that," said the agent, "'T is none of my business."

Jack did not say another word. He crossed the deck, hardly knowing what he was doing, and climbed down into the boat, where the other transports were already seating themselves. A moment or two, and the agent followed, and then immediately the boat was cast loose. As it pulled away toward the shore, Jack gave one look back across the widening stretch of water. It was almost like a dream; it seemed to him as though that which was passing was not really happening to him. Dred's red handkerchief gleamed like a flame against the blue sky as he stood on the rail looking after the departing boat. Then Jack turned his face quickly away. He could not trust himself to look again, lest he should break down before all the boat-full of men.

A little scattered cluster of men stood upon the wharf waiting for the flat boat as it drew nearer and nearer, and when it struck the piling with a bump half a dozen willing hands caught the line that was thrown them and made it fast. Jack scrambled with the others to the wharf under the curious gaze of those who stood

looking on. They were formed into a line, two by two, and then marched down the wharf toward the shore. The loungers followed them scatteringly. Beyond the wharf they crossed a narrow strip of beach, and climbed a sloping, sandy road cut through the high bluff. At the crest they came out upon a broad, grassy street, upon which fronted the straggling houses, one or two built of brick, but most of them unpainted frame-structures, with tall, sharp-pointed roofs and outside chimneys of brick. A curious smoky smell pervaded the air. People stood at their doors looking at Jack and his companions as they marched two by two down the center of the dusty street.

So at last they reached and were halted in front of a large brick warehouse. Then the agent opened the door, and they entered. Within it was perfectly empty, and smelt damp and earthy from disuse. The board floor was sunken unevenly, and the plaster was broken from the walls here and there in great patches. The two windows, which looked upon the rear of the adjoining houses, were barred across with iron. Jack heard his companions talking together. "Well, Jack," said Sim Tucker, "here we be at last."

Jack sometimes wondered whether the two days that followed passed very quickly or very slowly. Food was sent over three times a day to the warehouse by the agent, and twice a day all hands were allowed to walk about for a few minutes in a little yard back of the building. It seemed to him that he slept nearly all the rest of the time, except now and then when he stood on an empty box looking out of one of the windows. The windows overlooked a yard and a shed, beyond the roof of which was a cluster of trees, and beyond that again two tall chimneys. Nearly always there were pigeons on the roof of the shed. Now and then there was the noise of their clapping flight, but the gurgling coo of the strutting males sounded almost continuously through the warm silence.

III

About eleven o'clock of the third day, they were brought out of the store-house, formed into line in front of the building and then marched away in the hot sun down the street about a hundred yards to the custom-house. Jack saw a lounging, scattered crowd of men there gathered in a little group, and he guessed that that was where they were to be sold.

The agent and the auctioneer stood by a horse-block talking together in low tones as the man who had marched Jack and the others down from the warehouse formed them in line against the wall of the building. The agent held a slip of paper in his hand, which he referred to every now and then. At last the auctioneer mounted upon the horse-block.

"Gentlemen," Jack heard him say, "I have now to offer as fine a lot of servants as hath ever been brought to Virginia. There be only twenty, gentlemen, but every one choice and desirable. Which is the first one you have upon your list, Mr. Quillen?" said he, turning to the agent.

The agent referred to a slip of paper he held in his hand. "Sam Dawson," he called out in a loud voice. "Step out, Sam Dawson!" and in answer to the summons a big, lumbering man, with a heavy brow and dull face, stepped out from the line and stood beside the horse-block.

"This is Sam Dawson, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, addressing the crowd. "He hath no trade, but he is a first-rate, healthy fellow and well fitted for the tobacco fields. He is to be sold for five years."

"They 're all to be sold for five years."

"You have heard, gentlemen," said the auctioneer —"they 're all to be sold for five years. This is a fine big fellow. How much have I bid for him? How much? Ten pounds is bid for his time — ten pounds is bid, gentlemen! I have ten pounds. Now I have twelve pounds! Now I have fifteen pounds!"

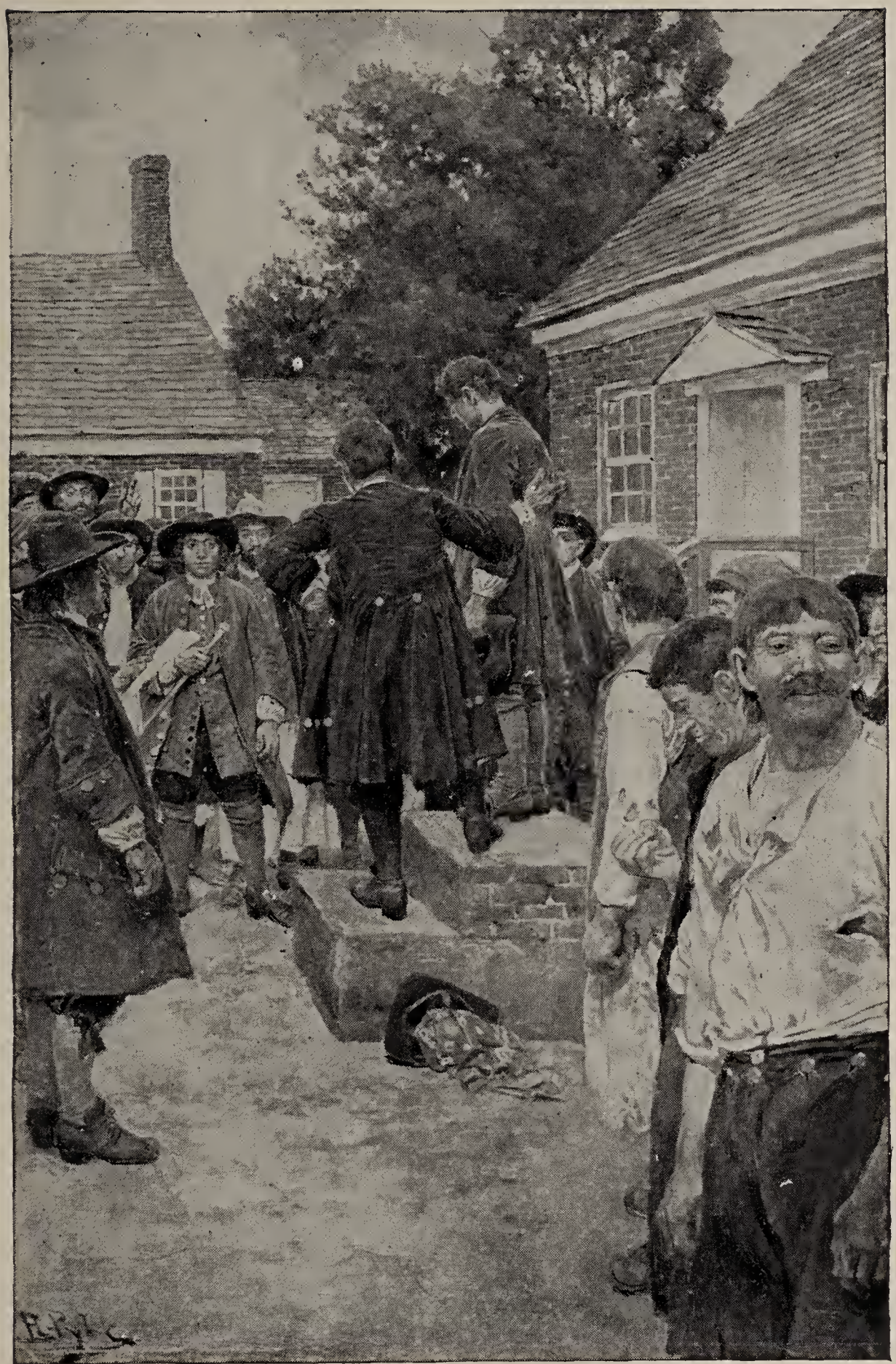
In a minute the price had run up to twenty pounds, and then a voice said quietly: "I will give you twenty-five pounds for the man."

"Mr. Simms bids twenty-five pounds for the man's time in behalf of Colonel Birchall Parker," said the salesman. "Have I any more bids for him?" But Mr. Simms's bid seemed to close the sale, for no one appeared to care to bid against him.

Jack had been so dazed and bewildered by coming out from the dark and chill warehouse into the sunlight and life, that he had scarcely noticed anything very particularly. Now he looked up at the man who had bought Sam Dawson's time, and saw that he was a stout, red-faced, plain-looking man, dressed very handsomely in snuff-colored clothes. As Jack wondered who he was, another man was called out from the line of servants. Again the bids had run up to ten or twelve pounds, and then again Mr. Simms made a bid of twenty-five pounds, and once more no one bid against him. Another man and another man were sold, and then Jack heard his own name.

"Jack Ballister!" called the agent. "Stand out, boy, and be quick about it!" and Jack mechanically advanced from the others and took his place beside the block, looking around him, as he did so, at the circle of faces fronting him and all staring at him. His mouth felt very dry, and his heart was beating and pounding heavily. "Here is a fine, good boy, gentlemen," said the salesman. "He is only sixteen years old, but he will do well as a serving or waiting-man in some gentleman's house who hath need of such. He hath education, and reads and writes freely. Also, as you may see for yourselves, gentlemen, he is strong and well built. A lively boy, gentlemen — a good, lively boy! Come, boy, run to yonder post and back, and show the gentlemen how brisk ye be."

Jack, although he heard the words, looked dumbly at the speaker. "D' ye hear me!" said the agent. "Do as I bid ye; run to yonder post and back!"



"'Now, Then, Gentlemen, How Much Do You Bid for This Boy?' Said the Auctioneer"

Then Jack did so. It seemed to him as though he were running in a nightmare. As he returned to his place he heard the agent saying: "The boy is strong, but doth not show himself off as well as he might. But he is a good boy, as you may see for yourselves." The next thing he knew was that Mr. Simms had bought him for twenty pounds.

The next morning the door of the storehouse in which Jack and his companions were confined was suddenly opened by a white man. He was a roughly-dressed fellow, with a shaggy beard and with silver ear-rings in his ears. "Where 's that there boy of Mr. Richard Parker's?" said he.

"D' ye mean me?" said Jack, "I am the only boy here."

"Why, then, if you are the only boy here, you must be the one," said the man with a grin. "Come along with me," he added, "and be quick about it."

"Am I going for good and all?" asked Jack.

"I reckon ye be."

The other redemptioners had roused themselves somewhat at the coming of the man and were listening. "Good-by, Jack," said one of them, as he was about to go, and the others took up the words: "Good-by — good-by, Jack." "Good-by," said Jack. He shook hands with them all, and then he and the man went out into the bright sunlight.

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

MATTHEW ARNOLD

NOTE. This poem is based upon the Persian legend of Sohrab and Rustum. Young Sohrab early left his mother and sought fame under the banners of Afrasiab, whose armies he commanded. He carried death and dismay into the ranks of the Persians and terrified the boldest warriors of that country. One day, as the Tartar and Persian armies were encamped along the river Oxus, Sohrab sent forth a challenge to the bravest Persian lord to meet him in single combat, man to man, in hope

that mighty Rustum might come forth. The combat here described took place in the presence of the assembled armies.

But Rustum strode to his tent-door, and call'd
His followers in, and bade them bring his arms,
And clad himself in steel; the arms he chose
Were plain, and on his shield was no device,
Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold,
And, from the fluted spine atop, a plume
Of horsehair waved, a scarlet horsehair plume.
So arm'd, he issued forth; and Ruksh, his horse,
Follow'd him like a faithful hound at heel —
Ruksh, whose renown was noised through all the earth,
The horse, whom Rustum on a foray once
Did in Bokhara by the river find
A colt beneath its dam, and drove him home,
And rear'd him; a bright bay, with lofty crest,
Dight with a saddle-cloth of broider'd green
Crusted with gold, and on the ground were work'd
All beasts of chase, all beasts which hunters know.
So follow'd, Rustum left his tents, and cross'd
The camp, and to the Persian host appear'd.
And all the Persians knew him, and with shouts
Hail'd; but the Tartars knew not who he was.
And dear as the wet diver to the eyes
Of his pale wife who waits and weeps on shore,
By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf,
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,
Having made up his tale of precious pearls,
Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands —
So dear to the pale Persians Rustum came.

And Rustum to the Persian front advanced,
And Sohrab arm'd in Haman's tent, and came.
And as afield the reapers cut a swath

Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,
And on each side are squares of standing corn,
And in the midst a stubble, short and bare —
So on each side were squares of men, with spears
Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand.
And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast
His eyes toward the Tartar tents, and saw
Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he came.
As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
Who with numb blacken'd fingers makes her fire —
At cock-crow, on a starlit winter's morn,
When the frost flowers the whiten'd window-panes —
And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts
Of that poor drudge may be; so Rustum eyed
The unknown adventurous youth, who from afar
Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth
All the most valiant chiefs; long he perused
His spirited air, and wonder'd who he was.
For very young he seem'd, tenderly rear'd;
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound —
So slender Sohrab seem'd, so softly rear'd.
And a deep pity enter'd Rustum's soul
As he beheld him coming; and he stood,
And beckon'd to him with his hand, and said: —
"O thou young man, the air of Heaven is soft,
And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is cold!
Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.
Behold me! I am vast, and clad in iron,
And tried; and I have stood on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe —

Never was that field lost, or that foe saved.
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death?
Be govern'd! quit the Tartar host, and come
To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die!
There are no youths in Iran brave as thou."
So he spake, mildly; Sohrab heard his voice,
The mighty voice of Rustum, and he saw
His giant figure planted on the sand,
Sole, like some single tower, which a chief
Hath builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers; and he saw that head,
Streak'd with its first grey hairs; — hope filled his soul
And he ran forward and embraced his knees,
And clasp'd his hand within his own, and said: —
"O, by thy father's head! by thine own soul!
Art thou not Rustum? speak! art thou not he?"
But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth,
And turn'd away, and spake to his own soul: —
"Ah me, I must what this young fox may mean!
False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys.
For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say: Rustum is here!
He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes,
But he will find some pretext not to fight,
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts,
A belt or sword perhaps, and go his way.
And on a feast-tide, in Afrasiab's hall,
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry:
'I challenged once, when the two armies camp'd
Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight; but they
Shrank, only Rustum dared; then he and I
Changed gifts, and went on equal terms away.'

So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud;
Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed through me."
And then he turn'd, and sternly spake aloud: —
"Rise! wherefore dost thou vainly question thus
Of Rustum? I am here, whom thou hast call'd
By challenge forth; make good thy vaunt, or yield!
Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight?
Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee!
For well I know, that did great Rustum stand
Before thy face this day, and were reveal'd,
There would be then no talk of fighting more.
But being what I am, I tell thee this —
Do thou record it in thine inmost soul:
Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt and yield,
Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds
Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer-floods,
Oxus in summer wash them all away."
He spoke; and Sohrab answer'd, on his feet: —
"Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not fright me so!
I am no girl, to be made pale by words.
Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand
Here on this field, there were no fighting then.
But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here.
Begin! thou art more vast, more dread than I,
And thou art proved, I know, and I am young —
But yet success sways with the breath of Heaven.
And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure
Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know.
For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,

We know not, and no search will make us know;
Only the event will teach us in its hour."
He spoke, and Rustum answer'd not, but hurl'd
His spear; down from the shoulder, down it came,
As on some partridge in the corn a hawk,
That long has tower'd in the airy clouds,
Drops like a plummet; Sohrab saw it come,
And sprang aside, quick as a flash; the spear
Hiss'd, and went quivering down into the sand,
Which it sent flying wide; — then Sohrab threw
In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield; sharp rang,
The iron plates rang sharp, but turn'd the spear.
And Rustum seized his club, which none but he
Could wield; an unlopp'd trunk it was, and huge,
Still rough — like those which men in treeless plains
To build them boats fish from the flooded rivers,
Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up
By their dark springs, the wind in winter-time
Hath made in Himalayan forests wrack,
And strewn the channels with torn boughs — so huge
The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck
One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang aside,
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came
Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's hand.
And Rustum follow'd his own blow, and fell
To his knees, and with his fingers clutch'd the sand:
And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his sword,
And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand;
But he look'd on, and smiled, nor bared his sword,
But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said: —
"Thou strik'st too hard! that club of thine will float
Upon the summer-floods, and not my bones.
But rise, and be not wroth! not wroth am I;

No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.
Thou say'st, thou art not Rustum; be it so!
Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul?
Boy as I am, I have seen battles too —
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,
And heard their hollow roar of dying men;
But never was my heart thus touch'd before.
Are they from Heaven, these softenings of the heart?
O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven!
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,
And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,
And pledge each other in red wine, like friends,
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds.
There are enough foes in the Persian host,
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang;
Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou
Mayst fight; fight them, when they confront thy spear!
But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me!"

He ceased, but while he spake, Rustum had risen,
And stood erect, trembling with rage; his club
He left to lie, but had regain'd his spear,
Whose fiery point now in his mail'd right-hand
Blazed bright and baleful, like that autumn-star,
The baleful sign of fevers; dust had soil'd
His stately crest, and dimm'd his glittering arms.
His breast heaved, his lips foam'd, and twice his voice
Was choked with rage; at last these words broke way: —

"Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands!
Curl'd minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!
Fight, let me hear thy hateful voice no more!
Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now
With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance;
But on the Oxus-sands, and in the dance
Of battle, and with me, who make no play

Of war; I fight it out, and hand to hand.
Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine!
Remember all thy valor; try thy feints
And cunning! all the pity I had is gone;
Because thou hast shamed me before both the hosts
With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girl's wiles."
He spoke, and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,
And he too drew his sword; at once they rush'd
Together, as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the east, one from the west; their shields
Dash'd with a clang together, and a din
Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
Of hewing axes, crashing trees — such blows
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hail'd,
And you would say that sun and stars took part
In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
Grew suddenly in Heaven, and dark'd the sun
Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapp'd the pair.
In gloom they twain were wrapp'd, and they alone;
For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes
And laboring breath; first Rustum struck the shield
Which Sohrab held stiff out; the steel-spiked spear
Rent the tough plates, but fail'd to reach the skin,
And Rustum pluck'd it back with angry groan.
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,
Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest
He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume,

Never till now defiled, sank to the dust;
And Rustum bow'd his head; but then the gloom
Grew blacker, thunder rumbled in the air,
And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse,
Who stood at hand, utter'd a dreadful cry;—
No horse's cry was that, most like the roar
Of some pain'd desert-lion, who all day
Hath trail'd the hunter's javelin in his side,
And comes at night to die upon the sand.
The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear,
And Oxus curdled as it cross'd his stream.
But Sohrab heard, and quail'd not, but rush'd on,
And struck again; and again Rustum bow'd
His head; but this time all the blade, like glass,
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
And in the hand the hilt remain'd alone.
Then Rustum raised his head; his dreadful eyes
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
And shouted: *Rustum!* — Sohrab heard that shout,
And shrank amazed; back he recoil'd one step,
And scann'd with blinking eyes the advancing form;
And then he stood bewilder'd; and he dropp'd
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.
He reel'd, and staggering back, sank to the ground;
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair —
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.

Then, with a bitter smile, Rustum began: —
"Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent.
Or else that the great Rustum would come down

Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move
His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
And then that all the Tartar host would praise
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
To glad thy father in his weak old age.
Fool, thou art slain, and by an unknown man!
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old."

And, with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied:—
"Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.
Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man!
No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
For were I match'd with ten such men as thee,
And I were that which till to-day I was,
They should be lying here, I standing there.
But that belovéd name unnerved my arm—
That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
Fall; and thy spear transfix'd an unarm'd foe.
And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.
But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear:
The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death!
My father, whom I seek through all the world,
He shall avenge my death, and punish thee!"

As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill-lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And follow'd her to find her where she fell
Far off;—anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole; at that, he checks
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams

Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers — never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by —
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss,
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not.
But, with a cold incredulous voice, he said: —
"What prate is this of fathers and revenge?
The mighty Rustum never had a son."
And, with a failing voice, Sohrab replied: —
"Ah yes, he had! and that lost son am I.
Surely the news will one day reach his ear,
Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long,
Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here;
And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap
To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee."

. . . . . .

Then, with weak hasty fingers, Sohrab loosed
His belt, and near the shoulder bared his arm,
And show'd a sign in faint vermilion points
Prick'd; as a cunning workman, in Pekin,
Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain vase,
An emperor's gift — at early morn he paints,
And all day long, and, when night comes, the lamp
Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands —
So delicately prick'd the sign appear'd
On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal.
It was that griffin, which of old rear'd Zal,
Rustum's great father, whom they left to die,
A helpless babe, among the mountain-rocks;

Him that kind creature found, and rear'd, and loved —
Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign.
And Sohrab bared that image on his arm,
And himself scann'd it long with mournful eyes,
And then he touch'd it with his hand and said: —
"How say'st thou? Is that sign the proper sign
Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?"
He spoke; but Rustum gazed, and gazed, and stood
Speechless; and then he utter'd one sharp cry:
O boy — thy father! and his voice choked there.
And then a dark cloud pass'd before his eyes,
And his head swam, and he sank down to earth.
But Sohrab crawl'd to where he lay, and cast
His arms about his neck, and kiss'd his lips,
And with fond faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,
Trying to call him back to life; and life
Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes,
And they stood wide with horror; and he seized
In both his hands the dust which lay around,
And threw it on his head, and smirch'd his hair,
His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms;
And strong convulsive groanings shook his breast,
And his sobs choked him; and he clutch'd his sword,
To draw it, and for ever let life out.
But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands,
And with a soothing voice he spake, and said: —
"Father, forbear! for I but meet to-day
The doom which at my birth was written down
In Heaven, and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand.
Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke too,
I know it! but fate trod those promptings down
Under its iron heel; fate, fate engaged
The strife, and hurl'd me on my father's spear.

But let us speak no more of this! I find
My father; let me feel that I have found!
Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
And wash them with thy tears, and say: *My son!*
Quick! quick! for number'd are my sands of life,
And swift; for like the lightning to this field
I came, and like the wind I go away —
Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind.
But it was writ in Heaven that this should be."

. . . . . .

So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead;
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.
As those black granite pillars, once high-rear'd
By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
His house, now 'mid their broken flights of steps
Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side —
So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.

And night came down over the solemn waste,
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
And darken'd all; and a cold fog, with night,
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog; for now
Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal;
The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward, the Tartars by the river marge;
And Rustum and his son were left alone.

A HANDFUL OF CLAY

HENRY VAN DYKE

There was a handful of clay in the bank of a river. It was only common clay, coarse and heavy; but it had high thoughts of its own value, and wonderful dreams of the great place which it was to fill in the world when the time came for its virtues to be discovered.

Overhead, in the spring sunshine, the trees whispered together of the glory which descended upon them when the delicate blossoms and leaves began to expand, and the forest glowed with fair, clear colours, as if the dust of thousands of rubies and emeralds were hanging, in soft clouds, above the earth.

The flowers, surprised with the joy of beauty, bent their heads to one another, as the wind caressed them, and said: "Sisters, how lovely you have become. You make the day bright."

The river, glad of new strength and rejoicing in the unison of all its waters, murmured to the shores in music, telling of its release from icy fetters, its swift flight from the snow-clad mountains, and the mighty work to which it was hurrying — the wheels of many mills to be turned, and great ships to be floated to the sea.

Waiting blindly in its bed, the clay comforted itself with lofty hopes. "My time will come," it said. "I was not made to be hidden forever. Glory and beauty and honour are coming to me in due season."

One day the clay felt itself taken from the place where it had waited so long. A flat blade of iron passed beneath it, and lifted it, and tossed it into a cart with other lumps of clay, and it was carried far away, as it seemed, over a rough and stony road. But it was not afraid, nor discouraged, for it said to itself: "This is necessary. The path to glory is always rugged. Now I am on my way to play a great part in the world."

But the hard journey was nothing compared with the tribulation and distress that came after it. The clay was put into a trough and mixed and beaten and stirred and trampled. It seemed almost unbearable. But there was consolation in the thought that something very fine and noble was certainly coming out of all this trouble. The clay felt sure that, if it could only wait long enough, a wonderful reward was in store for it.

Then it was put upon a swiftly turning wheel, and whirled around until it seemed as if it must fly into a thousand pieces. A strange power pressed it and moulded it, as it revolved, and through all the dizziness and pain it felt that it was taking a new form.

Then an unknown hand put it into an oven, and fires were kindled about it — fierce and penetrating — hotter than all the heats of summer that had ever brooded upon the bank of the river. But through all, the clay held itself together and endured its trials, in the confidence of a great future. "Surely," it thought, "I am intended for something very splendid, since such pains are taken with me. Perhaps I am fashioned for the ornament of a temple, or a precious vase for the table of a king."

At last the baking was finished. The clay was taken from the furnace and set down upon a board, in the cool air, under the blue sky. The tribulation was passed. The reward was at hand.

Close beside the board there was a pool of water, not very deep, nor very clear, but calm enough to reflect, with impartial truth, every image that fell upon it. There, for the first time, as it was lifted from the board, the clay saw its new shape, the reward of all its patience and pain, the consummation of its hopes — a common flower-pot, straight and stiff, red and ugly. And then it felt that it was not destined for a king's house, nor for a palace of art, because it was made without glory or beauty or honour; and it murmured against the unknown maker, saying, "Why hast thou made me thus?"

Many days it passed in sullen discontent. Then it was filled with earth, and something — it knew not what — but something rough and brown and dead-looking, was thrust into the middle of the earth and covered over. The clay rebelled at this new disgrace. "This is the worst of all that has happened to me, to be filled with dirt and rubbish. Surely I am a failure."

But presently it was set in a greenhouse, where the sunlight fell warm upon it, and water was sprinkled over it, and day by day as it waited, a change began to come to it. Something was stirring within it — a new hope. Still it was ignorant, and knew not what the new hope meant.

One day the clay was lifted again from its place, and carried into a great church. Its dream was coming true after all. It had a fine part to play in the world. Glorious music flowed over it. It was surrounded with flowers. Still it could not understand. So it whispered to another vessel of clay, like itself, close beside it, "Why have they set me here? Why do all the people look toward us?" And the other vessel answered, "Do you not know? You are carrying a royal sceptre of lilies. Their petals are white as snow, and the heart of them is like pure gold. The people look this way because the flower is the most wonderful in the world. And the root of it is in your heart."

Then the clay was content, and silently thanked its maker, because, though an earthen vessel, it held so great a treasure.

ROSES AND SUNSHINE

EDGAR A. GUEST

Rough is the road I am journeying now,
Heavy the burden I 'm bearing to-day;
But I 'm humming a song, as I wander along,
And I smile at the roses that nod by the way.
Red roses sweet,

Blooming there at my feet,
Just dripping with honey and perfume and cheer;
What a weakling I 'd be
If I tried not to see
The joy and the comfort you bring to us here.

Just tramping along o'er the highway of life,
Knowing not what 's ahead but still doing my best;
And I sing as I go, for my soul seems to know
In the end I shall come to the valley of rest.
With the sun in my face
And the roses to grace
The roads that I travel, what have I to fear?
What a coward I 'd be
If I tried not to see
The roses of hope and the sunshine of cheer.

NOTES

1. What was the result of the song and the smile?
2. How can thinking happiness give us greater power?

THE MAKING OF A PATRIOT

MARY R. PARKMAN

You know the story of "The Man without a Country"— the man who lost his country through his own fault. Can you imagine what it would mean to be a child without a country — to have no flag, no heroes, no true native land to which you belong as you belong to your family, and which in turn belongs to you? How would it seem to grow up without the feeling that you have a big country, a true fatherland to protect your home and your friends; to build schools for you; to give you parks and playgrounds, and clean, beautiful streets; to fight disease and many

dangers on land and water for you?— This is the story of a little girl who was born in a land where she had no chance for "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Far from being a true fatherland, her country was like the cruel stepmother of the old tales.

It was strange that one could be born in a country and yet have no right to live there! Little Maryashe (or Mashke, as she was called, because she was too tiny a girl for a big-sounding name) soon learned that the Russia where she was born was not her own country. It seemed that the Russians did not love her people, or want them to live in their big land. And yet there they were! Truly it was a strange world.

"Why is Father afraid of the police?" asked little Mashke. "He has done nothing wrong."

"My child, the trouble is that we can do nothing right!" cried her mother, wringing her hands. "Everything is wrong with us. We have no rights, nothing that we dare to call our own."

It seemed that Mashke's people had to live in a special part of the country called the "Pale of Settlement." It was against the law to go outside the Pale no matter how hard it was to make a living where many people of the same manner of life were herded together, no matter how much you longed to try your fortune in a new place. It was not a free land, this Polotzk where she had been born. It was a prison with iron laws that shut people away from any chance for happy living.

It is hard to live in a cage, be it large or small. Like a wild bird, the free human spirit beats its wings against any bars.

"Why, Mother, why is it that we must not go outside the Pale?" asked Mashke.

"Because the Czar and those others who have the power to make the laws do not love our people; they hate us and all our ways," was the reply.

"But why do they hate us, Mother?" persisted the child with big, earnest eyes.

"Because we are different; because we can never think like them and be like them. Their big Russia is not yet big enough to give people of another sort a chance to live and be happy in their own way."

Even in crowded Polotzk, though, with police spying on every side, there were happy days. There were the beautiful Friday afternoons when Mashke's father and mother came home early from the store to put off every sign of the work-a-day world and make ready for the Sabbath. The children were allowed to wear their holiday clothes and new shoes. They stepped about happily while their mother hid the great store keys and the money bag under her featherbed, and the grandmother sealed the oven and cleared every trace of work from the kitchen.

How Mashke loved the time of candle prayer! As she looked at the pure flame of her candle the light shone in her face and in her heart. Then she looked at the work-worn faces of her mother and grandmother. All the lines of care and trouble were smoothed away in the soft light. They had escaped from the prison of this unfriendly land with its hard laws and its hateful Pale. They were living in the dim but glorious Past, when their father's fathers had been a free nation in a land of their own.

But Mashke could not escape from the prison in that way. She was young and glad to be alive. Her candle shone for light and life to-day and to-morrow and to-morrow! There were no bars that could shut away her free spirit from the light.

How glad she was for life and sunlight on the peaceful Sabbath afternoons when, holding to her father's hand, she walked beyond the city streets along the riverside to the place where in blossoming orchards birds sang of the joyful life of the air, and where in newly plowed fields peasants sang the song of planting-time and the fruitful earth. Her heart leaped as she felt herself a part of the life that flowed through all things — river, air, earth, trees, birds, and happy, toiling people.

It seemed to Mashke that most of her days were passed in

wondering — wondering about the strange world in which she found herself, and its strange ways. Of course she played as the children about her did, with her rag doll and her "jacks" made of the knuckle bones of sheep; and she learned to dance to the most spirited tune that could be coaxed from the teeth of a comb covered with a bit of paper. In winter she loved to climb in the bare sledge, which when not actively engaged in hauling wood could give a wonderful joy-ride to a party of happy youngsters, who cared nothing that their sleigh boasted only straw and burlap in place of cushions and fur robes, and a knotted rope in place of reins with jingling bells.

But always, winter and summer, in season and out of season, Mashke found herself wondering about the meaning of all the things that she saw and heard. She wondered about her hens who gave her eggs and broth, and feathers for her bed, all in exchange for her careless largess of grain. Did they ever feel that the barnyard was a prison? She wondered about the treadmill horse who went round and round to pump water for the public baths. Did he know that he was cheated out of the true life of a horse — work-time in cheerful partnership with man and play-time in the pasture with the fresh turf under his road-weary hoofs? Did the women, who toiled over the selfsame tasks in such a weary round that they looked forward to the change of wash-day at the river where they stood knee-deep in the water to rub and scrub their poor rags, know that they, too, were in a treadmill? — Sometimes she could not sleep for wondering, and would steal from her bed before daybreak to walk through the dewy grass of the yard and watch the blackness turn to soft, dreamy gray. Then the houses seemed like breathing creatures, and all the world was hushed and very sweet. Was there ever such a wonder as the coming of a new day? — As she watched it seemed that her spirit flew beyond the town, beyond the river and the glowing sky itself — touching, knowing, and loving all things. Her spirit was free!

Sometimes it seemed that the wings of her spirit could all but carry her little body up and away. She was indeed such a wee mite that they sometimes called her Mouse and Crumb and Poppy Seed. All of her eager, flaming life was in her questioning eyes and her dark, wayward curls. Because she was small and frail she was spared the hard work that early fell to the lot of her older, stronger sister. So it happened that she had time for her wonderings — time for her spirit to grow and try its wings.

When Mashke was about ten years old a great change came to her life. Her father decided to go on a long journey to a place far from Polotzk and its rules of life, far from Russia and its laws of persecution and death, to a true Promised Land where all people, it was said, no matter what their nation and belief, were free to live and be happy in their own way. The name of this Promised Land was America. Some friendly people — the "emigration society," her father called them — made it possible for him to go try his fortune in the new country. Soon he would make a home there for them all.

At last the wonderful letter came — a long letter, and yet it could not tell the half of his joy in the Promised Land. He had not found riches — no, he had been obliged to borrow the money for the third-class tickets he was sending them — but he had found freedom. Best of all, his children might have the chance to go to school and learn the things that make a free life possible and worth while.

Mashke found that they had suddenly become the most important people in Polotzk. All the neighbors gathered about to see the marvelous tickets that could take a family across the sea. Cousins who had not thought of them for months came with gifts and pleadings for letters from the new world. "Do not forget us when you are so happy and grand," they said.

"You will see my boy, my Möshele," cried a poor mother again and again. "Ask him why he does not write to us these

many months. If you do not find him in Boston maybe he will be in Balti-moreh. It is all America."

The day came at last when every stool and feather-bed was sold, and their clothes and all the poor treasures they could carry were wrapped in queer-looking bundles ready to be taken in their arms to the new home. All of Polotzk went to the station to wave gay handkerchiefs and bits of calico and wish them well. They soon found, however, that the way of the emigrant is hard. In order to reach the sea they had to go through Germany to Hamburg, and a fearful journey it proved to be. It was soon evident that the Russians were not the only cruel people in the world; the Germans were just as cruel in strange and unusual ways, and in a strange language.

They put the travelers in prison, for which they had a queer name, of course—"Quarantine," they called it. They drove them like cattle into a most unpleasant place, where their clothes were snatched off, their bodies rubbed with an evil, slippery substance, and their breath taken away by an unexpected shower that suddenly descended on their helpless heads. Their precious bundles, too, were tossed about rudely and steamed and smoked. As the poor victims sat wrapped in clouds of steam waiting for the final agony, their clothes were brought back, steaming like everything else, and somebody cried, "Quick! Quick! or you will lose your train!" It seemed that they were not to be murdered after all, but that this was just the German way of treating people whom they thought capable of carrying diseases about with them.

Then came the sixteen days on the big ship, when Mashke was too ill part of the time even to think about America. But there were better days, when the coming of morning found her near the rail gazing at the path of light that led across the shimmering waves into the heart of the golden sky. That way seemed like her own road ahead into the new life that awaited her.

The golden path really began at a Boston public school. Here

Mashke stood in her new American dress of stiff calico and gave a new American name to the friendly teacher of the primer class. Mary Antin she was called from that day, all superfluous foreign letters being dropped off forever. As her father tried in his broken English to tell the teacher something of his hopes for his children, Mary knew by the look in his eyes that he, too, had a vision of the path of light. The teacher also saw that glowing, consecrated look and in a flash of insight comprehended something of his starved past and the future for which he longed. In his effort to make himself understood he talked with his hands, with his shoulders, with his eyes; beads of perspiration stood out on his earnest brow, and now he dropped back helplessly into Yiddish, now into Russian. "I cannot now learn what the world knows; I must work. But I bring my children — they go to school for me. I am American citizen; I want my children be American citizens."

The first thing was, of course, to make a beginning with the new language. Afterward when Mary Antin was asked to describe the way the teacher had worked with her foreign class she replied with a smile, "I can't vouch for the method, but the six children in my own particular group (ranging in age from six to fifteen — I was then twelve) attacked the see-the-cat and look-at-the-hen pages of our primers with the keenest zest, eager to find how the common world looked, smelled, and tasted in the strange speech, and we learned!" It was indeed a proud day for Mary Antin when she could say "We went to the village after water," to her teacher's satisfaction.

How Mary Antin loved the American speech! She had a native gift for language, and gathered the phrases eagerly, lovingly, as one gathers flowers, ever reaching for more and still more. She said the words over and over to herself with shining eyes as the miser counts his gold. Soon she found that she was thinking in the beautiful English way.

. . . . . .

At the middle of the year the child who had entered the primer class in September without a word of English was promoted to the fifth grade. She was indeed a proud girl when she went home with her big geography book making a broad foundation for all the rest of the pile, which she loved to carry back and forth just because it made her happy and proud to be seen in company with books.

"Look at that pale, hollow-chested girl with that load of books," said a kindly passer-by one day. "It is a shame the way children are overworked in school these days."

The child in question, however, would have had no basis for understanding the chance sympathy had she overheard the words. Her books were her dearest joy. They were indeed in a very real sense her only tangible possessions. All else was as yet "the stuff that dreams are made of." As she walked through the dingy, sordid streets her glorified eyes looked past the glimpses of unlovely life about her into a beautiful world of her own. If she felt any weight from the books she carried it was just a comfortable reminder that this new Mary Antin and the new life of glorious opportunity were real.

When she climbed the two flights of stairs to her wretched tenement her soul was not soiled by the dirt and squalor through which she passed. As she eagerly read, not only her school history but also every book she could find in the public library about the heroes of America, she did not see the moldy paper hanging in shreds from the walls or the grimy bricks of the neighboring factory that shut out the sunlight. Her look was for the things beyond the moment — the things that really mattered. How could the child feel poor and deprived when she knew that the city of Boston was hers!

As she walked every afternoon past the fine, dignified buildings and churches that flanked Copley Square to the imposing granite structure that held all her hero books, she walked as a princess into her palace. Could she not read for herself the in-

scription at the entrance: Public Library — Built by the People — Free to All — ? Now she stood and looked about her and said, "This is real. This all belongs to these wide-awake children, these fine women, these learned men — and to *me*."

Every nook of the library that was open to the public became familiar to her; her eyes studied lovingly every painting and bit of mosaic.

When she went into the vast reading-room she always chose a place at the end where, looking up from her books, she could get the effect of the whole vista of splendid arches and earnest readers. It was in the courtyard, however, that she felt the keenest joy. Here the child born in the prison of the Pale realized to the full the glorious freedom that was hers.

"The courtyard was my sky-roofed chamber of dreams," she said. "Slowly strolling past the endless pillars of the colonnade, the fountain murmured in my ear of all the beautiful things in all the beautiful world. Here I liked to remind myself of Polotzk, the better to bring out the wonder of my life. That I who was brought up to my teens almost without a book should be set down in the midst of all the books that ever were written was a miracle as great as any on record. That an outcast should become a privileged citizen, that a beggar should dwell in a palace — this was a romance more thrilling than poet ever sung. Surely I was rocked in an enchanted cradle."

Can you imagine how the child from Polotzk loved the land that had taken her to itself? As she stood up in school with the other children and saluted the Stars and Stripes, the words she said seemed to come from the depths of her soul: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands — one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." Those were not words, they were heart throbs. The red of the flag was not just a bright color, it was the courage of heroes; the white was the symbol of truth clear as the sunlight; the blue was the symbol of the wide, free heavens — her spirit's fatherland. The child

who had been born in prison, who had repeated at every Passover, "Next year, may we be in Jerusalem," had found all at once her true country, her flag, and her heroes. When the children rose to sing "America," she sang with all the pent-up feeling of starved years of exile:

I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills.

As the teacher looked into the glorified face of this little alien-citizen she said to herself, "There is the truest patriot of them all!"

Only once as they were singing "Land where my fathers died," the child's voice had faltered and died away. Her cheek paled when at the close of school she came to her teacher with her trouble.

"Oh, teacher," she mourned, "our country's song can't to mean me — *my* fathers did n't die here!"

The friendly teacher, whose understanding and sympathy were never failing, understood now:

"Mary Antin," she said earnestly, looking through the child's great, dark eyes into the depths of her troubled soul, "you have as much right to those words as I or anybody else in America. The Pilgrim Fathers did n't all come here before the Revolution. Is n't your father just like them? Think of it, dear, how he left his home and came to a strange land where he could n't even speak the language. And did n't he come looking for the same things? He wanted freedom for himself and his family, and a chance for his children to grow up wise and brave. It 's the same story over again. Every ship that brings people from Russia and other countries where they are ill-treated is a *Mayflower!*"

These words took root in Mary Antin's heart and grew with her growth. The consciousness that she was in very truth an American glorified her days; it meant freedom from every prison. Seven years after her first appearance in the Boston primer class she entered Barnard College. After two years there and two

more at Teachers College, she entered the school of life as a homemaker; her name is now Mary Antin Grabau. Besides caring for her home and her little daughter, she has devoted her gifts as a writer and a lecturer to the service of her country.

In all that Mary Antin writes and in all that she says her faith in her country and her zeal for its honor shine out above all else. To the new pilgrims who lived and suffered in other lands before they sought refuge in America, as well as to those who can say quite literally, "Land where my fathers died," she brings this message:

"We must strive to be worthy of our great heritage as American citizens so that we may use wisely and well its wonderful privileges. To be alive in America is to ride on the central current of the river of modern life; and to have a conscious purpose is to hold the rudder that steers the ship of fate."

From "Heroines of Service."

THE TORCH BEARERS

ARLO BATES

Here has the battle its last vantage ground;
  Here all is won, or here must all be lost,
Here freedom's trumpets one last rally sound;
  Here to the breeze its blood-stained flag is tossed.
America, last hope of man and truth,
  Thy name must through all the coming ages be
The badge unspeakable of shame and ruth,
  Or glorious pledge that man through truth is free.
This is thy destiny; the choice is thine
  To lead all nations and outshine them all;—
But if thou failest, deeper shame is thine,
  And none shall spare to mock thee in thy fall.

NOTES

1. Did America accomplish her destiny?
2. Explain the line, "That man through truth is free."

GOING OVER THE TOP

MAJOR ERIC FISHER WOOD

When the zero hour of the Battle of Arras approached, the British guns, which for days had been slowly and methodically hammering the German trenches, prepared to assume a much more rapid rate of fire, for when the moment of assault finally arrives, the preparatory bombardment ceases, and the guns take up the new duty of establishing barrages.

Barrages are of two kinds, standing and creeping. The Standing Barrage, called "drum fire" by the Germans, consists of a hail of shells falling constantly upon some one important point of the enemy fortifications.

A Creeping Barrage, called a "curtain of fire" by the French, is a wall of bursting shrapnel which, in accordance with a prearranged schedule, moves steadily forward by short "lifts" of fifty or a hundred yards. Behind its shelter, the lines of infantry are able to advance in comparative safety.

All barrages have the same principal purpose,— to render it extremely dangerous for the enemy to come out of his dug-outs and impede the assaulting British infantry.

In barrage fire, each battery is assigned to a definite objective in the enemy's defenses; front line, support line, strong-points, communication trenches or observation posts. Nothing is neglected, nothing escapes the rain of shells.

So perfect was the work of the British gunners at Arras, and so few shells burst "short," that the infantry was able to follow within fifty yards of the barrage as it moved over each successive German trench.

Infantry soldiers follow the barrage closely, even if a few men are hit by its shells, for the British infantry learned at the Battle of the Somme that the moment a barrage is lifted from the enemy's front trenches, a race for the parapet begins between the

British infantry crossing no-man's-land and the enemy's machine-gunners and bombers waiting at the bottom of the bomb-proof dug-outs for the first moment of safety. If an enemy machine-gunner or bomber can reach his post even six or eight seconds before the first line of storming troops arrive, he almost invariably inflicts scores of casualties on the British infantry in comparison with which a ten per cent. loss from their own barrage is of minor importance.

The life of the modern infantry soldier is a busy one. Training periods and route marches alternate with long spells of holding sloppy trenches in spite of snipers' bullets, bombardments, trench-mortar shells, rifle grenades, bombs, gas attacks, liquid fire and various other manifestations of the enemy's vigilance and pugnacity.

During his turn in the trenches, the soldier remains constantly under cover. His trenches are always under surveyance by keen-eyed enemy snipers and machine-gunners, who, themselves hidden from view, watch intently the silhouette of his parapet to detect and punish his slightest indiscretion. If he carelessly exposes a hand in throwing a shovel of dirt over the parados, or shows his head when walking through a shallow section of trench, he instantly calls forth accurate enemy bullets.

Therefore he is taught to keep his head down, to hide his person, to remain invisible,— instructions which quite naturally coincide with his own personal wishes.

Sign-boards meet him at every turn stating: —" All ranks will keep to the trenches," or " This road not to be used during the hours of daylight."

He becomes a mole, perpetually digging his way underground, instead of walking boldly in the open.

His sergeant, who on the march continually cries " Close up, close up, keep closed up," in the trenches, ceaselessly admonishes him, " Keep your head down, you fool! ".

Thus " fear of the open " becomes second nature to him. It

is instilled into him by his officers and sergeants and is strengthened by the promptings of his own instinct for self-preservation.

Sooner or later, however, there comes a dramatic moment in the life of every infantryman when he is expected suddenly to overcome his fear, to climb over the sheltering parapet, and walk boldly across the open towards the enemy.

As that moment approaches, he finds himself standing with his pals in the bottom of a trench which, although much like a hundred other trenches that he has known, yet bears for him a new and never to be forgotten significance, as his point of departure when he goes " over the top " of a parapet and charges out across open wind-swept no-man's-land, to hunt out and engage his hitherto unseen antagonist in that close hand-to-hand conflict, where eye meets eye and bayonet crashes against bayonet and men meet ugly deaths.

As the " zero minute " approaches, he realizes that he is about to live through the most vital and thrilling moment of his whole life. And such were the thoughts and realizations which filled my own mind at 4.30 A. M. on the morning of Easter Monday as I made my way through the dismal, unlighted streets of battered Arras, on my way to the particular front line trench from which I was to go " over the top " at dawn.

By five o'clock I had reached my post. The air and earth trembled with the steady, unrelenting preparatory cannonade which continued up to the very minute of the zero hour. The horizon behind us flickered unremittingly with the flashes of our guns. In front, the enemy positions were outlined against the darkness by the blood-red flashes of bursting shells.

The weather was cold and cloudy. Sleet and snow fell intermittently. A twenty mile wind was blowing from us towards the Germans.

The noise of the guns, a sea of sound, drowned all conversation. It was impossible to conquer the feeling that the whole

proceeding was unreal. Everything seemed a dream in which bullets and shells could not possibly be fatal.

Each second seemed interminable as we stood in the bottom of the black trench, looking up at the dark mass of its parapet against a sky, just beginning to turn from black to gray. We had due time for reflection upon many things, a question crept into my mind: Now when face to face with the utmost reality of battle, was it worth while to have voluntarily left my own country and have gone so far afield to "do my bit" against Prussianism? The question called up no feeling of regret, but only a satisfaction that I was at last face to face with our enemies in the open of a European battlefield.

The second phase of the artillery preparation is drawing to its close. For three long days and nights the German trenches and fortifications have been subjected to a terrific and continuous bombardment. Half a million dollars' worth of ammunition has been fired into single acres of the enemy's territory.

For the moment, the mind's chief worry is a fear lest the body may not be able to scramble quickly enough up the wall of the trench, and may in consequence be a moment later over the top than the bodies of one's comrades.

The hands of my wrist-watch show a half minute before zero. For one moment the roar of the guns dies away. Their flashes no longer illumine the sky behind us. We stand alertly motionless through an instant of uncanny stillness, broken by the bursting of a single German shell. Then, suddenly, our guns burst out again in one dense, jarring, appalling roar which takes exclusive possession of the realm of sound, blotting out all else.

Our time has come! We clamber up the parapet, and find ourselves in the open,— members of one of many advancing lines of men. Sleet beats against our bare necks and we feel it rattle on our steel helmets. Thousands of British guns continue to crash out in a continuous unbroken crash, and barrages beat down upon all the German trenches.

Some conception of the total effect and rapidity of the fire may be gained from the fact, that the guns eventually became so hot that buckets of water thrown into the bore through the breech came out of the muzzle as steam. If the guns, caissons, trench mortars and heavy machine-guns, which supported the infantry, had been placed hub to hub, they would have formed a continuous and unbroken line behind the entire ten miles of the front of attack.

As the storm of shells bursts upon the enemy trenches, the German infantry send up into the air great numbers of golden rockets. These are their "S. O. S." signals which inform their artillery that they are helpless under barrages and must have artillery retaliation. The cold gray dawning sky is lit up for miles, in each direction along the front, by hundreds of these rockets, fired wildly into the air by the German infantry, clamoring for support.

They throw into weird relief the long lines of British infantry already picking their way at a walk across no-man's-land,— the British soldier of to-day charges at a walk because the disorganization which immediately supervenes upon a charge at a run, is far more disastrous than the increased casualties which are caused when the men advance more slowly.

In two or three minutes every German battery is, in response to the S. O. S., firing furiously upon our front line trenches. Shells of all caliber and description — shrapnel, "pig squeaks," "whizz-bangs," "Jack-Johnsons," and "coal scuttles" are bursting behind us in a perfect hurricane and making life exceedingly unpleasant for the surgeons, stretcher-bearers, runners, messengers, the wounded and prisoners who are obliged to pass through it.

All the infantry of the first two brigades in each British division is already safely over the top and well out into no-man's-land before this bombardment starts, while the third brigade in each di-

vision is still waiting its turn at a safe distance several thousand yards behind the lines.

The wall of our creeping barrage marches before us; it is made up of hundreds of flame-shot puffs of shrapnel bursting over the enemy trenches, and of hundreds of black geysers of flying dirt and debris along the trenches themselves. The sound is dense, terrific. The air is alive with shells, which seem to cover us like a roof, so that we feel a sense of exhilaration as though leagued with supernatural forces.

Throughout the attack, the co-ordination of artillery and infantry is marvelous. The infantry in its advance does not encounter a single unwrecked German parapet, nor a patch of uncut German wire larger than the top of a writing desk. All has been destroyed by the preparatory bombardment.

While we are in the open, barrage fire makes it impossible for the few survivors of the enemy forces to appear on their parapets. The enemy's front line trenches are the subject of a storm of shrapnel, and shrapnel bullets were falling upon them at the rate of four bullets per square yard per minute. After the battle, bullets littered the surface of the ground like hailstones.

Protected by this curtain of fire, our infantry advances at a walk unscathed across the two or three hundred yards of no-man's-land which intervened between them and the enemy's first line.

After the suspense of the tense waiting in the trenches, the actual battle at first proves something of an anti-climax. As we advance there seem to be no casualties. If there are any bullets, their strike is unseen in the dim light of early dawn, and their whisper is unheard amid the roar of the artillery.

We pass through what had once been the enemy's barbed wire entanglement, now reduced to flattened tangles of broken strands, upon which we step and through which we easily ad-

vance. We reach the enemy's first trench. It is empty except for the mangled body of a single German.

We look for tragedy, but find instead only grim comedy. We rush the battered parapet of the enemy's second lines, expecting to discover a group of savage Boches lying in wait behind it. On the crest we pause an instant in the middle of our stride before leaping down, and see below us not deadly enemies, but only a single, gray figure crouching pathetically against a battered traverse. Both its hands are high over head, while a shrill voice cries over and over and over again —" Kamerad, I haff dree children — Kamerad, I haff dree children."

The little German is sent to the rear, hands still in air and shrill voice still crazily reiterating its plaint.

I remain for some time in the enemy's old second line with the companies which are " consolidating " it. The other companies press on victoriously. Their prisoners roll back to us in droves, escorted by a scattering of slightly wounded soldiers.

A huge Jock approaches, kilt swinging from side to side as he strides. He has a " Blighty " wound and his head is picturesque, swathed with bloody bandages. He drives before him three prisoners. In one hand he carries his rifle, and in the other a bomb from which the safety pin has been extracted — and lost — so that if he relinquishes his grasp upon it for even an instant, it will explode in four seconds.

He meets a comrade who looks at the prisoners and asks: " Did you take them a' yersel', Jock? "

" Yes," replies Jock, " the twa big yins came along willingly, but the sma' one "— pointing to a very plump little German who was simply peppered with wounds —" wished to fecht. So Ah gave him a lemon (bomb) an' that didna satisfy him, so Ah gave him anither "; and then holding up the live bomb in his hand, " Do ye happen to hae a spare pin aboot ye? No! 'T is too bad, for Ah do na ken whatever Ah shall do with this lemon."

Whereupon he resumed his way, but not before he had asked a chaplain, a lieutenant, and an indignant stretcher-bearer if they happened "to hae a spare pin aboot" them.

The companies who "went through" several hours ago and left us behind to dig, have now vanquished and consolidated a whole new zone of territory, and we in turn are advancing to "go through" them to a third zone of country.

Finally, having passed through the fourth German trench line, we mount a gentle slope upon which German howitzer shells are bursting, and topping its crest, come out upon a level, barren, wind-swept plateau in full view of the enemy. There is no longer for us any element of comedy in the situation.

In a line we advance at a walk. Three or four yards from elbow to elbow intervenes between each man and his neighbor. Twenty yards behind us follows another line, and behind it another and yet another. The successive lines are like waves following each other up a wide breach to break over and destroy forts of sand built by children.

On my left walks a corporal. I notice that his tightly set lips are very white, but his head is carried high and his eyes are firmly fixed upon the distant German positions.

On my right marches a slender, boyish lieutenant, who for the first time commands his platoon in battle. He looks towards me for a moment, his face illuminated by an incredulous smile of self-revelation as he says,—"Why, I 'm not a bit afraid. I only feel as though I were trotting out upon a foot-ball field for my first big Rugby match."

With a soft, insinuating, melancholy whisper, bullets commence to cut through the air around us. "Pyeeoou — Pyeeoou — Pyeeoou," they say. Faster and faster they come; and nearer and nearer. Those which pass very close exchange their gentle whisper for an angry venomous crack, like the snap of a black-

snake whip. . . . A crack, a second, two together, a score. One feels as if one were wading through a sea of bullets and is each moment astounded to find oneself still unhurt.

There is a sound like the blow of a rattan cane beating upon a rug. It is a bullet striking the young lieutenant on my right; he wilts, changing in an instant from an animate being to an inert, inarticulate, crumpled object.

We ever advance at a steady walk. From somewhere in front of us there breaks out the metallic *rat-tat-tat-tat-tat* of a German machine-gun. This new sound, which is like a steam riveter driving red-hot rivets into a distant bridge, is added to the noise of bullets and bursting shells. Its automatic reiteration fills us with cold dread. It occurs to me that "machine" gun is a very expressive name, for its sound is inhumanly impersonal.

I glance to my left. The long waving line of men, still charging at the same fast walk, holds its continuity like a chain of links. Each man keeps his appointed station. Occasionally an individual is delayed by a shell hole or a bit of rough ground and has to run two or three steps to regain his place. The determination to win, enforced by the habit of discipline, is stronger than either the eagerness to rush madly on, or the desire to stop and take cover. It is at such supreme moments that raw troops waver, while disciplined armies pass on to victory. None but seasoned soldiers can pass safely between the twin temptations of either breaking into a furious cheering rush upon the enemy, or of disappearing safely into the shelter of the deep shell-craters, which by thousands dot the field of battle.

The number of these craters is being constantly increased by German high explosive shells, which arrive with a screech, and burst about us with loud "blaams." They throw showers of mud far and wide, and among the whizzing chunks of mud fly jagged fragments of hot steel.

There is a particularly loud and sudden screech followed by a

deafening concussion. Something smacks my cheek a stinging blow and leaves behind it a feeling of wetness. I brush my cheek with my hand and glance at my fingers. They are covered with — mud.

The corporal on my left has also been struck, but only by flying mud.

Several moments later, a blow on my left arm turns me completely about. It has all the force of a full swing of a baseball bat. I whirl, stumble and then sit down rather weakly. A rifle bullet has gone clean through the arm, shattering the bone near the elbow.

Wave after wave of grim-faced fighting men march past me to victory. Before sunset they are to break through all the German trenches, penetrate two thousand yards into the open country behind the last enemy line, and hold every foot of ground they gain.

The results obtained on the 9th of April by our division are typical of those achieved by all the assaulting divisions. While losing less than a thousand men itself, it inflicted more than nine thousand casualties upon the famous German division which was opposed to it, captured more than a score of guns, took fifteen hundred unwounded prisoners and the general commanding the hostile division.

From "The Note-Book of an Intelligence Officer."

THE CHILDREN OF THE ROAD

WHAT THE TRAMP EATS AND WEARS

JOSIAH FLYNT

The tramp is the hungriest fellow in the world. No matter who he is, his appetite is invariably ravenous. How he comes by that quality of his defects is an open question even in his own

mind. Sometimes he accounts for it on the ground that he is continually changing climate, and then again attributes it to his incessant loafing. I think there is some truth in this, for I know from personal experience that no work has ever made me so hungry as simple idling; and while on the road I also had a larger capacity for food than I have usually. Even riding on a freight-train for a morning used to make me hungry enough to eat two dinners, and yet there was almost no work about it. And I feel safe in saying that the tramp can usually eat nearly twice as much as the laboring-man of ordinary appetite.

Now, what does he find to satisfy this rapacious craving? There are two famous diets in vagabondage, called the "hot" and the "cold." Each one has its advocates. The hot is befriended mainly by the persevering and energetic; the cold belongs exclusively to the lazy and unsuccessful. The first is remarkable for what its champions call "set-downs," that is to say, good solid meals three times a day — or oftener. The second consists almost entirely of "hand-outs" or "poke-outs," which are nothing but bundles of cold food handed out at the back door.

Every man on the road takes sides, one way or the other, in regard to these two systems of feeding, and his standing in the brotherhood is regulated by his choice. If he joins the set-downers he is considered at least a true hobo, and although he may have enemies, they will not dare to speak ill of his gift for begging. If, on the other hand, he contents himself with hand-outs, he not only loses all prestige among the genuine hoboes, but is continually in danger of tumbling down into the very lowest grades of tramp life. There is no middle course for him to follow.

Success in vagabondage depends largely on diligence, patience, nerve, and politeness. If a tramp lacks any one of these qualities he is handicapped, and his chosen life will go hard with him.

If he possesses these characteristics, no matter what his nationality may be, he will succeed. If not, he would better work than

tramp — he will find it much easier and twice as profitable. The poke-out beggar is deficient in every one of these qualities, and his winnings demonstrate it.

I made his acquaintance first about ten years ago. I had just begun my life on the road, and as I knew but very little about tramping and nothing about begging, it was only natural that I should fall in with him, for he is the first person one meets in the vagabond world. The successful beggars do not show themselves immediately, and the newcomer must first give some valid evidence of his right to live among them before they take him in — a custom, by the way, which shows that tramping is much like other professions. But the poke-out tramp is not so fastidious; he chums with any one he can, successful or not; and as I had to associate with somebody, I began with him. After a while I was graduated out of his rank, and received into the set-down class, but only after a hard and severe training, which I would not go through again. As a rule, the poke-out beggar has but one meal a day, usually breakfast. This is the main meal with all vagabonds, and even the lazy tramp makes frantic efforts to find it. Its quantity as well as its quality depends largely on the kind of house he visits. His usual breakfast, if he is lucky, consists of coffee, a little meat, some potatoes, and "punk 'n' plaster" (bread and butter). Coffee, more than anything else, is what every hobo wants early in the morning. After sleeping out of doors or in a box-car, especially during the colder months, a man is stiff and chilled, and coffee is the thing to revive him when he cannot get whisky, which is by no means the easiest thing to beg. I have known tramps to drink over six cups of coffee before they looked for anything solid, and I myself have often needed three before I could eat at all.

The dinner of the lazy beggar is a very slim affair. It is either a free lunch in a saloon, or a hand-out. This latter consists mainly of sandwiches, but now and then a cold potato will be put into the bundle, and also, occasionally, a piece of pie. After the

tramp has had one or two of these impromptu lunches he persuades himself that he has had enough, and goes off for a rest. How often — but on account of bashfulness, rather than anything else — have I done the same thing! And what poor dinners they were! They no more satisfy a tramp's appetite than they would a lion's, but the indolent fellow tries to persuade himself otherwise.

His supper is very similar to his dinner, except that he tries now and then to wash it down with a cup of tea or coffee. Later in the evening he also indulges in another hand-out, unless he is on a freight-train or far from the abodes of men.

Such is the diet of the lazy tramp, and, strange to relate, despite its unwholesomeness and its meagerness, he is a comparatively healthy fellow, as are almost all tramps. Their endurance, especially that of the poke-out tramps, is something remarkable. I have known them to live on "wind-puddin'," as they call air, for over forty-eight hours without becoming exhausted, and there are cases on record where they have gone for four and five days without anything to eat or drink, and have lived to tell the tale. A man with whom I once traveled in Pennsylvania did this very thing. He was locked into a box-car which was shunted off on an unused sidetrack a long distance from any house or place where his cries could be heard. He was in the car for nearly one hundred and twenty hours, and although almost dead when found, he picked up in a few days, and before long was on the road again.

But although the tramp hates honest labor, he hates starvation still more, and if he finds it impossible to pick up anything to eat, he will either go to jail or work. He loves this world altogether too much to voluntarily explore another of which he knows so little.

The clothes of the poke-out beggar are not much, if any, better than his food. In summer he seldom has more than a shirt, a pair of trousers, a coat, some old shoes, and a battered hat.

Even in winter he wears little more, especially if he goes South. I have never seen him with underclothes or socks, and an overcoat is something he almost never gets hold of, unless he steals one, which is by no means common. While I lived with him I wore just such "togs." I shall never forget my first tramp suit of clothes. The coat was patched in a dozen places, and was nearly three sizes too large for me; the waistcoat was torn in the back, and had but two buttons; the trousers were out at the knees, and had to be turned up in London fashion at the bottom to keep me from tripping; the hat was an old derby with the crown dented in numerous places; and the only decent thing I had was a flannel shirt. I purchased this rig of a second-hand clothing dealer, and thought it would be just the thing for the road, and so it was, but only for the poke-out tramp's road. The hoboes laughed at me and called me "hoodoo," and I never got in with them in any such garb. Nevertheless, I wore it for nearly two months, and so long as I associated with lazy beggars only, it was all right. Many of them were never dressed so well, and not a few envied me my old coat.

It is by no means uncommon to see a poke-out vagabond wearing a garment which belongs to a woman's wardrobe. He is so indifferent that he will wear anything that will shield his nakedness, and I have known him to be so lazy that he did not even do that.

Such are the poke-out tramps of every country where I have studied them, and such they will always be. The wonder is that they live at all. Properly speaking, they have no connection with the real brotherhood, and I should not have referred to them here, except that the public mistakes them for the genuine hoboes. They are not hoboes, and nothing angers the latter so much as to be classed with them.

The hobo is exceedingly proud in his way, and if you want to offend him, call him a "gay-cat" or a "poke-outer." He will never forgive you.

Almost the first advice given me after I had managed to scramble into the set-down class came from an old vagabond known among his cronies as "Portland Shorty." He knew that I had been but a short time on the road, and that in many respects I had not met with the success which was necessary to entitle me to respect among men of his class, but nevertheless he was willing to give me a few pointers, which, by the way, all hoboes are glad to do, if they feel that the recipient will turn them to profit.

It helped me as much as anything else in getting in with the real hoboes. I have known them, now, for ten years, and feel abundantly qualified to describe their diet and dress. In the first place, they eat three good warm meals every day — breakfast from seven to eight o'clock, dinner at twelve, and supper at six. These are the set-downs in tramp life, and it is the duty of every professional to find them regularly. The breakfast is very similar to the poke-out tramp's breakfast, the main additions being oatmeal and pancakes, if the beggar is willing to look for them. They can be found with a little perseverance. There are also some hoboes who want pie for breakfast, and they have it almost constantly. I once traveled with a Maine tramp who simply would not consider his breakfast complete until he had had his usual piece of apple-pie. And he actually had the nerve to go to houses and ask for that alone. During our companionship, which lasted over a week, he failed but once to get it, and then it was because he had to make a train.

The dinner is a more elaborate affair, and the tramp must often visit a number of houses before he finds the various dishes he desires. I remember well a hunt I had for a dinner in St. Louis. A Western tramp was my comrade at the time, and we had both decided upon our bill of fare. He wanted meat and potatoes, "punk 'n' plaster," some kind of dessert (pudding preferred), and three cups of coffee. I wanted the same things minus the dessert. and I had to visit fifteen houses before my ap-

petite was satisfied. But, as my companion said, the point is that I finally got my dinner. He too was successful, even to the kind of pudding he wished.

Not all tramps are so particular as my Western pal, but they must have the "substanshuls" (meat and potatoes and bread and butter) anyhow. Unless they get them they are angry, and scold everything and everybody. I once knew a vagabond to call down all sorts of plagues and miseries on a certain house because he could not get enough potatoes there.

There are a number of hoboes who occasionally take their dinners in the form of what they call the "made-to-order scoff." It is something they have invented themselves, and for many reasons is their happiest meal. It takes place at the hang-out, and a more appropriate environment could not be found. When the scoff is on the program, the vagabonds gather together and decide who shall beg the meat, the potatoes, the onions, the corn, the bread and butter, the tea and coffee, and the desserts, if they are procurable. Then each one starts out on his separate errand, and if all goes well they return before long and hand their winnings over to the cook. This official, meanwhile, has collected the fire-wood and the old tin cans for frying and boiling the food. While the meal is cooking, the tramps sit around the fire on the stolen railroad-ties and compare jokes and experiences. Pretty soon dinner is announced, and they begin. They have no forks and often no knives, but that does not matter. "Fingers were made before forks." Sometimes they sharpen little sticks and use them, but fingers are more popular. The table manners of the Eskimos compare favorably with those of these picknicking hoboes, and I have often seen a tramp eat meat in a way that would bring a dusky blush to the cheek of the primeval Alaskan. It is remarkable, however, that no matter how carelessly they eat their food, they seldom have dyspepsia. I have known only a few cases, and even then the sufferers were easily cured.

Supper is seldom much of a meal among hoboes, and mainly

because it has to be looked for, during the greater part of the year, just about dark, the time when the hobo is either preparing his night's hangout, or making arrangements for his night's journey, and the hunt for supper often occasions unpleasant delays. But he nevertheless looks for it if he can possibly spare the time. He considers it his bounden duty to eat regularly, and feels ashamed if he neglects to do it. I have heard him scold himself for an hour just because he failed to get a meal at the proper time, although he really did not care for it. Bohemian that he is, he still respects times and seasons, which is the more surprising since in other matters he is as reckless as a fool. In quarrels, for example, he regards neither sense nor custom, and has his own private point of view every time. But at the very moment that he is planning some senseless and useless fight, he will look for a meal as conscientiously as the laborer works for one, although he may not need it.

For supper he usually has about what other people have — potatoes (usually fried) and beefsteak, tea or coffee, bread and butter, and some kind of sauce. For three months of my time on the road I had almost exactly this bill of fare, and became so accustomed to it that I was considerably surprised if I found anything else. I mention these various items to show how closely the tramp's "hot diet" resembles that of most people. A great mistake is made in thinking that these men, as a class, have to eat things both uncommon and peculiar. Some of them do, but all of the set-downers eat about the same things that the respectable and worthy portion of the community eats.

Besides the three meals which every hobo has regularly, there are also two or three lunches a day, which are included in the hot diet, although they practically belong to the cold one. The first is taken in the morning about ten o'clock, and is begged at breakfast-time, the second about three or four o'clock, and the third late in the evening. Not all hoboes eat these between-

meal " snacks," but the majority beg them at any rate, and if they do not need them they either throw them away or give them to some deserving person, often enough a seeker of work. For although the tramp hates labor, he does not hate the true laborer, and if he can help him along, he does it willingly. He knows only too well that it is mainly the laboring-man off whom he lives, and that it is well to do him a good turn whenever it is possible. Then, too, the hobo is a generous fellow, no matter what else he is, and is always willing to share his winnings with any one he really likes. With the gay-cat and the poke-outer he will have nothing to do, but with the criminal, his own pals, and the working-man he is always on good terms, unless they repel his overtures.

As a number of tramps spend considerable time in jails, it seems appropriate to tell what they eat there, also. Their life in limbo is often voluntary, for although a great many hoboes go South every winter, there are others who prefer a jail in the North, and so whatever hardship they encounter is mainly of their own choosing. And since some of them do choose jail fare, it is evident that those particular beggars find it less disagreeable than winter life " outside," either North or South. The usual food in these places is bread, molasses, and coffee in the morning, some sort of thick soup or meat and potatoes with bread for dinner, and bread and molasses and tea for supper. There is generally enough, also, and although I have often heard the tramps grumble, it was mainly because they had nothing else to do. Confinement in county prisons, although it has its diversions, tends to make a man captious and irritable, and the tramp is no exception to this. Occasionally he gets into a jail where only two meals a day are given, and he must then exercise his fortitude. He never intends to be in such a place, but mistakes will happen even in vagabondage, and it is most interesting to see how the tramp gets out of them or endures them. He usually grits

his teeth and promises "never to do it again"; and, considering his self-indulgent nature, I think he stands suffering remarkably well.

What the hot-diet tramp wears is another matter, but a not vastly different one. His ambition, although he does not always achieve it, is to have new togs quite as regularly as the man who buys them with hard cash. He also tries to keep up with the fashions and the seasons as closely as possible.

But all this must naturally be regulated by the charity of the community in which he happens to be. If he is near a college, and knows how to beg of the students, he can usually find just what and about all he needs; but if he is in a country district where clothes are worn down to the thread, he is in a hard case. As a rule, however, he dresses nearly as well as the day-laborer, and sometimes far better. There are tramps of this type in New York and Chicago whose dress is almost identical with that of the majority of the men one meets in the streets, and to distinguish them from the crowd requires an eye able to read their faces rather than their coats. Such men never allow their clothes to wear beyond a certain point before begging a fresh supply. And if they are careful, and do not ride in freight-trains often, a suit will last them several months, for they understand remarkably well how to take care of it. Every tramp of this order and grade carries a brush inside of his coat pocket, and uses it on the slightest provocation. On the road I also acquired this habit of brushing my clothes as often as they showed the slightest soil. It is a trick of the trade, and saves not only the clothes, but the self-respect of the brotherhood.

Dark clothes are the most popular, because they keep clean, or at least appear clean, for a longer time. I once wore a suit of this kind for nearly three months, and although I used it rather roughly, it was so good at the end of that time that I traded it to a tramp for a coat and vest almost new. The way to make sure of having a serviceable suit is to gather together several coats,

vests, and trousers, and pick out a complement from the best and most suitable of the lot.

I shall not forget an experience of this sort I had in a Western town. I had worked all day with my companion looking simply for clothes, and at night we had six coats, eight vests, four pairs of trousers, and two overcoats. Out of this collection we chose two fairly good suits, but the rest were so poor that we had to throw them away. One of the coats was a clergyman's, and when he gave it to me he said: "It may not fit you very well, but you can use it as an overcoat, perhaps." It was even then too large for me, and I gave it to the tramp, who wore it for nearly a month. His pals laughed at him and called him "Parson Jim"; but he made more money with that coat than he could possibly have made in any other. He posed as a theological student among the farmers, and was most royally entertained. But his luck gave out in a short time, for he went to prison in his clerical habit not long after.

Hoboes take most delight in what is called the sack-coat. "Tailed jackets" are inconvenient, especially when one is riding on the trucks of a train; the skirts are liable to catch on something and thus delay matters. It is the inside of a tramp's coat, however, that is most interesting. It is usually furnished with numerous pockets, one of them being called the "poke-out pocket," in which he stows away his lunches. The others are used for brushes, tattooing-tools, combs, white rags, string, and other little notions that may "come handy" to a traveler. But in none of the pockets will there ever be found one bit of paper which might identify the bearer or implicate him in any suspicious work. He is too "foxy" ever to allow his real name to crop out in any telltale evidence on his person, except, perhaps, when he may have been foolish enough to have it tattooed somewhere on his body.

There is one more indispensable article of a tramp's toilet, and it is called the "shaver." This is a razor incased in a little sack,

generally leather, which he hangs around his neck with a string. It is used for fighting and shaving, and is very good as a "guy" for getting him into jail. I saw how this was done one day in western Pennsylvania. The time was late October, and three tramps who came into town decided that the local jail would be a good place in which to spend the winter. They wanted a ninety-day sentence, and knew they could not get it for simple drunkenness; so they decided to pretend drunk and make a row in order to be sentenced on two charges. They began their brawl in the main street, and flourished their razors in good style. The officers arrested them after a little fight made for appearance' sake, and the judge gave them four months — thirty days more than they expected. Their razors were confiscated, too, but they got others the minute they were released. It sometimes happens, however, that the shavers are not discovered, because the men are not properly searched, and, owing to this lack of careful inspection by officials, rows in jails have often ended seriously.

That tramps are expensive no one will deny, but how much so it is difficult to decide. I have tried to show that a large number of them eat and wear things which certainly cost somebody considerable money, but a careful census of the vagabond population alone can estimate the amount. No one can tell exactly what this tramp population numbers, but I think it safe to say that there are not less than sixty thousand in this country. Every man of this number, as a rule, eats something twice a day, and the majority eat three good meals. They all wear some sort of clothing, and most of them rather respectable clothing. They all drink liquor. They all get into jail, and eat and drink there just as much at the expense of the community as elsewhere. They all chew and smoke tobacco, and all of them spend some of their time in lodging-houses. How much all this represents in money I cannot tell, but I believe that the expenses I have enumerated, together with the costs of conviction for vagrancy, drunkenness, and crime, will easily mount up into the millions. And all that

the country can show for this expenditure is an idle, homeless, and useless class of individuals called tramps.

From "Tramping with Tramps."

DON

JAMES T. FIELDS

This is Don, the dog of all dogs,
Just as lions outrank small frogs,
Just as eagles are superior
To buzzards and that tribe inferior.

He 's a shepherd lad,— a beauty,—
And to praise him seems a duty,
But it puts my pen to shame, sir,
When his virtues I would name, sir.
" Don, come here and bend your head now,
Let us see your well-bred bow."
Was there ever such a creature?
Common sense in every feature!
" Don, rise up and look around you! "
Blessings on the day we found you.

Sell him! well, upon my word, sir,
That's a notion too absurd, sir.
Would I sell our little Ally,
Barter Tom, dispose of Sally?
Think you I'd negotiate
For my wife at any rate?

Sell our Don! you 're surely joking,
And 'tis fun at us you're poking!

Twenty voyages we 've tried, sir,
Sleeping, waking, side by side, sir,
And Don and I will not divide, sir;
He 's my friend, that 's why I love him,—
And no mortal dog 's above him!

He prefers a life aquatic,
But never dog was less dogmatic.
Years ago, when I was master
Of a tight brig called the *Castor,*
Don and I were bound for Cadiz,
With the loveliest of ladies
And her boy — a stalwart, hearty,
Crowing, one-year infant party,
Full of childhood's myriad graces,
Bubbling sunshine in our faces
As we bowled along so steady,
Half-way home or more already.

How the sailors loved our darling!
No more swearing, no more snarling;
On their backs, when not on duty,
Round they bore the blue-eyed beauty,—
Singing, shouting, leaping, prancing,—
All the crew took turns in dancing;
Every tar played Punchinello
With the pretty, laughing fellow;
Even the second mate gave sly winks
At the noisy, mid-day high jinks.
Never was a crew so happy
With a curly headed chappy,
Never were such sports gigantic.
Never dog with joy more antic.

While thus jolly, all together,
There blew up a change of weather,
Nothing stormy, but quite breezy,
And the wind grew damp and wheezy,
Like a gale in too low spirits
To put forth one half its merits.
But, perchance, a dry-land ranger
Might suspect some kind of danger.
Soon our staunch and gallant vessel
With the waves began to wrestle,
And to jump about a trifle,
Sometimes kicking like a rifle
When 'tis slightly overloaded,
But, by no means, high exploded.

'Twas the coming on of twilight,
As we stood abaft the skylight,
Scampering round to please the baby
(Old Bill Benson held him, maybe),
When the youngster stretched his fingers
Toward the spot where sunset lingers,
And with strong and sudden motion
Leaped into the weltering ocean!

"What did Don do?" Can't you guess, sir?
He sprang also,— by express,— sir;
Seized the infant's little dress, sir,
Held the baby's dress up boldly
From the waves that rushed so coldly;
And in just about a minute
Our boat had them safe within it.

Sell him! would you sell your brother?
Don and I love one another!

THE NECKLACE

GUY DE MAUPASSANT

She was one of those pretty and charming young girls, born as if through an error of fate, into a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no expectations, no means of becoming known, understood, loved and married by a man rich and distinguished; and she let herself marry an under-clerk of the Department of Public Instruction. She was, of necessity, plain and unadorned and as unhappy as one who has been obliged to marry below her station. She suffered unceasingly, thinking herself born for all the delicacies and luxuries of life. She rebelled against the poverty of their home, the uncleanly condition of the walls, the dilapidated state of the furniture and the ugliness of the curtains. All those things of which another woman of her class would not have been conscious tortured and angered her. The sight of the little maid from Brittany who performed the simple tasks of their household awoke in her heart vain regrets and fantastic dreams. In her mind's eye she saw silent corridors hung with oriental fabrics, lighted by high-hanging chandeliers, and two fine valets in short breeches who drowsed in huge armchairs, overcome by the oppressive heat of the stove. She dreamed of great drawing rooms, hung with precious silks, of carved cabinets bearing priceless trinkets, and of small, daintily-perfumed boudoirs made for cozy afternoon chats with intimate friends.

When she sat down to dinner opposite her husband, who, on uncovering the soup tureen, exclaimed delightedly, "Oh, the delicious broth! I can think of nothing better," she dreamed of dainty dinners, of glittering silver; she dreamed of exquisite dishes and of whispered compliments over the pink flesh of the trout or the wings of the wood hen.

Though she had neither dresses nor jewels, she loved only those things and felt that she had been born for them. She had a great desire to please, to be bewitching and to be admired. She

had a rich friend, a comrade of her convent days, whom she rarely visited, so great was her suffering and discontent upon her return. Frequently, for days at a time, she would weep in bitterness and despair.

One evening her husband came home, bearing excitedly a large envelope.

"Here," he said, "I have something for you."

She tore open the letter eagerly, and drew out an engraved card bearing these words:

"The Minister of Public Instruction and Mme. Georges Rampouneau beg M. and Mme. Loisel to give them the honor of spending the evening at the mansion-house of the Ministry, on Monday, the eighteenth of January."

Instead of being overjoyed as her husband had hoped she threw the invitation on the table, murmuring angrily:

"What do you want me to do with that?"

"Why, my dear, I thought you would be delighted. You so seldom go out and this is such a wonderful opportunity. I had much difficulty in obtaining it. It is very select and they rarely give invitations to clerks. You will see there all of the official society."

She regarded him disdainfully, and demanded:

"What do you expect I am going to wear to an affair like that?"

He had not thought of that and stammered:

"Why not the gown you wear to the theater? It seems to me very suitable."

He stopped, stupefied, on seeing that his wife was weeping. Two large tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"What is the matter?" he begged.

After an effort she replied composedly:

"Nothing. Only, as I have no suitable apparel I can not go to the party. Give the invitation to some colleague whose wife is better provided for than I."

Desperate, he replied:

"Let us see, Mathilde. What would be the cost of a suitable gown — one which you could wear on other occasions. Something very simple."

She reflected for some time, considering the cost and wondering what sum she could demand without receiving an immediate refusal and a startled exclamation from the economical clerk. At last she replied hesitatingly:

"I cannot tell exactly but it seems to me that with four hundred francs I should be able to manage."

He grew pale for a moment. He had been saving just that amount to buy a gun and join a hunting party the following summer in the fields around Nantarre. Nevertheless he replied:

"Very well. I shall give you four hundred francs but try and have a pretty gown."

The day of the party was approaching and though her gown was ready Mme. Loisel seemed sad, restless and anxious. Her husband said to her one evening:

"What is the matter? You have been acting strangely for the last three days."

And she replied:

"It worries me to have no jewels, not a stone, nothing to wear around my neck. I shall be miserable. I should rather not go to the affair."

He replied:

"You can wear natural flowers. They are very stylish this year. For ten francs you could buy two or three magnificent ones."

But still she was not convinced.

"No, there is nothing more humiliating than to have an air of poverty among those who are rich."

But her husband cried:

"How stupid of you! Go to your friend, Mme. Forestier, and

ask her to loan you some jewels. You know her well enough to do that."

She gave a cry of joy.

"It is true. I had not thought of that."

The next day she went to her friend with her trouble. Mme. Forestier went to a closet with a mirrored door, brought out a large casket and, opening it, said to Mme. Loisel:

"Take your choice, my dear."

First she saw bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian cross of gold set with precious stones of wonderful workmanship. She tried on the necklace before the mirror, hesitated, unable to decide to take them off. She asked:

"You have nothing else?"

"Why, yes. I did not know what would please you. Look."

Suddenly she discovered in a black satin box a superb diamond necklace and her heart beat longingly. Her hands trembled in taking it. She fastened it around her throat, outside her high necked dress and remained enraptured before her own reflection.

Filled with anxiety she asked, hesitatingly:

"Would you allow me to take just this one?"

"Why, most certainly."

She threw her arms around her friend's neck, embraced her joyously, then departed with her treasure.

The day of the ball arrived. Mme. Loisel was a success. She was the most beautiful woman there, elegant, gracious, smiling, filled with joy. All the men looked at her, asked her name, sought to be presented to her. Even the Minister noticed her.

She danced with abandon, with rapture, intoxicated with pleasure, forgetting all in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in a sort of cloud of happiness resulting from all this attention, all this admiration, all these awakened desires, in this victory so complete, so sweet to the heart of a woman.

It was about four o'clock in the morning when she left. Her

husband had, since midnight, been sleeping in a small drawing room with three other gentlemen whose wives were enjoying themselves.

He threw over her shoulders the wrap which he had brought for the occasion, a modest, everyday cloak, whose shabbiness was in great contrast to the elegance of her gown. She realized it and wished to flee in order that she might not be noticed by the other women, clothed, as they were, in rich furs.

Loisel detained her.

"Wait here. You will catch cold outside. I will call a cab."

But she did not listen to him and descended the stairs rapidly. When they reached the street they were unable to find a conveyance. They set out in search of one, crying out to the drivers that they saw in the distance. They walked down toward the Seine desperate, shivering. At last, on the wharf, they found one of those old noctambulist cabs which one sees in Paris only after nightfall as if during the day they were ashamed of their condition.

It carried them to their door in the Rue des Martyrs, and they sadly entered the house. It was the end for her. And he was thinking only that he must be at work at the Ministry at ten o'clock.

She removed the wrap with which she had enveloped her shoulders, before the mirror, so that she might see herself once more in all her glory. Suddenly she cried out. She did not have the necklace around her neck.

Her husband, already half undressed, asked:

"What is the matter?"

She turned toward him in despair:

"I have — I have — I no longer have Mme. Forestier's necklace!"

He stood up, astounded.

"What — why — it can not be possible."

They searched in the folds of her dress, in the folds of

her cloak, in their pockets, everywhere. They found nothing.

He asked:

"Are you sure you still had it when we left the ball?"

"Yes, I felt it when we were in the vestibule at the Ministry."

"But if you had lost it in the street we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Yes, that is probable. Did you take the number?"

"No."

They gazed at each other dumbfounded. Finally, Loisel dressed himself again.

"I am going," he said, "to retrace all the ground over which we travelled on foot, to see if I can not find it."

And he left. She remained in her ball dress, in a chair, spiritless, without strength to retire, without a thought. Her husband returned about seven o'clock. He had found nothing. He went to the police headquarters, to the newspapers to offer a reward, to the cab companies, in short, wherever there was a grain of hope. She waited all day in the same distracted position in face of this terrible disaster. Loisel returned in the evening with face pale and sunken. He had found nothing.

"You must write to your friend," he said, "and tell her that you have broken the clasp of the necklace and that you are having it mended. That will give us more time to do something."

She wrote at his dictation.

At the end of a week they had lost all hope. Loisel, five years older, said:

"We must decide how we can replace it."

The next day they took the box which had contained the necklace to the jeweler whose name they found on it. He consulted his books.

"It was not I, Madame, who sold the necklace. I merely furnished the box."

Then they went from jeweler to jeweler, seeking a necklace like the other, consulting their memory, both sick with grief and

despair. They found, in a shop in the Palais-Royal, a chaplet of diamonds which looked exactly like the one they were seeking. It was valued at forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six thousand.

They begged the jeweler not to sell it for three days, and made arrangements by which they could return it for thirty-four thousand francs in case the other one was found before the end of February.

Loisel possessed eighteen thousand francs which his father had left him. He could borrow the rest. He did borrow, asking a thousand francs from one, five hundred from another, five louis here, three there. He gave promissory notes, made extravagant promises, did business with usurers and all sorts of money lenders. He compromised every means of his existence, risked his signature without knowing whether he should be able to honor it; and, terrified with anxiety for the future, by the black misery which seemed to be settling over him, by the prospect of every physical torture, he went to get the new necklace, depositing upon the counter of the merchant thirty-six thousand francs.

When Mme. Loisel returned the necklace to Mme. Forestier, the latter said coolly:

"You should have returned it sooner, I might have needed it."

She did not open the casket as her friend had feared she would do. If she had noticed the substitution what would she have thought? What would she have said? Would she not have taken her for a thief?

Then Mme. Loisel knew the horrible life of necessity. She resigned herself heroically at once. That terrible debt must be paid. She could help. They dismissed the maid, they changed their lodging, and rented a garret under the roof.

She learned to know the heavy work of housekeeping, the odious labor of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, using her pink nails on the greasy pots and the bottom of the kettles. She washed the soiled linen, the shirts and house clothes which she

hung on a line; every morning she carried the garbage down into the street, bringing back the water and stopping at each floor to get her breath. Dressed like a common woman, with a basket on her arm, she went to the fruiter, the grocer, the butcher, bargaining, arguing, defending, sou by sou, her miserable silver.

Each month they were obliged to pay some notes, and to renew others to obtain time.

Her husband worked in the evening, neatly footing up the accounts of some tradesmen and in one night he often made as much as five sous a page at copying.

This life lasted ten years. At the end of ten years, they had paid everything, everything with a usurer's rate and the accumulation of interest.

By this time Mme. Loisel looked old. She had become the stout, rough woman of a poverty-stricken household. With hair unkempt, skirts askew, and hands red she spoke in a loud voice and washed the floors, splashing water freely. But, occasionally, when her husband was at the office, she would sit at the window and think of that evening, of that ball, where she had been so beautiful, so desired, so entertained.

What would have happened if she had not lost that necklace? Who knows? Who knows? How strange and changeable is life! What a little thing it takes to ruin you or to save you!

But one Sunday as she was taking a little walk in the Champs Elysées, to refresh herself after the labors of the week, she saw a woman who was walking with a child. It was Mme. Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still fascinating.

Mme. Loisel felt moved. Should she speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that everything was paid, she would tell her all. Why not?

She approached her.

"Good morning, Jeanne."

The other woman, astonished at being so familiarly addressed

by this common woman, did not recognize her at all. She stammered:

"But — madam! — I do not know — you are mistaken."

"No, I am Mathilde Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry.

"Oh! My poor Mathilde, how you are changed!"

"Yes, I have had hard days since I saw you, and much misery — and that on account of you."

"Of me? How is that?"

"You remember that diamond necklace which you let me take to go to the ball at the Ministry?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, I lost it."

"How can that be since you returned it to me?"

"I brought you back another exactly like it. And we have been paying for it these ten years. You understand that was not easy for us who had nothing. At last it is ended and I am exceedingly glad."

Mme. Forestier had stood still.

"You say you bought a diamond necklace to replace mine?"

"Yes. You did not notice it then? They were exactly alike."

And she smiled in pure, unaffected joy.

Mme. Forestier, greatly moved, took both her hands.

"Oh! My poor Mathilde! But mine were paste. They were worth at most five hundred francs."

THE SKYLARK

JAMES HOGG

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,

Blest is thy dwelling place —
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth,
Where, on thy dewy wings,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
O'er the cloudlet dim,
O'er the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away.

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place,
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee.

NOTES

1. How does the music of the poem apply to the title?
2. Mention some of the habits of the skylark.
3. Explain "O'er the red streamer that heralds the day."
4. Repeat the lines of the poem which bring out the height of the skylark's flight.

SECRETS OF POLAR TRAVEL

ESKIMOS AND DOGS

ROBERT E. PEARY

Next after the special ship, the most important tool in my campaign of polar work has been the Eskimo, as dog driver. I have used the Eskimos to a greater extent than any other explorer. They have formed the rank and file of my sledging and hunting-parties, and have built my sledges, dog harnesses, and other equipment; the women have skilfully fashioned the fur clothing, essential for comfort in these regions.

From the very beginning of my polar work I believed that these most northerly human beings in the world could afford me invaluable assistance in my plans for exploration.

Using their country as a base for my work, I have lived among and worked with them for a period of eighteen years, during which time I made a thorough study of their language, their mode of living, the food they ate, the houses they built, and the clothing they wore. I made these people my friends, training them in my methods in order to make them more useful and valuable in my work.

In powers of endurance, in ingenuity and intelligence in adapting themselves to their surroundings and in using to advantage every one of the all too few possibilities of their land, they are, in my opinion, unequaled by any other known aboriginal race. With their wonderful knowledge of ice technic and their ability to handle sledges and dogs, the Eskimos were really more necessary as members of individual parties than white men; for although they were not qualified to lead, they could follow another's lead and drive dogs much better than any white man.

Eskimos in the party make it easier for the leader in various ways. A party of Eskimos, sent out to hunt, to scout, or to

establish a depot, need only to be told what they are going out for. It is not necessary to go into every detail of how to do it, or to caution them in regard to all the minutiæ of field-work and its dangers, as in the case of a party of white men. All these things they know, and when they have started, the leader may dismiss them from his mind and not worry a minute about them. They will return in good condition.

The language of the Eskimos is not difficult to acquire, one season spent among them being sufficient to gain a working knowledge of it. It is necessary for explorers to learn it, as the Eskimos have little or no desire to speak English, and consider it far simpler for the white man to speak their language.

Eskimos are people of peculiar temperament, very much like children, and should be handled like children, firmly, but gently. They are as easily discouraged as they are elated. For the most part they are good natured, but occasionally indulge in a fit of sulks. It is no use at all to get vexed at a sulky Eskimo, but one can usually be jollied out of such a mood without difficulty. They greatly appreciate kindness, but are very quick to impose upon a weak or vacillating person. They never forget a broken promise or one that has been kept. In all my dealings with them I have made it a point to mean exactly what I said, and to insist upon things being done according to my instructions. If I promised an Eskimo a certain reward for a task well done, he always got it. If, however, I told him a certain punishment would follow a forbidden course, he knew it would come.

By way of encouraging them to do the things I wanted done and keeping them interested in their work, a record was kept of the game brought in by every Eskimo, and a special prize went to the best hunter. The man who secured the musk-ox with the best set of horns or the deer with the finest antlers got a special reward, as did the man who turned out the best sledge or proved to be the best all-round man on a long sledge-trip. In firmness, tempered with love and gratitude, I have found the best method

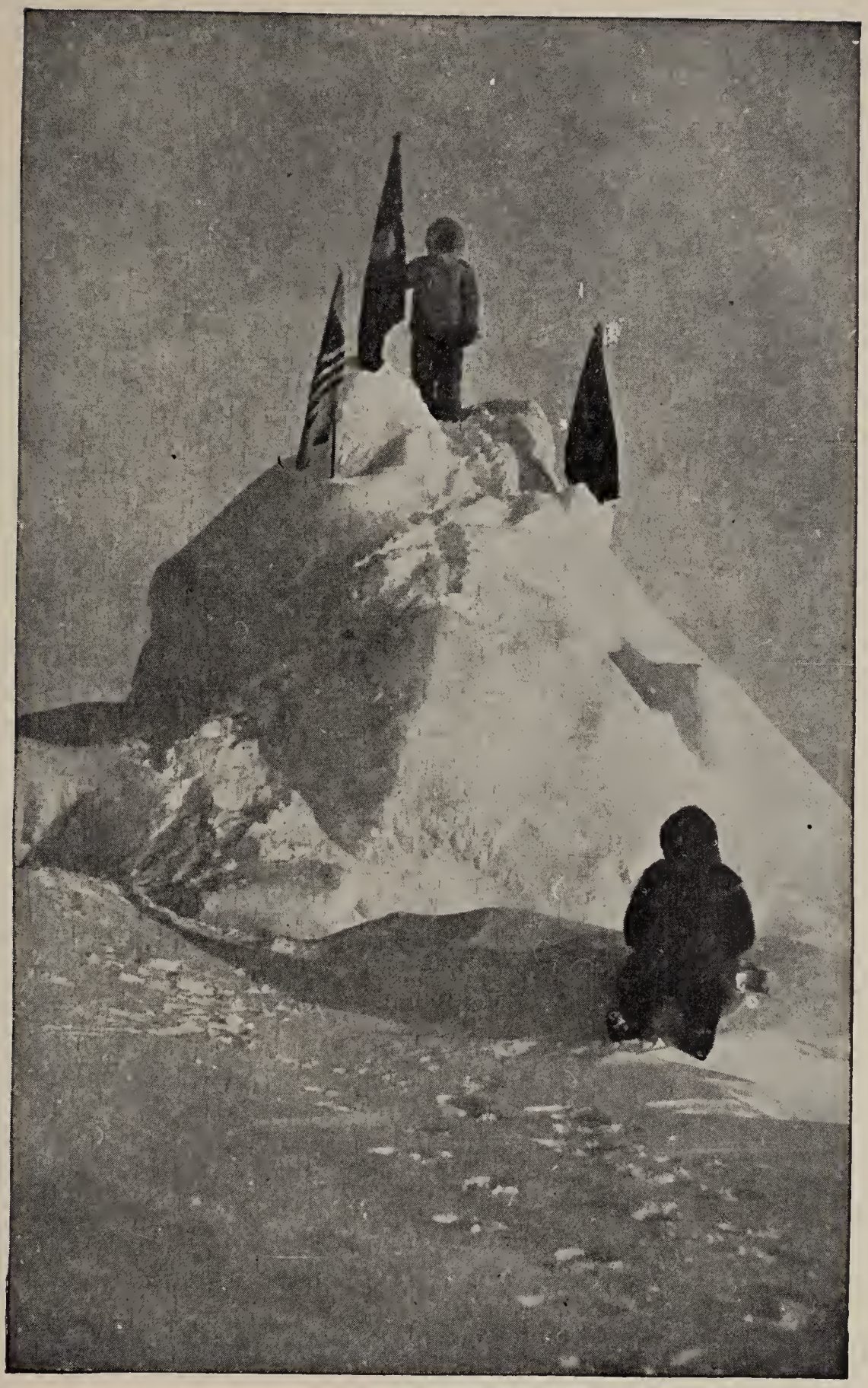
of dealing with them, and their faithfulness has abundantly attested its efficacy.

I have a sincere interest in and affection for these children of the North, and have tried to help and instruct them to cope more effectively with their inhospitable surroundings and to avoid weakening their confidence in themselves and their content with their lot in life. How to care for themselves, how to treat simple diseases, wounds, and other accidents, are some of the fundamentals which I have attempted to instil in their minds. In exchange for dogs, skins, or other supplies necessary for my work, or as rewards for service rendered, I have always given them the very best articles and material which could be bought.

It is doubtful if the North Pole would ever have been discovered with our present means and facilities but for the help of the faithful Eskimos, and it is an absolute certainty that it would still be undiscovered but for the Eskimo dog to furnish traction power for our sledges, thus enabling us to carry supplies where nothing else could carry them. All kinds of methods and devices such as balloons, motor-cars, ponies, trained polar bears, reindeer, etc., have been suggested in connection with the attainment of the pole, but all are unsuitable.

Dogs require no assistance during the march and no care or shelter at the camps, and when it comes to the matter of food, then everything is in favor of the dogs. With dogs as motors, the food for the men and fuel for the motors are the same — pemmican. When a dog is no longer needed, he can be eaten by the party or used for fuel for the other motors, and in this way not an ounce of material is wasted.

With two kinds of food, pemmican and dog meat, at his command, both equally available for dog or man, the leader of an expedition, watching his party with the same care that an engineer watches a running motor, can adjust his food-supply to meet varying conditions and without wastage. He can put his party on reduced rations and keep up the number of his dogs to increase



The Stars and Stripes Flying from the North Pole

the speed and take all work except that of walking from his men, or he can feed the dogs to each other, and so conserve the amount of pemmican available for the men alone in the latter part of the journey. In this way every ounce of food in the party, whether in tins or "on the hoof," is utilized, and can be used at the time and in the way that will be most effective.

As a matter of fact, the Eskimo dog is absolutely the only motor for polar work, and will remain so until superseded by the aëroplane.

These sturdy, magnificent dogs can do a greater amount of work on less food than any other animal. They eat meat and meat only, and for water they eat snow. Even a month-old puppy is hardy enough to stand the coldest weather, and it is not necessary to house them at any season of the year. In appearance as well as in usefulness they are remarkable creatures. The males weigh on an average from eighty to one hundred pounds, the females of course being rather smaller. These dogs, said by some scientists to be descendants of the arctic wolf, are of one breed only, but are found in a variety of markings and colors, gray, black, yellow, brown, and mottled. The pure blooded type dogs are marked like the arctic white wolf. In my opinion there is no handsomer dog to be found than one of these Eskimo dogs, with its pointed muzzle, sharp-pointed ears, and wide-set eyes, shaggy coat, and bushy tail, and as a rule they are obedient and affectionate as any dog.

Eight dogs are required to haul the standard load, but with an extra load or for fast traveling I have sometimes used ten or twelve good dogs. The dogs are attached to the sledges fan-wise, the king dog of the team taking the lead, and there is no peace among the dogs of each team until it has been definitely settled among themselves which animal is the best or strongest of the lot. The Eskimos make their harnesses of sealskin, but when the dogs are living on short rations they will eat anything made of this material, and to prevent this I have used a special

webbing or belting two and a half inches wide. Instead of making the traces of raw-hide, as the Eskimos do, I have substituted braided linen sash-cord for it. My dog harnesses were made on the same pattern as the Eskimos', two loops of belting, through which the dog's forelegs pass, attached by a cross strip under the throat and another back of the neck. The ends of the loops are brought together over the middle of the dog's back, and the trace fastened to them, making a flexible harness which will permit a dog to pull to the full extent of his strength without cramping or chafing him. The art of guiding a team of lively Eskimo dogs by the voice and rawhide whip twelve or eighteen feet in length is something which requires a long time and great patience to master.

Tired dogs near the end of a march can be brightened up and enticed over the last mile or two if the leader of the party snow-shoeing in advance of the sledges, indulges in the Eskimo pantomime of sighting, following, and creeping up upon an imaginary seal, polar bear, or musk-ox. In crossing comparatively narrow lanes of very thin young ice, where a driver was obliged to cross in another place than the sledge in order not to concentrate the weight too much, and where it was vital that the dogs should go across at full speed and not stop until the load was across, for if they did, the sledge would go through, I sent one man across in advance to a place fifty or a hundred feet on the firm ice beyond the other edge of the lead, and then in plain sight of the dogs he would stoop down and chop up an imaginary piece of walrus meat, at the same time giving the food-call to the dogs. As a result of this deception, the dogs could hardly be restrained, and when at the proper moment they were allowed to start, nothing short of an earthquake could stop the team till it had reached the man on the other side. On one or two occasions the sledge partly breaking through before the other side was reached, was rushed out of the water and to safety by the dash and impetus of the dogs. This same method is also practicable

in crossing the snow-bridges of the masked crevasses of the great ice of Greenland and the antarctic regions.

THE MINSTREL BOY

THOMAS MOORE

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you 'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder,
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

NOTES

1. What was the pledge of the Minstrel?
2. Why was the harp destroyed?

THE AMERICAN BOY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Of course, what we have a right to expect of the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Now, the chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk, or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of American man of whom America can be really proud.

There are always in life countless tendencies for good and for evil, and each succeeding generation sees some of these tendencies strengthened and some weakened; nor is it by any means always, alas! that the tendencies for evil are weakened and those for good strengthened. But during the last few decades there certainly have been some notable changes for good in boy life. The great growth in the love of athletic sports, for instance, while fraught with danger if it becomes one-sided and unhealthy, has beyond all question had an excellent effect in in-reared manliness. Forty or fifty years ago the writer on American morals was sure to deplore the effeminacy and luxury of young Americans who were born of rich parents. The boy who was well off then, especially in the big Eastern cities, lived too luxuriously, took to billiards as his chief innocent recreation, and felt small shame in his inability to take part in rough pastimes and field sports. Nowadays, whatever other faults the son of rich parents may tend to develop, he is at least forced by the opinion of all his associates of his own age to bear himself well in manly exercises and to develop his body — and therefore, to a certain extent, his character — in the rough sports which call for pluck, endurance, and physical address.

Of course, boys who live under such fortunate conditions that they have to do either a good deal of outdoor work or a good deal of what might be called natural outdoor play, do not need this athletic development. In the Civil War the soldiers who came from the prairie and the backwoods and the rugged farms where stumps still dotted the clearings, and who had learned to ride in their infancy, to shoot as soon as they could handle a rifle, and to camp out whenever they got the chance, were better fitted for military work than any set of mere school or college athletes could possibly be. Moreover, to mis-estimate athletics is equally bad whether their importance is magnified or minimized. The Greeks were famous athletes, and as long as their athletic training had a normal place in their lives, it was a good thing. But it was a very bad thing when they kept up their athletic games while letting the stern qualities of soldiership and statesmanship sink into disuse. Some of the boys who read this paper will certainly sometime read the famous letters of the younger Pliny, a Roman who wrote, with what seems to us a curiously modern touch, in the first century of the present era. His correspondence with the Emperor Trajan is particularly interesting; and not the least noteworthy thing in it is the tone of contempt with which he speaks of the Greek athletic sports, treating them as the diversions of an unwarlike people which it was safe to encourage in order to keep the Greeks from turning into anything formidable. So at one time the Persian kings had to forbid polo, because soldiers neglected their proper duties for the fascinations of the game. To-day, some good critics have asserted that the reverses suffered by the British at the hands of the Boers in South Africa are in part due to the fact that the English officers and soldiers have carried to an unhealthy extreme the sports and pastimes which would be healthy if indulged in with moderation, and have neglected to learn as they should the business of their profession. A soldier needs to know how to shoot and take cover and shift for himself — not to box or play football. There is, of

course, always the risk of thus mistaking means for ends. English fox-hunting is a first-class sport; but one of the most absurd things in real life is to note the bated breath with which certain excellent Englishmen, otherwise of quite healthy minds, speak of this admirable but not over-important pastime. They tend to make it almost as much of a fetish as, in the last century, the French and German nobles made the chase of the stag, when they carried hunting and game-preserving to a point which was ruinous to the national life. Fox-hunting is very good as a pastime, but it is about as poor a business as can be followed by any man of intelligence. Certain writers about it are fond of quoting the anecdote of a fox-hunter who, in the days of the English Civil War, was discovered pursuing his favorite sport just before a great battle between the Cavaliers and the Puritans, and right between their lines as they came together. These writers apparently consider it a merit in this man that when his country was in a death-grapple, instead of taking arms and hurrying to the defense of the cause he believed right, he should placidly have gone about his usual sports. Of course, in reality the chief serious use of fox-hunting is to encourage manliness and vigor, and keep a man so that in time of need he can show himself fit to take part in work or strife for his native land. When a man so far confuses ends and means as to think that fox-hunting, or polo, or foot-ball, or whatever else the sport may be, is to be itself taken as the end, instead of as the mere means of preparation to do work that counts when the time arises, when the occasion calls — why, that man had better abandon sport altogether.

No boy can afford to neglect his work, and with a boy work, as a rule, means study. Of course, there are occasionally brilliant successes in life where the man has been worthless as a student when a boy. To take these exceptions as examples would be as unsafe as it would be to advocate blindness because some blind men have won undying honor by triumphing over their physical infirmity and accomplishing great results in the world.

I am no advocate of senseless and excessive cramming in studies, but a boy should work, and should work hard, at his lessons — in the first place, for the sake of what he will learn, and in the next place, for the sake of the effect upon his own character of resolutely settling down to learn it. Shiftlessness, slackness, indifference in studying, are almost certain to mean inability to get on in other walks of life. Of course, as a boy grows older it is a good thing if he can shape his studies in the direction toward which he has a natural bent; but whether he can do this or not, he must put his whole heart into them. I do not believe in mischief-doing in school hours, or in the kind of animal spirits that results in making bad scholars; and I believe that those boys who take part in rough, hard play outside of school will not find any need for horse-play in school. While they study they should study just as hard as they play football in a match game. It is wise to obey the homely old adage, "Work while you work; play while you play."

A boy needs both physical and moral courage. Neither can take the place of the other. When boys become men they will find out that there are some soldiers very brave in the field who have proved timid and worthless as politicians, and some politicians who show an entire readiness to take chances and assume responsibilities in civil affairs, but who lack the fighting edge when opposed to physical danger. In each case, with soldiers and politicians alike, there is but half a virtue. The possession of the courage of the soldier does not excuse the lack of courage in the statesman, and even less does the possession of the courage of the statesman excuse shrinking on the field of battle. Now, this is all just as true of boys. A coward who will take a blow without returning it is a contemptible creature; but, after all, he is hardly as contemptible as the boy who dares not stand up for what he deems right against the sneers of his companions who are themselves wrong. Ridicule is one of the favorite weapons of wickedness, and it is sometimes incomprehensible how good and

brave boys will be influenced for evil by the jeers of associates who have no one quality that calls for respect, but who affect to laugh at the very traits which ought to be peculiarly the cause for pride.

There is no need to be a prig. There is no need for a boy to preach about his own good conduct and virtue. If he does he will make himself offensive and ridiculous. But there is urgent need that he should practise decency; that he should be clean and straight, honest and truthful, gentle and tender, as well as brave. If he can once get to a proper understanding of things, he will have a far more hearty contempt for the boy who has begun a course of feeble dissipation, or who is untruthful, or mean, or dishonest, or cruel, than this boy and his fellows can possibly, in return, feel for him. The very fact that the boy should be manly and able to hold his own, that he should be ashamed to submit to bullying without instant retaliation, should, in return, make him abhor any form of bullying, cruelty, or brutality.

There are two delightful books, Thomas Hughes's "Tom Brown at Rugby," and Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy," which I hope every boy still reads; and I think American boys will always feel more in sympathy with Aldrich's story, because there is in it none of the fagging, and the bullying which goes with fagging, the account of which, and the acceptance of which, always puzzle an American admirer of Tom Brown.

There is the same contrast between two stories of Kipling's. One, called "Captains Courageous," describes in the liveliest way just what a boy should be and do. The hero is painted in the beginning as the spoiled, over-indulged child of wealthy parents, of a type which we do sometimes unfortunately see, and than which there exist few things more objectionable on the face of the broad earth. This boy is afterward thrown on his own resources, amid wholesome surroundings, and is forced to work hard among boys and men who are real boys and real men doing

real work. The effect is invaluable. On the other hand, if one wishes to find types of boys to be avoided with utter dislike, one will find them in another story by Kipling, called "Stalky & Co.," a story which ought never to have been written, for there is hardly a single form of meanness which it does not seem to extol, or of school mismanagement which it does not seem to applaud. Bullies do not make brave men; and boys or men of foul life cannot become good citizens, good Americans, until they change; and even after the change scars will be left on their souls.

The boy can best become a good man by being a good boy — not a goody-goody boy, but just a plain good boy. I do not mean that he must love only the negative virtues; I mean he must love the positive virtues also. "Good," in the largest sense, should include whatever is fine, straightforward, clean, brave, and manly. The best boys I know — the best men I know — are good at their studies or their business, fearless and stalwart, hated and feared by all that is wicked and depraved, incapable of submitting to wrong-doing, and equally incapable of being aught but tender to the weak and helpless. A healthy-minded boy should feel hearty contempt for the coward, and even more hearty indignation for the boy who bullies girls or small boys, or tortures animals. One prime reason for abhorring cowards is because every good boy should have it in him to thrash the objectionable boy as the need arises.

Of course, the effect that a thoroughly manly, thoroughly straight and upright boy can have upon the companions of his own age, and upon those who are younger, is incalculable. If he is not thoroughly manly, then they will not respect him, and his good qualities will count for but little; while, of course, if he is mean, cruel, or wicked, then his physical strength and force of mind merely make him so much the more objectionable a member of society. He cannot do good work if he is not strong, and does not try with his whole heart and soul to count in any contest; and his strength will be a curse to himself and to every one else

if he does not have thorough command over himself and over his own evil passions, and if he does not use his strength on the side of decency, justice, and fair dealing.

In short, in life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is:

Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard!

THE HERO OF MANILA BAY

FROM THE DIARY OF A GUNNER ON BOARD THE OLYMPIA

We were returning to Kau-lung to make ready for our homegoing. No sooner were we sighted at Hongkong than every flag in Victoria dropped to half-mast. A signal was given us and we read in consternation: "*United States Battle-ship 'Maine' was blown up in Havana Harbor on February 15, and 266 men killed.*"

Before we were at full anchor the American consul was aboard, and the general belief is that the destruction of the *Maine* was the result of Spanish treachery. Nothing authentic nor authoritative has been given out, but I noticed the governor of Hongkong waived the salute, and that we are not doing any target practice; in other words, we appear to be husbanding our ammunition.

The little commodore has taken matters in hand; he has called all of our squadron to meet here in Hongkong. He has also bought two ships, which he has provisioned and coaled. As fast as they come in, our ships are run on to the docks and made ready. Should war be declared between the United States and Spain, England, China, and Japan will be neutral, which means we shall be without a berth, our nearest being San Francisco, unless we should go out and capture the Hawaiian Islands, a trick which even for our little *Petrel* would be "like taking candy from the baby."

The little commodore has kept us jumping, and we are ready for whatever may come, and already the men are shouting, "*Remember the 'Maine'!*"

One morning I saw the ship's painter come out from the commodore's cabin, carrying a long, three-inch wide board painted in various shades of neutral greens or grays. When I asked him what they were for, his answer was both unsatisfactory and inelegant, but the following morning at breakfast the uniform announced throughout the squadron was "old working clothes," and then the boatswain piped, "A-l-l h-a-n-d-s paint ship." That was on the morning of April 19. By noon ships, masts, boats, launches, guns, and everything, had been treated to a coat of "war-paint," which, in the United States navy, is dark gray. Unless one has witnessed the painting of a man-of-war it is difficult to imagine how quickly it can be done. There are barrels of paint all mixed and ready before the order is given, and in ten minutes after, the ship is literally manned with painters. The last painting has transformed our beautiful squadron which had gathered together like a flock of white swans wearing red favors, into a flock of ugly ducklings sulking upon the water; everything save our spirits and our flags was the color of lead.

As soon as the *Baltimore* reaches Yokohama she will hear the news and hasten to us, and then — ?

She came in early one morning, was rushed through coaling and painting, and at the request of the governor of Hongkong, all hands together sailed away while the men on England's warships cheered us as we passed them.

We are cut off from everybody, aliens in a foreign country, but it can't last long. There is going to be something doing.

It was past noon on the twenty-seventh when our fleet, nine ships all in battle array, was sailing to sea under sealed orders, and with nine crews bursting with expectancy. At five o'clock

the *Olympia's* crew was piped to quarters, where we listened to the reading of the following:

COMMODORE DEWEY:

Proceed at once to Manila; engage and destroy the Spanish fleet, when and where you find them.

WM. MCKINLEY, President,
United States of America.

We went mad with joy. The news was signaled from ship to ship, and before we turned in that night a new battle-flag was begun and finished. The placing of the stars proved that we had a representative from each State in the Union. I wrote California and my name on the back of one and sewed it on.

But there was more to do than just the making of flags. Next morning the order: "Clear for action," was given in earnest, and things we never thought we could exist without went overboard.

Everywhere ammunition lay at hand, the guns were loaded, and, although I have hundreds of times answered the order "Cast loose and provide," that night there came a sound in the closing of the breech-locks that I had never heard before. The click of the steel was gone, and a muffled something that shut in a full charge went through my being. I cannot tell what it was; but I know that every man who fought a gun that day realizes what I mean, and it were impossible to make one who has never heard it understand.

It was news to me that the order "Clear for action!" included the clipping of every man's hair close to his head; the surgeons say hair is as dangerous as cloth in a wound. The climate invited the wearing of "birthday shirts," while for trousers (our only garment) many substituted bathing or boxing trunks.

From the moment we loaded and trained our guns there was not half the excitement manifested that has accompanied every one of our boat-races, and yet no pen can portray the sensations

that alternately raged and slept within our breasts that night.

There were not clouds enough to hide the moon, but we lighted no running-lights, and our stern lights were set in deep funnels that shone *only* astern, and in a feeble glimmer, just sufficient to gage our distance, for we ran in close order.

The flag-ship was in the lead, with Navigator Calkins on the standard compass-stand, listening to the heaving of the lead. "No bottom at ten," or "By the mark seven"—and so the whispers ran through the night, the only sound to break the awful stillness as we picked our way through strange waters; and they were planted thick with deadly mines, which, even as we crept along, would often burst so near that some of our ships got the spray flung by the explosions.

The bells were mute. To the soft swish of the waters the hours dropped off until midnight, when the smoke-stack of the despatch-boat *McCulloch* took fire and gave the enemy our bearings. It was all they needed.

A shell whizzed between the flag-ship and the *Baltimore,* and burst in the water beyond. The *Boston* immediately cut loose with an 8-inch, and the *Petrel* with a 6-inch shell, but it was so dark we could not locate their batteries.

We signaled to the *McCulloch,* "Are you all right?"

The "O.K." she flashed back was the prettiest signal I ever read; it was like a meteor, and when it went out the flag-ship signaled to the fleet to cease firing.

It was during the starboard watch below that five of us crept away together and told one another things we had never told before. One man gave the stage-name of a well-known actress as that of his mother, and I for the first time owned that my father was a bank president. Addresses were exchanged, and with them, promises that we would write if — well, if anything happened. Then, solemnly laying our hands on our cutlasses, we vowed never to surrender, even though our ship did, and that we would fight as long as there was a glimmer of life left within

us. This we swore as the Southern Cross rode out of the water and stood dead ahead on our bow.

Having run the forts, we swung to the left out of range and slowed down until the ship scarce stirred a ripple on the water. We were commanded to lay by our guns and rest. Was there a man who slept? I know only of what happened in the after-turret with its two 8-inch guns.

The ammunition-hoist that served us both was the dividing-line of the crews: we were eight to a gun, each with a separate and distinct manhood, while as a gun-crew we were the combined vital parts of a steel monster that, gorged with destruction, lay sleeping in darkness.

I know her as a mother knows her child, and twenty times I took the battle lantern in my hand, and, letting the tiniest of rays peep through its sheath of steel, looked caressingly upon the slumbering gun to see if all was well.

How I longed to waken her, to make her roar, and set all the batteries to screaming! But I must wait, and as I waited, I leaned my head upon her and looked out through her ill-defined port-hole into the night.

Just to the right of Corregidor there lay an island. While I looked, something darker than the night traced slender grasses upon its crest, and they grew and grew into leaves of palm that softly fanned the breath of the tropics across the waters.

The lightning had ceased. From over the hill-tops beyond Manila a sob of light like a purpling mist bespoke the resurrection of the sun.

At eight bells — four o'clock in the morning — coffee was served, and once more quarters were sounded.

At a pace of six knots the *Olympia* took the lead, and with every man in the fleet at his post we steamed toward the mouth of the Pasig River, where masts and spires were forming silhouettes against the dawn, which hastened to show us our mistake (they were foreign merchantmen) and to disclose the enemy.

The Spanish squadron, protected by great booms hung with chains, and by lighters of stone and water, lay in line and we swung our course and rode into the fray (for already they were shelling us from the forts) with a leisurely grace of manœuver that we could not have excelled on a Presidential review. And our hearts were threatening to burst from an intensity of desire as we listened to the calling of the ranges, and writhed under the order that passed along the line, "*Hold your fire until the bugle sounds.*"

Two bells were striking — it was five o'clock in the morning. The amethyst of an earlier dawn had paled before God's golden crest as it faltered on the hilltops, seemingly listening for the Sabbath bells that for centuries had greeted its coming.

The sun flashed his beams like a benison on the breaking of battle-flags from every flag halyard of America's fleet, and her seamen hurrahed until they were hoarse as they slowly continued the advance and the orders still ran down the line, "*Hold your fire until the bugle sounds,*" and an eleven-inch shell from the city's bastion passed over our quarter-deck. It sounded for all the world like a heavy freight-train going at full speed over a high trestle, but it did no harm. "A range-finder," some one said, and in the silence that followed, every one was thinking what might have been had the projectile sped ten feet lower. And still there was no order to answer this salute!

With cutlass and revolver buckled about his waist every man was at his station. Moments seemed hours. I sat upon the gun-seat repeating to the rhythm of the engine's throb, "Hold your fire — hold your fire — hold your fire until the bugle sounds," while my fingers grew numb upon the spark.

Everywhere shells were flying and mines were bursting, while we, with guns trained to deal death and destruction, were only on parade.

Through the peep-hole that held the hair-sight of my gun, I saw the Spanish battle-flag break on the enemy's batteries, and

we cheered, for they had answered our defiance, and still the orders came faster, "Hold your fire!"

For less than a moment I would close my eyes for rest, for I was gun-pointer. The hair cross in the sight was growing indelible upon my vision, and then in the calling of the ranges I heard distinctly, "Twenty-one hundred yards," and following it like an echo the bugles sounded *"Fire!"*

My eye was on the sight, my hand upon the bulb. That choking thing in my throat fled before the flare of the bugle, and I pressed the spark with as little concern as I was wont to do at target practice.

A quiver ran through every nerve of the ship as we on the pivot guns joining the starboard battery let loose a broadside into the enemy's fleet and left the *Olympia* in a cloud of white smoke that clung to us and enveloped us like a bank of fog.

The great gun, with a recoil of thirty-six inches, had belched her pent-up venom. Riding back on her trunnions, she slid again into battery as No. 2, with crank in hand, stepped out to meet her; and for the first time it occurred to me to count the turning of the crank — one — two — three — four — five — six — seven — eight — nine — ten — eleven turns of the crank made by a stalwart arm, and the breech-block flew open.

Leaning down from my seat, I picked the spent electric primer from the breech and tucked it away in the folds of the neckerchief tied about my head — (a souvenir of the first shot our gun-crew fired).

A gentle morning breeze had fanned away the veil of smoke; and, catching a glance through the gun-port, I saw the Spanish ships with masts tilted and lopped away pouring a stream of fire and steel toward us. The water was hissing from their contact, and we cheered the sight while the tub of water beneath the gun-breech turned inky from the swabbing.

We were going bow-on toward the enemy when the *Reina Christina,* flag-ship, cut loose her barge, swung away, and came

to meet us. We cheered her, and the order came, "Concentrate your fire on the flag-ship." We sent an eight-inch shell from stem to stern, through and through her, and still, like an enraged panther she came at us as though to lash sides and fight us hand to hand with battle-axes, as in the olden Spanish wars.

Our ship had made its turn and the port batteries were manned, when an order came to train the big guns on the forts. We were aching for one more at the *Reina,* but our first shot at the fort dismounted one of her guns, exploded a magazine, and set fire to the arsenal. The strident echoes of the explosion sounded through the din of the combat, and we yelled with delight. Oh, it was *great!* and again I turned and counted eleven twice — when the breech-block opened, and when it closed — again the white veil shut out the picture.

When it lifted our gun was out of training, and I had leisure to look out. I noticed that the admiral's flag was gone from the *Reina Christina* and that boats were pulling away from her, and then I saw the flag break on the foremast of the *Castilla.* It was the signal that withdrew our attack from the *Reina,* and then we were struck!

Under our own broadsides we had quivered; now we reeled, we careened. Were we sinking? Had they fired us? But the firing was incessant, and the ship, righting herself, was making the second turn. When I had counted eleven twice again it was all forgotten, and we were literally pouring destruction upon the enemy. The *Castilla* was sinking. Admiral Montejo leaving her by the lee side, returned to the *Reina Christina* with his flag, while a cry arose on our ship, "Here comes a torpedo-boat!"

"Where?"

"There — there — here — no — there — she 's gone — no, here she comes! Where is she? There, rounding the *Castilla!*" and a five-inch shell struck her amidship, broke her back, and she went down, bow and stern sticking out of the water like a bent straw with ends protruding from a goblet. I twice again counted

eleven when a second torpedo-boat, undaunted or maddened by the fate of its sister, came at us, and we drove her back and beached her.

Slowly we advanced upon our enemy; gallantly they came to meet us. The destruction we were dealing grew momentarily more visible, and when the newness of battle passed (as it does in an inconceivably short time), I began to wonder what they had been doing to us. When I had counted eleven twice again and our gun could no longer be brought to bear upon the enemy, I nerved myself to look into the dead faces of my shipmates. Going up out of the turret, I ran along the sun-scorched sanded decks and when I had made the round I thought I must be dreaming, *for every man was fighting at his post!*

I stopped to watch the onset — just as a projectile struck and burst against our aft turret. It made a dent like the concave side of a wash-bowl in her armor-plate. I felt the ship turning, and returned to my gun just as the bugle sounded, *"Cease Firing!"*

We then steamed out into the middle of the bay to inventory shells — and incidentally to breakfast.

The Spaniards evidently thought we had gone out to bury our dead, and while they thought us thus engaged, the batteries on Cavite kept up an incessant firing; but the range was too long; we were never safer in our lives; and after there had been a conference of commanders on the *Olympia's* quarter-deck, and each had gone back to his own ship to report that not a man had been killed in the engagement, the Asiatic squadron for the moment was like the mad-houses of the world turned loose. When reason returned, again our battle-cry, *"Remember the 'Maine'!"* rent the air, and we returned with vigor to the fray.

We fought the enemy's line, passing five times up and down its length of ships and forts, cutting our path like a figure 8. Whenever our ships would meet on maneuver we would wildly cheer each other, although there was not a sound to our voices, for it was lost in the din of the combat.

And while we on deck were seeing these things, what were the "black-gang" doing?

Down there underneath the water, in a furnace-room that only Dante could portray, they heard the din and felt the shock of battle. They could not see, but counted the times we were struck (the *Olympia* received thirteen hits all told), and they stood at their posts as though out on a cruise, and ever and anon in the hushes a voice would call up through a ventilator or a hoist, "How are you making it?" An answer like "Just sunk another torpedo-boat," or "They have abandoned the *Reina Christina,* and she is all afire," would drive them wild with a joy they would make manifest by beating upon the furnace-doors with their shovels.

Before high noon a white flag hung from the shears on Cavite's wall, and an hour later, when Admiral Montejo, under a similar flag, came on board, he would have parleyed with the little Commodore; but Dewey demanded stoutly:

"Do you surrender?"

"Conditionally," was the answer.

"It 's either surrender — or fight!" exclaimed Dewey; and Montejo, bowing with the air of a cavalier of old, said, "I surrender."

We were a sorry-looking lot to salute our colors when they broke where the flag of truce had hung. Our faces, begrimed with the smoke of battle, ran rivulets (born of the atmosphere) that, coursing down our cheeks, mingled with the saltpeter eating them into stinging furrows.

"What was it like, that battle?" do you ask?

The thunders of heaven would have been lost in its din. It was fierce and fast, like the rolling of all the drums in the world, or like bolts of heavy sail-cloth torn into shreds by the wind.

What a picture it would make — that battle, the last of the Spanish fleet, the *Don Antonio de Ulloa.* She fought, sinking a foot a minute. Gun after gun went under, and when the last on-

set was made, only her bow gun remained. Its crew, waist deep in water, fought as though victory were crowning them. It was theirs to fire the last gun upon that eventful day, and we cheered them as they sank.

These are the things men will write about, but memory alone can paint a picture so terrible that the moon, that old night-watch of the universe, hid behind friendly vapors that she might not see the embers of war as they glared through the port-holes and sponsons of half-sunken ships, while ever and anon exploding magazines would tear the waters, and livid flames of yellow and red flaunted above all that was left of Spain's wreckage.

Surely Wellington was a Solomon when he wrote:

"Nothing except a battle lost, can be half so melancholy as a battle won."

THE HORSE TRADE

JOHN LUTHER LONG

I

AT THE GOLDEN SWAN IN 1740

"Ach! just look at her eye — look at her eye, Heifert Papen — what an eye!"

"Nay, then, look at her teeth, Master Schneider, an thou wantest somewhat to look at."

"Old, Heifert§ — old!" He laughed derisively. "Well, then, *how* old? She 's as brisk as a yearling! Her eye tells thee that. She 's not above six. Nay, I 'll swear to that. Oh, I challenge thee to look at her eye!"

"And the off foreleg? Dost challenge me there also?"

"Why, then, laugh, Heifert Papen, an it please thee to do so. Yet it is a libel — a libel on as fair a beast as ever stepped. There

never yet was one bone of her splint or spavin — else I know not what they be. But, to any reasonable man, that eye is marvelous."

Now, Johannes Schneider was the shrewdest German in all Lancaster County, and Heifert Papen the jolliest in all German Township. And they, or rather, the former, was trying to effect a horse trade — Johannes's very evidently spavined mare for Heifert's glossy black stallion. And it was at the coffee-house of the Widow Kreider, named the Golden Swan, at Philadelphia, in the year 1740.

Here Schneider had come for business and Papen for entertainment; and without an idea of sacrificing his handsome stallion he was yet bandying words in a way not without its peril where so capable a man at a horse trade as Schneider was concerned.

As they stood violently bartering a girl of perhaps fourteen years came out of the coffee-house and stood, unperceived by them, at the door. She was dressed in coarse linsey-woolsey, her hair hung in two plaits at the back of her ears, her shoes were of cowhide, and had wooden soles and copper buckles. She stood listening a moment and fidgeting uneasily with her apron; and then, upon the heels of Schneider's most violent declaration, broke out with:

"Nay, nay, master, she *is* spavined. The horse-doctor said so."

They were both taken by surprise.

"Aha, ha ha! Oh! — aha, ha ha!" roared Papen. "Oh! — Now, by the luck of the Schneiders, this is most misfortunate. And by the same it is an honest little wench — aye, and a comely. If, my countryman, thou hadst such an one to throw into the bargain to give it some weight — why, I am in bonds to find Frau Papen a daughter, and I know not but this tow-headed wench might serve. Come here, my little one; it is worthy to be in the company of one who shames the devil thus by telling the truth."

She came to him, and he put his stubby forefinger under her

chin and turned her face upward: it glowed with a confident smile.

But Schneider had got over his astonishment, and now came forward with a wrathy face and uplifted hand.

"Go! go! thou unseemly little busybody! else I 'll —"

The little girl cowered behind Papen.

"What! For shame! Eater of sauerkraut! aha, ha ha! Now what is this world coming to when Truth must hide behind a fat Dutchman!"

Schneider still advanced, and Papen's waggery changed to rage.

"Nay, then, an thou strikest her I 'll strike thee — aye, thee, Master Schneider!"

The valiant little Dutchman threw out his chest, advanced one foot, put up his fists, and then broke down and laughed till he was bent double.

"A bow-legged Dutchman like me! Aha, ha ha! Oh, Master Schneider, thou wast afeared! Oh! — Oh!"

He brought himself to decorum with a stamp of his foot, pulled his long waistcoat into place, and, turning to the other, indicated the cessation of hostilities with an amicable —

"Well?"

The horse-dealer's wrath had meanwhile changed to his more natural cunning; he had brought the girl as well as the mare to town to sell, and — Heifert Papen was a very jolly Dutchman indeed; but not a wise one. So he managed to laugh with Papen, and to say, as he facetiously prodded his ribs:

"Ah! thou 'rt a rare one, Heifert! Quarrel about a meddlesome little wench — two of the best men in Pennsylvania! Nay, nay! But now I 'll prove thee. If — say *if* the wench could be bartered, what wouldst give for her? Eh?"

Papen stared.

"Ay, *if;* not everybody loves the truth as thou dost, Papen. An I would part with her what wouldst thou give?"

"This is poor foolery, Master Schneider. It ill becomes thee to make such unseemly sport of thy child."

Schneider laughed.

"Looks she like me, Papen?"

It was Papen's turn to laugh now.

"No; nor ever shall! God has not been so unkind to her."

Schneider came closer and put his hand to his mouth.

"Nay, then, be a fool an thou wilt; but I have her indenture here." He tapped the breast of his coat.

Papen turned to the little girl almost savagely.

"Is this true, wench, that he hath bought thee? — and now would sell thee again?"

"I — know not," she faltered, "I know not."

"Know not — know not whether thou art his lawful child or his sl — bond-servant?" cried Papen fiercely.

"No, master; but I think I be not his true child; for he is cruel with me."

This only made the horse-dealer, who had now the point of vantage, smile more broadly.

"So, so," muttered the other; "she is a redemptioner! It were an infinite pity to let her go back with the brute — to beatings and lyings. I vow she's as tender as comely — the little baggage! How long hath she yet to serve, Master Schneider?" he asked suddenly.

Schneider came close and whispered cunningly: "As long as thou wilt. She knows not and hath not cared to know."

"How? There's crime here! Thou knowest the law well, Johannes Schneider."

"Calm thyself, my friend; she hath yet about five years to serve to her twenty. But when shall the term begin? that is the rub; and thereupon the law saith nothing. I took her as a babe; none else would have her, and the mother and father were dead. Shall a man have no hire for the bringing up of a puling infant?"

"Nay; not for such as she hath had of thee."

"Well, as for that, Master Papen," said the horsetrader,

grimly, " she got the best I had. Thou seest she will not lie. This is not the first trade of horses she hath spoiled — if she shall — by telling the truth. 'T is true enough, Heifert Papen, that I like it not exactly. One cannot trade horses if one is not content to — wink at the truth upon proper occasion. Is it not so, thou cunning tanner?"

"No!" thundered Papen.

"Well, mayhap not for a matter o' hides." Schneider shrugged his shoulders contemptuously; then, fearing its effect upon their bartering, he added: "Not but it 's a good thing sometimes; but it hath its place, Heifert Papen, it hath its place."

"Aye, and plainly it hath no place in a horsedealer." To himself he said again, "It were the unpardonable sin to let her go back with this beast." Then, again, to the horse-dealer, "Take, Schneider, the stallion for the spavined mare and the wench." He sighed as he said it.

"And how much more?"

"*Ach!* nothing more. There 's a flat answer for thee."

"Then I wish thee a safe journey home, Heifert Papen, and a good morrow," and the wily horsetrader turned calmly aside.

"Stay — say twelve pounds besides?"

"I have known them to sell at this very tavern by the lot for fifty — wenches like her."

Schneider continued on his way, but turned and said:

"An thou 'rt minded to speak earnestly I will wait; if not —"

"Go thy way, soul-driver," said Papen, with a wave of his hand, about to turn his back on him. But he caught the beseeching look of the little girl and paused. "Stop! I 'll give thee fifty."

But Schneider had also seen that look.

"An thou 'lt have her thou must be able to say one hundred pounds, my master."

Heifert was about to make an angry retort; but again the distressed face of the little slave met his gaze.

"I 'm a fool, but thou shalt have it. Ha, ha, ha! An hundred pounds for — Faith, I 'll turn the spavined mare into hide to-morrow if she but carry us home. Eh, wench?"

"Ah, Master Papen, it is I that am the fool," said the horse-trader, with a hypocritical sigh.

II

HOME ON THE SPAVINED MARE

But, to raise a hundred pounds among his friends in Philadelphia and to perfect the transfer of the indenture of the girl were matters requiring time on the part of a fat Dutchman; so that it was late in the afternoon when they finally took leave of the Dutchman from Lancaster County. He, as a crowning evidence of his good nature, promised to send by the first wagoner who left the Conostoga Katerina's chest — without a penny of expense to her.

"Thou canst well afford it," said Papen significantly.

So, Heifert and Katerina started off to Germantown on the spavined mare, Katerina riding behind with her arms as far around the front rider as she could get them.

They jogged along silently a while, then a wee, fearful voice reached Papen from behind:

"Master, will it please thee if I talk? — just a word — or two?"

"Aye, wench, an thou hast a voice use it when thou wilt; thou art no longer a slave."

"Ah!" she said, with a sigh of ecstasy, "I but wanted to say that I will serve thee forever!"

"Of course thou wilt, and we will be the best friends in this world," and her new master laughed, and, taking her small hands, drew them tightly around him.

The spavined mare was not fleet of foot; so when they arrived at Germantown it was quite dark, and Frau Papen was on the high-gabled stoop looking anxiously southward. She was much surprised at the sudden looming out of the darkness of the spavined mare with its double burden, and asked tremulously what had happened.

"Aha, dear wife, these be the times when one may *buy* one's whole family. See, I have brought thee a daughter, and this crow-roost of a mare, and left behind an hundred pounds and the finest stallion in German Township, to the worst Dutchman in Pennsylvania, as I 'm a Dutchman myself; and all because the little wench turned her blue eyes on me, and I remembered thy little one at the bottom of the sea and my promise to replace her."

Though the jolly Dutchman was bantering, his voice was glad and tender.

"Is this all true?" asked Frau Papen, as she fondly received the girl.

"Yes, yes, yes! He was so hard with me; and *he* looked so kind!" said Katerina as she clung to Frau Papen's neck and sobbed.

"And you know not whose she is?" the wife whispered anxiously to the husband.

"No; I 'm a villain if I do. I asked him not."

"But art sure she is not *his* child?"

"Sure as that I breathe!"

They spoke in whispers then, and he told her of the horse trade.

"Oh, my husband! I feel that this is the best bargain thou hast ever made, nevertheless."

The thin arms of the girl went closer about her neck and her lips were pressed silently to Frau Papen's cheek in the dark.

"And she is mine?" asked the wife.

"Aye, she is thine."

"Then from this moment she is free: from this moment I take her for my own."

"So be it: though how thou canst make her free and also take her for thine own — aha, ha ha!"

A faint, smothered cry came from the girl, and then her arms went closer and closer, and her breast heaved faster and faster, until she sobbed aloud.

Papen stole away, with his big red handkerchief to his nose.

Presently the mother took Katerina up to a little chamber over the porch.

"Come," she said merrily, "let us see if we can find thee a nightgown; aye, here is one that I wore once. And to-morrow we will find, from the same stock, I doubt not, a pretty gown, and a brooch, and a riband for thy hair; and —" as she took off the hard wooden shoes —"a pair of shoes more soft and kindly for thy feet."

Then they knelt down and prayed — the only prayer the little girl knew:

"Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name —"

And when it was done and they turned again face to face, Katerina suddenly reached up and kissed the face above her. Then she drew back in alarm at her boldness.

"Nay, an thou shalt kiss me whenever thou wilt. See, I kiss thee back."

"Oh! I never saw one so good," cried the girl.

"Thou art a cunning little flatterer," said Frau Papen. "And now good night, my pretty one," and she tucked the white covers snugly under the trembling chin.

"Good — good night. Ah, what must I call thee? I do not like to call thee mistress."

"What dost thou wish to call me, then?"

"Mother!" burst from her.

"And so thou shalt; and I will be truly a mother to thee. So, one more kiss, and God keep thee and give thee sweet dreams."

III

THE FALSE BOTTOM IN THE BRASS-BOUND CHEST

It does not always happen that promises made under strong emotion are strongly kept. But Frau Papen kept hers in a way that even she had not dreamed of.

"Mother," said Katerina one day, "thou art very beautiful. Dost thou not think so?"

"Flatterer! No!"

"Ah, but come and look in the glass."

She led her to the quaint little mirror.

"Now confess that thou hast eyes blue as the sky, and a mouth red as the roses, and hair white as snow. Shall I ever be so beautiful?"

"Aye, and a hundred times more so. Was 't that thou wert after? — compliments?"

They laughed and drew together.

"To-day thou shalt tell me something; promise, mother."

"I promise, then, torment."

"There is a sadness about thy mouth to-day, and often thine eyes are red with weeping; what is it, mother?"

"Am I so? Why, then I must mend my ways so that my face shall tell the truth. Sure I grow gladder every day that thou art with me."

"Ah, then, 't is about me thou weepest — and thou may'st not tell?"

"Come, then, there shall be naught between us; for *'t is* of thee. Thou art not, after all, my own; I live in fear that some day some one will take thee from me."

"No, no, no!" cried Katerina violently, "I would not go."

"Ah, how could we keep thee?"

"Thou dost not love me!"

"Thou hast all my love except that with the little babe be-

neath the sea. Listen: one day we took ship — husband, babe, and I — from war-cursed Germany to this land, where there was no war, no famine, no cruelty. The ship was crowded with the poor redemptioners, who, like us, were trying to get away from the horrors of war. These agreed to be sold into slavery upon their arrival here, for a term of years, to pay for their passage. Ship fever came among these ill-nourished ones, and four out of every five died and were cast into the sea. When we dropped anchor in the Delaware I was sick of the fever. When I recovered they told me that husband and babe were dead and that I had been sold. In pity Herr Papen bought me; and, finding favor in his eyes, I became his wife. We were not redemptioners; not only could we prepay our passage, we had besides two thousand pieces of gold secreted in the false bottom of my brass-bound chest. Yet were we sold with the rest to pay for the dead that were cast into the sea. The chest I never again saw; doubtless it was stolen and plundered by the sailors, as so many of them were. And now for thy little story; for thou hast never told it to me."

"Alas! sweet mother, there is none. But is it not strange that I should have just such a chest? — heavy and black and brass-bound, was it? In it there are but some musty books out of which I 've learned what I know."

"No, it is not strange," said Frau Papen. "We had each such a chest. They were all much alike. Mayhap thy parents died and left thee that. I am glad thou hadst as much as that. I had nothing."

From Master Schneider's promise to its fulfilment was more than two years.

Then, one day, a lumbering Conostoga wagon, with a body shaped like an ancient ship, drew up at the door and left the chest containing the musty books. The hireling was trying its weight as Frau Papen came to the door. She was gently crooning a song. The two years had made her very happy.

"Ah," she said, continuing her song between the words, "how familiar it looks! There were so many of them — and all alike! So wide, so high, so long; all piled on the foredeck."

With her pretty white hands she was going lovingly over the curious brasswork. At one end the hireling was still trying to lift it.

"Here's weight too much for me, mistress. Odd's life! One'd scarce believe it."

He walked about the chest, eyeing it curiously and wagging his head.

"I've heard of false bottoms in which weapons forbid by the king were carried; these be heavy — ay, and money: good gold," he muttered.

Frau Papen went on with her song, hearing him, but taking no account of his words. Now she laid hold of one of the brass handles.

"What, Peter! And thou, Katerina! Take hold. Come, away with it to the garret!" she cried gaily; "so shall we banish the last vestige of thy bondage. No? Then to thy chamber over the porch?"

On the stairs Frau Papen had to rest.

"Well, Peter, 't is true that 't is heavy. What wast mumbling? — Sweet, thou 'rt pale! — and trembling — ?"

"He said there might be a — false bottom. And it *is* heavy. Is not gold heavy — very heavy?" faltered Katerina.

Frau Papen turned upon her almost fiercely.

"Turn thy face to light!" she cried.

Katerina did so.

"Thy father's face was of that shape — his eyes were of that blue —" Suddenly she pushed the girl off. "But the proof is here. The key — where is the key? Why is it not here?"

In an excitement strange both to her and Katerina she fell on her knees before the chest and began to tug at the lid. It was hopeless.

"The key!" she cried again, almost angrily.

Poor Katerina! It was right at hand — on a little faded ribbon at her neck. But it was difficult to get with such trembling fingers. But presently it passed into the hands of the lady on the floor, and after many mis-shots went smoothly into the lock. Before the lid was fairly open Frau Papen was inside it with head and hands.

"Mine — mine — mine!" she cried, as she tumbled out upon the floor what Katerina had theretofore called her belongings, together with many things only too evidently not hers.

"My books," she went on, "my brooch, my combs, my —"

She had reached the bottom. She fumbled a moment at some secret fixture at the end, then pulled it out.

"My gold!" she exulted.

It was true. There they lay, packed in tight rolls all over the wide bottom.

But then her excitement vanished and the peaceful smile returned, more peaceful, more beautiful than it had ever been. The sadness was somehow gone from it, and it was the expression of pure joy. Slowly she turned toward Katerina. Very fondly she looked at her for a moment as if to enjoy her before taking possession. Then she held out her arms. Katerina nestled within them. They forgot the gold and the precious contents of the chest altogether.

"*Thou* art mine!" said Frau Papen. Then, in a moment, "Dost thou understand, my little daughter?"

"I understand," sobbed Katerina.

"They sold thee — and the chest — to Master Schneider —"

"And I bought thee!" cried Heifert Papen, at that moment arriving, "of that same lying Dutchman! And all this gold! And — Oh, he shall hear of it if I have to make a journey to Lancaster County to tell him!"

BOYS OF MY BOYHOOD

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

The boys of the generation to which I belonged — that is to say, who were born in the last years of the last century or the earliest of this — were brought up under a system of discipline which put a far greater distance between parents and their children than now exists. The parents seemed to think this necessary in order to secure obedience. They were believers in the old maxim that familiarity breeds contempt. My own parents lived in the house with my grandfather and grandmother on my mother's side. My grandfather was a disciplinarian of the stricter sort, and I can hardly finds words to express the awe in which I stood of him — an awe so great as almost to prevent anything like affection on my part, although he was in the main kind, and, certainly, never thought of being severe beyond what was necessary to maintain a proper degree of order in the family.

The other boys in that part of the country, my schoolmates and playfellows, were educated on the same system. Yet there were at that time some indications that this very severe discipline was beginning to relax. With my father and mother I was on much easier terms than with my grandfather. If a favor was to be asked of my grandfather, it was asked with fear and trembling; the request was postponed to the last moment, and then made with hesitation and blushes and a confused utterance.

One of the means of keeping the boys of that generation in order was a little bundle of birchen rods, bound together by a small cord, and generally suspended on a nail against the kitchen wall. This was esteemed as much a part of the necessary furniture as the crane that hung in the kitchen fire-place, or the shovel and tongs. It sometimes happened that the boy suffered a fate similar to that of the eagle in the fable, wounded by an arrow fledged with a feather from his own wing; in other words, the

boy was made to gather the twigs intended for his own castigation.

The chastisement which was thought so wholesome in the case of boys, was at that time administered, for petty crimes, to grown-up persons. About a mile from where I lived stood a whipping-post, and I remember seeing a young fellow, of about eighteen years of age, upon whose back, by direction of a justice of the peace, forty lashes had been laid, as a punishment for a theft which he had committed. His eyes were red, like those of one who had been crying, and I well remember the feeling of curiosity, mingled with pity and fear, with which I gazed on him. That, I think, was the last example of corporal punishment inflicted by law in that neighborhood. The whipping-post stood in its place for several years afterward, the memorial of a practice which had passed away.

The awe in which the boys of that time held their parents extended to all elderly persons, toward whom our behavior was more than merely respectful, for we all observed a hushed and subdued demeanor in their presence. Toward the ministers of the gospel this behavior was particularly marked. At that time, every township in Massachusetts, the state in which I lived, had its minister, who was settled there for life, and when he once came among his people was understood to have entered into a connection with them scarcely less lasting than the marriage tie. The community in which we lived regarded him with great veneration, and the visits which from time to time he made to the district schools, seemed to the boys important occasions, for which special preparation was made. When he came to visit the school which I attended, we all had on our Sunday clothes, and were ready for him with a few answers to the questions in the "Westminster Catechism." He heard us recite our lessons, examined us in the Catechism, and then began a little address, which I remember was the same on every occasion. He told us how much greater were the advantages of education which we en-

joyed than those which had fallen to the lot of our parents, and exhorted us to make the best possible use of them, both for our own sakes and that of our parents, who were ready to make any sacrifice for us, even so far as to take the bread out of their own mouths to give us. I remember being disgusted with this illustration of parental kindness which I was obliged to listen to twice at least in every year.

One of the entertainments of rustic life in the region of which I am speaking was the making of maple sugar. This was a favorite frolic of the boys. The apparatus for the sugar camp was of a much ruder kind than is now used. The sap was brought in buckets from the wounded trees and poured into a great caldron which hung over a hot fire from a stout horizontal pole supported at each end by an upright stake planted in the ground. Since that time they have built in every maple grove a sugar house — a little building in which the process of making sugar is carried on with several ingenious contrivances unknown at that time, when everything was done in the open air.

From my father's door, in the latter part of March and the early part of April, we could see perhaps a dozen columns of smoke rising over the woods in different places where the work was going on. After the sap had been collected and boiled for three or four days, the time came when the thickening liquid was made to pass into the form of sugar. This was when the syrup had become of such a consistency that it would "feather"— that is to say, when a beechen twig, formed at the small end into a little loop, dipped into the hot syrup and blown upon by the breath, sent into the air a light, feathery film. The huge caldron was then lifted from the fire, and its contents were either dipped out and poured into moulds, or stirred briskly till the syrup cooled and took the form of ordinary brown sugar in loose grains. This process was exceedingly interesting to the boys who came to watch its different stages and to try from time to time the syrup as it thickened.

In autumn, the task of stripping the husks from the ears of Indian corn was made the occasion of social meetings, in which the boys took a special part. A farmer would appoint what was called "a husking," to which he invited his neighbors. The ears of maize in the husk, sometimes along with part of the stalk, were heaped on the barn floor. In the evening, lanterns were brought, and, seated on piles of dry husks, the men and boys stripped the ears of their covering, and breaking them from the stem with a sudden jerk, threw them into baskets placed for the purpose. It was often a merry time; the gossip of the neighborhood was talked over, stories were told, jests went around, and at the proper hour the assembly adjourned to the dwelling-house and were treated to pumpkin pie and cider, which in that season had not been so long from the press as to have parted with its sweetness.

Quite as cheerful were the "apple-parings," which on autumn evenings brought together the young people of both sexes in little circles. The fruit of the orchards was pared and quartered and the core extracted, and a supply of apples in this state provided for making what was called "apple-sauce," a kind of preserve of which every family laid in a large quantity every year.

The cider-making season in autumn was, at the time of which I am speaking, somewhat correspondent to the vintage in the wine countries of Europe. Large tracts of land in New England were overshadowed by rows of apple-trees, and in the month of May a journey through that region was a journey through a wilderness of bloom. In the month of October the whole population was busy gathering apples under the trees, from which they fell in heavy showers as the branches were shaken by the strong arms of the farmers. The creak of the cider-mill, turned by a horse moving in a circle, was heard in every neighborhood as one of the most common of rural sounds. The freshly pressed juice of the apples was most agreeable to boyish tastes, and the whole process of gathering the fruit and making the cider came

in among the more laborious rural occupations in a way which diversified them pleasantly, and which made it seem a pastime. The time that was given to making cider, and the number of barrels made and stored in the cellars of the farm-houses, would now seem incredible. A hundred barrels to a single farmer was no uncommon proportion, and the quantity swallowed by the men of that day led to the habits of intemperance which at length alarmed the more thoughtful part of the community, and gave occasion to the formation of temperance societies and the introduction of better habits.

From time to time, the winter evenings, and occasionally a winter afternoon, brought the young people of the parish together in attendance upon a singing-school. Some person who possessed more than common power of voice and skill in modulating it, was employed to teach psalmody, and the boys were naturally attracted to his school as a recreation. It often happened that the teacher was an enthusiast in his vocation, and thundered forth the airs set down in the music-books with a fervor that was contagious. A few of those who attempted to learn psalmody were told that they had no aptitude for the art, and were set aside, but that did not prevent their attendance as hearers of the others. In those days a set of tunes were in fashion, mostly of New England origin, which have since been laid aside in obedience to a more fastidious taste. They were in quick time, sharply accented, the words clearly articulated, and often running into figures in which the base, the tenor, and the treble chased each other from the middle to the end of the stanza. I recollect that some impatience was manifested when slower and graver airs of church music were introduced by the choir, and I wondered why the words should not be sung in the same time that they were pronounced in reading.

Every parish had its tithing-men, two in number generally, whose business it was to maintain order in the church during divine service, and who sat with a stern countenance through

the sermon, keeping a vigilant eye on the boys in the distant pews and in the galleries. Sometimes, when he detected two of them communicating with each other, he went to one of them, took him by the button, and leading him away, seated him beside himself. His power extended to other delinquencies. He was directed by law to see that the Sabbath was not profaned by people wandering in the fields and angling in the brooks. At that time a law, no longer enforced, directed that any person who absented himself unnecessarily from public worship for a certain length of time, should pay a fine into the treasury of the county. I remember several persons of whom it was said that they had been compelled to pay this fine, but I do not remember of any of them who went to church afterward.

I have set down such particulars as now occur to me of the employments and the amusements amidst which the boys of my time grew up and were trained for the duties of mankind. Of those who set out with me in life there are few now remaining; they were like old trees in a young wood waiting for a high wind to snap their aged trunks and level them with the ground.

Whatever may have been the merits or the shortcomings of the generation to which I belonged, it is yet to be seen whether the different system now adopted in training the youth of our country will give it a better class of citizens.

MEETING OF FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU

SIR WALTER SCOTT

The shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,

Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe.
. . . . . .
Famished, and chilled, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
A watch-fire close before him burned.

Beside its embers red and clear,
Basked in his plaid a mountaineer;
And up he sprung with sword in hand,—
"Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"
"A stranger." "What dost thou require?"
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."
"Art thou a friend to Roderick?" "No."
"Thou darest not call thyself a foe?"
"I dare! To him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand."
"Bold words!—but, though the beast of game
The privileges of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever recked, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,
Who say thou cam'st a secret spy!"—
"They do, by Heaven!—come Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest."
"If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."

" Then by these tokens mayst thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."
" Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech addressed:—
" Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true:
Each word against his honor spoke
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more,— upon thy fate, 't is said,
A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn,—
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honor's laws;
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."
" I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,

As freely as 't is nobly given!"
"Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."
With that he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

From the Lady of the Lake, Canto IV.

WOLFE AND MONTCALM

FRANCIS PARKMAN

Early in June, General Wolfe sailed up the St. Lawrence, with a force of eight thousand men, and formed his camp immediately below Quebec, on the Island of Orleans. From thence he could discern, at a single glance, how arduous was the task before him. Piles of lofty cliffs rose with sheer ascent on the northern border of the river; and from their summits the boasted citadel of Canada looked down in proud security, with its churches and convents of stone, its ramparts, bastions, and batteries; while over them all, from the brink of the precipice, towered the massive walls of the Castle of St. Louis. Above, for many a league, the bank was guarded by an unbroken range of steep acclivities. Below, the River St. Charles, flowing into the St. Lawrence, washed the base of the rocky promontory on which the city stood. Lower yet lay an army of fourteen thousand men, under an able and renowned commander, the Marquis of Montcalm. His front was covered by intrenchments and batteries, which lined the bank of the St. Lawrence; his right wing rested on the city and the St. Charles; his left, on the cascade and deep gulf of Montmorenci; and thick forests extended along

his rear. Opposite Quebec rose the high promontory of Point Levi; and the St. Lawrence, contracted to less than a mile in width, flowed between, with deep and powerful current. To a chief of less resolute temper, it might well have seemed that art and nature were in league to thwart his enterprise; but a mind like that of Wolfe could only have seen in this majestic combination of forest and cataract, mountain and river, a fitting theatre for the great drama about to be enacted there.

Yet nature did not seem to have formed the young English general for the conduct of a doubtful and almost desperate enterprise. His person was slight, and his features by no means of a martial cast. His feeble constitution had been undermined by years of protracted and painful disease. His kind and genial disposition was better fitted for the quiet of domestic life than for the stern duties of military command; but to these gentler traits he joined a high enthusiasm, and unconquerable spirit of daring and endurance, which made him the idol of his soldiers, and bore his slender frame through every hardship and exposure.

The work before him demanded all his courage. How to invest the city, or even bring the army of Montcalm to action, was a problem which might have perplexed a Hannibal. A French fleet lay in the river above, and the precipices along the northern bank were guarded at every accessible point by sentinels and outposts. Wolfe would have crossed the Montmorenci by its upper ford, and attacked the French army on its left and rear; but the plan was thwarted by the nature of the ground and the vigilance of his adversaries. Thus baffled at every other point, he formed the bold design of storming Montcalm's position in front; and on the afternoon of the thirty-first of July, a strong body of troops was embarked in boats, and, covered by a furious cannonade from the English ships and batteries, landed on the beach just above the mouth of the Montmorenci. The grenadiers and Royal Americans were the first on shore, and their ill-timed impetuosity proved the ruin of the plan. Without waiting to receive

their orders or form their ranks, they ran, pell-mell, across the level ground, and with loud shouts began, each man for himself, to scale the heights which rose in front, crested with intrenchments and bristling with hostile arms. The French at the top threw volley after volley among the hot-headed assailants. The slopes were soon covered with the fallen; and at that instant a storm, which had long been threatening, burst with sudden fury, drenched the combatants on both sides with a deluge of rain, extinguished for a moment the fire of the French, and at the same time made the steeps so slippery that the grenadiers fell repeatedly in their vain attempts to climb. Night was coming on with double darkness. The retreat was sounded, and, as the English re-embarked, troops of Indians came whooping down the heights, and hovered about their rear, to murder the stragglers and the wounded; while exulting cries of "Vive le roi!" from the crowded summits, proclaimed the triumphs of the enemy.

With bitter agony of mind, Wolfe beheld the headlong folly of his men, and saw more than four hundred of the flower of his army fall a useless sacrifice. The anxieties of the siege had told severely upon his slender constitution; and not long after this disaster, he felt the first symptoms of a fever, which soon confined him to his couch. Still his mind never wavered from its purpose; and it was while lying helpless in the chamber of a Canadian house, where he had fixed his headquarters, that he embraced the plan of the enterprise which robbed him of life, and gave him immortal fame.

This plan had been first proposed during the height of Wolfe's illness, at a council of his subordinate generals, Monkton, Townshend, and Murray. It was resolved to divide the little army; and, while one portion remained before Quebec to alarm the enemy by false attacks, and distract their attention from the scene of actual operation, the other was to pass on the northern shore, climb the guarded heights, gain the plains above, and force Montcalm to quit his vantage-ground, and perhaps to offer battle.

The scheme was daring even to rashness; but its audacity was the secret of its success.

Early in September, a crowd of ships and transports, under Admiral Holmes, passed the city under the hot fire of its batteries, while the troops designed for the expedition, amounting to scarcely five thousand, marched upward along the southern bank, beyond the reach of the cannonade. All were then embarked; and on the evening of the twelfth, Holmes' fleet, with the troops on board, lay safe at anchor in the river, several leagues above the town. These operations had not failed to awaken the suspicions of Montcalm; and he had detached M. Bougainville to watch the movements of the English, and prevent their landing on the northern shore.

The eventful night of the twelfth was clear and calm, with no light but that of the stars. Within two hours before daybreak, thirty boats, crowded with sixteen hundred soldiers, cast off from the vessels, and floated downward, in perfect order, with the current of the ebb tide. To the boundless joy of the army, Wolfe's malady had abated, and he was able to command in person. His ruined health, the gloomy aspects of the siege, and the disaster at Montmorenci, had oppressed him with the deepest melancholy, but never impaired for a moment the promptness of his decisions, or the impetuous energy of his action. He sat in the stern of one of the boats, pale and weak, but borne up to a calm height of resolution. Every order had been given, every arrangement made, and it only remained to face the issue. The ebbing tide sufficed to bear the boats along, and nothing broke the silence of the night but the gurgling of the river, and the low voice of Wolfe, as he repeated to the officers about him the stanzas of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," which had recently appeared and which he had just received from England. Perhaps, as he uttered those strangely appropriate words,

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave,"

the shadows of his own approaching fate stole with mournful prophecy across his mind. "Gentlemen," he said as he closed his recital, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow."

As they approached the landing-place, the boats edged closer in towards the northern shore, and the woody precipices rose high on their left, like a wall of undistinguished blackness.

"Qui vive?" shouted a French sentinel, from out the gloom.

"La France!" answered a captain of Fraser's Highlanders, from the foremost boat.

"A quel régiment?" demanded the soldier.

"De la Reine!" promptly replied the Highland captain, who chanced to know that the regiment so designated formed part of Bougainville's command. As boats were frequently passing down the river with supplies for the garrison, and as a convoy from Bougainville was expected that very night, the sentinel was deceived, and allowed the English to proceed.

A few moments after, they were challenged again, and this time they could discern the soldier running close down to the water's edge, as if all his suspicions were aroused; but the skilful replies of the Highlander once more saved the party from discovery.

They reached the landing-place in safety,—an indentation in the shore, about a league above the city, and now bearing the name of Wolfe's Cove. Here a narrow path led up the face of the heights, and a French guard was posted at the top to defend the pass. By the force of the current, the foremost boats, including that which carried Wolfe himself, were borne a little below the spot. The general was one of the first on shore. He looked upward at the rugged heights which towered above him in the gloom. "You can try it," he coolly observed to an officer near him; "but I don't think you 'll get up."

At the point where the Highlanders landed, one of their captains, Donald Macdonald, apparently the same whose presence of mind had just saved the enterprise from ruin, was climbing

in advance of his men, when he was challenged by a sentinel. He replied in French, by declaring that he had been sent to relieve the guard, and ordering the soldier to withdraw. Before the latter was undeceived, a crowd of Highlanders were close at hand, while the steeps below were thronged with eager climbers, dragging themselves up by trees, roots, and bushes. The guard turned out, and made a brief though brave resistance. In a moment, they were cut to pieces, dispersed, or made prisoners; while men after men came swarming up the height, and quickly formed upon the plains above. Meanwhile, the vessels had dropped downward with the current, and anchored opposite the landing-place. The remaining troops were disembarked, and with the dawn of day, the whole were brought in safety to the shore.

The sun rose, and, from the ramparts of Quebec, the astonished people saw the Plains of Abraham glittering with arms, and the dark-red lines of the English forming in array of battle. Breathless messengers had borne the evil tidings to Montcalm, and far and near his wide-extended camp resounded with the rolling of alarm drums and the din of startled preparation. He, too, had had his struggles and his sorrows. The civil power had thwarted him; famine, discontent, and disaffection were rife among his soldiers; and no small portion of the Canadian militia had dispersed from sheer starvation. In spite of all, he had trusted to hold out till the winter frosts should drive the invaders from before the town; when, on that disastrous morning, the news of their successful temerity fell like a cannon shot upon his ear. Still he assumed a tone of confidence. "They have got to the weak side of us at last," he is reported to have said, "and we must crush them with our numbers." With headlong haste, his troops were pouring over the bridge of the St. Charles, and gathering in heavy masses under the western ramparts of the town. Could numbers give assurance of success, their triumph would have been secure; for five French battalions and the armed colonial peasantry amounted in all to more than seven thousand five

hundred men. Full in sight before them stretched the long, thin lines of the British forces,— the half-wild Highlanders, the steady soldiery of England, and the hardy levies of the provinces,— less than five thousand in number, but all inured to battle, and strong in the full assurance of success. Yet, could the chiefs of that gallant army have pierced the secrets of the future, could they have foreseen that the victory which they burned to achieve would have robbed England of her proudest boast, that the conquest of Canada would pave the way for the independence of America, their swords would have dropped from their hands, and the heroic fire have gone out within their hearts.

It was nine o'clock, and the adverse armies stood motionless, each gazing on the other. The clouds hung low, and, at intervals, warm light showers descended, besprinkling both alike. The coppice and cornfields in front of the British troops were filled with French sharpshooters, who kept up a distant, spattering fire. Here and there a soldier fell in the ranks, and the gap was filled in silence.

At a little before ten, the British could see that Montcalm was preparing to advance, and, in a few moments, all his troops appeared in rapid motion. They came on in three divisions, shouting after the manner of their nation, and firing heavily as soon as they came within range. In the British ranks not a trigger was pulled, not a soldier stirred; and their ominous composure seemed to damp the spirits of the assailants. It was not till the French were within forty yards that the fatal word was given, and the British muskets blazed forth at once in one crashing explosion. Like a ship at full career, arrested with sudden ruin on a sunken rock, the ranks of Montcalm staggered, shivered, and broke before that wasting storm of lead. The smoke, rolling along the field, for a moment shut out the view; but when the white wreaths were scattered on the wind, a wretched spectacle was disclosed; men and officers tumbled in heaps, battalions resolved into a mob, order and obedience gone; and when the British

muskets were levelled for a second volley, the masses of the militia were seen to cower and shrink with uncontrollable panic. For a few minutes, the French regulars stood their ground, returning a sharp and not ineffectual fire. But now, echoing cheer on cheer, redoubling volley on volley, trampling the dying, and the dead and driving the fugitives in crowds, the British troops advanced and swept the field before them. The ardor of the men burst all restraint. They broke into a run, and with unsparing slaughter chased the flying multitude to the gates of Quebec. Foremost of all, the light-footed Highlanders dashed along in furious pursuit, hewing down the Frenchmen with their broadswords, and slaying many in the very ditch of the fortifications. Never was victory more quick or more decisive.

In the short action and pursuit, the French lost fifteen hundred men, killed, wounded, and taken. Of the remainder, some escaped within the city, and others fled across the St. Charles to rejoin their comrades who had been left to guard the camp. The pursuers were recalled by sound of trumpet; the broken ranks were formed afresh, and the English troops withdrawn beyond reach of the cannon of Quebec. Bougainville, with his corps, arrived from the upper country, and, hovering about their rear, threatened an attack; but when he saw what greeting was prepared for him, he abandoned his purpose and withdrew. Townshend and Murray, the only general officers who remained unhurt, passed to the head of every regiment in turn, and thanked the soldiers for the bravery they had shown; yet the triumph of the victors was mingled with sadness, as the tidings went from rank to rank that Wolfe had fallen.

In the heat of the action, as he advanced at the head of the grenadiers of Louisburg, a bullet shattered his wrist; but he wrapped his handkerchief about the wound, and showed no sign of pain. A moment more, and a ball pierced his side. Still he pressed forward, waving his sword and cheering his soldiers to the attack, when a third shot lodged deep within his breast. He

paused, reeled, and, staggering to one side, fell to the earth. Brown, a lieutenant of the grenadiers, Henderson, a volunteer, and officer of artillery, and a private soldier, raised him together in their arms, and, bearing him to the rear, laid him softly on the grass. They asked if he would have a surgeon; but he shook his head, and answered that all was over with him. His eyes closed with the torpor of approaching death, and those around sustained his fainting form. Yet they could not withhold their gaze from the wild turmoil before them, and the charging ranks of their companions rushing through fire and smoke. "See how they run," one of the officers exclaimed, as the French fled in confusion before the levelled bayonets. "Who run?" demanded Wolfe, opening his eyes like a man aroused from sleep. "The enemy, sir," was the reply; "they give way everywhere." "Then," said the dying general, "tell Colonel Burton to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge. Now, God be praised, I will die in peace," he murmured; and, turning on his side, he calmly breathed his last.

Almost at the same moment fell his great adversary, Montcalm, as he strove, with vain bravery, to rally his shattered ranks. Struck down with a mortal wound, he was placed upon a litter and borne to the General Hospital on the banks of the St. Charles. The surgeons told him that he could not recover. "I am glad of it," was his calm reply. He then asked how long he might survive, and was told that he had not many hours remaining. "So much the better," he said; "I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." Officers from the garrison came to his bedside to ask his orders and instruction. "I will give no more orders," replied the defeated soldier; "I have much business that must be attended to, of greater moment than your ruined garrison and this wretched country. My time is very short; therefore, pray leave me." The officers withdrew, and none remained in the chamber but his confessor and the Bishop of Quebec. To the last, he expressed his contempt for his own

mutinous and half-famished troops, and his admiration for the disciplined valor of his opponents. He died before midnight, and was buried at his own desire in a cavity of the earth formed by the bursting of a bomb shell.

The victorious army encamped before Quebec, and pushed their preparations for the siege with zealous energy; but before a single gun was brought to bear, the white flag was hung out, and the garrison surrendered. On the eighteenth of September, 1759, the rock-built citadel of Canada passed forever from the hands of its ancient masters.

The victory on the Plains of Abraham and the downfall of Quebec filled all England with pride and exultation. From north to south, the land blazed with illuminations, and resounded with the ringing of bells, the firing of guns, and the shouts of the multitude. In one village alone all was dark and silent amid the general joy; for here dwelt the widowed mother of Wolfe. The populace, with unwonted delicacy, respected her lonely sorrow, and forbore to obtrude the sound of their rejoicings upon her grief for one who had been through life her pride and solace, and repaid her love with a tender and constant devotion.

THE TWO ANGELS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
  Passed o'er our village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
  The somber houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
  Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
  And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest.

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled or haunted me,
And now returned with three fold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
And, knowing whatso'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile that filled the house with light,
"My errand is not Death but Life," he said;
"And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, and with voice divine
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issue where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rains fall thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! he looks back from the departing child.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?

FALL OF NEW AMSTERDAM

JOHN BENNETT

On the night of the 15th of August, at the close of a long, hot day, as Barnaby Lee sat in the windmill loft, with his feet dangling carelessly over the sill, the herring-boat of Cors Roelandsen, the deep-sea fisherman, came in from the grounds off Sandy Hook like a crippled water-beetle.

The wind had gone down with the sun, and the bay lay smooth as oil, the water glowing in the dusk like a mirror of polished copper.

The boat crept slowly in to the anchorage, a black, laggard hulk, for the crew were working her in with sweeps, and a herring-boat is heavy. Two men were pulling on one side, and one upon the other. The two would pull a long, slow stroke, and then rest upon their oars, that they might not too much out-pull their mate who was pulling alone against them. Cors Roelandsen lay in the stern of his boat with a cruelly broken head.

As soon as their weary tongues could speak, the fishermen told their story.

They had been taken by an English ship, which they judged to be a privateer, as they lay on the fishing-ground. Their net had been cut to pieces, their fish taken from them. "And ye see what

they did unto me," said Cors, with the blood running down his cheek. "Well, they said I might deem it a mercy that they did not cut my throat! They are coming to take New Amsterdam. The Duke of York's fleet is behind them; the admiral's ship of thirty-six guns is lying at anchor in Nyack Bay; the vice-admiral's ship of forty-two guns is coming from Gardiner's Point, and with her comes the rear-admiral's ship and a transport of sixteen guns, with three companies of the King's soldiers, and volunteers from Virginia. They say they will take Fort Amsterdam and tear the town into shreds!"

Thereupon Stuyvesant sent a commission to inquire of the English what they meant by these violent deeds, and by their presence without permission in waters ruled by the Dutch.

To this the English commander, Colonel Richard Nicolls, a man of stately presence and a fair, open face, replied in blunt, soldierly terms that he was come to reduce the port to the English crown, in the name of King Charles of England, and of James, Duke of York, to whom the province was granted. He demanded the immediate surrender of Fort Amsterdam and the town.

Then Peter Stuyvesant walked the floor, with his hands so clenched that his finger-nails cut into his palms; by times his head was lifted up and his eyes seemed on fire; by times his chin sank into his breast: for he was in desperate straits.

He had only ninety soldiers, though he had ordered in his outposts; and there were neither trained artillerymen nor gunners, save one, in the fort. The fort itself had been built merely as a retreat against savages, and never had been calculated to withstand the assault of a disciplined army. There was little hope of sustaining a siege, none at all of withstanding a storm; yet Peter Stuyvesant made up his mind that he would defend the town.

Meanwhile the vessels of the English fleet had anchored below the Narrows, cutting off all communication between the North river and the sea. The squadron consisted of four ships, carrying ninety-four guns among them, and three companies of the king's

regulars, perhaps four hundred and fifty men, to which were now added militia from New Haven and Long Island who had joined the attacking squadron at Nyack. The English colonial governors from Virginia to Maine had been summoned to furnish both vessels and men to assist in reducing New Netherland; but, as yet, one vessel only had come, that one from Maryland, a privateer, manned by a cutthroat-visaged crew, and aught but respectable. Reinforcements, both horse and foot, were flocking in by land from the northern colonies, eager to storm Fort Amsterdam and to give the town over to pillage, New Amsterdam being the richest port upon the Atlantic coast.

The burgomeisters in council demanded the English conditions: "We have a right to know what terms are offered us in surrender," they said. "It is *our* lives and properties which will be lost in case of assault, and ye have no right to withhold the terms that are offered to our city. We would willingly risk our lives, your Excellency, if there were the slightest hope of success; but desperately to rush a handful of half-armed citizens and untrained serving-men upon the pikes of three brigades would be the sheerest madness. We came here to settle, to build, to trade, to profit, and to thrive, and not to fight the English."

"And would ye turn your very coats for profit," cried the angry Director-General, "are ye all stark dead to honor? Shame on you, shame!" he exclaimed. He struck one man across the mouth, who insisted upon submission.

"Cowards," he cried, "cowards! Would ye sell your souls for a beaver-skin?"

Then burghers with their wives and children came to the gate of the fort, beseeching the Director-General to parley.

"I would rather be carried out dead!" he replied.

They begged him to make no resistance that would bring destruction upon them.

"To resist is to be murdered!" they said. "Give us the English terms."

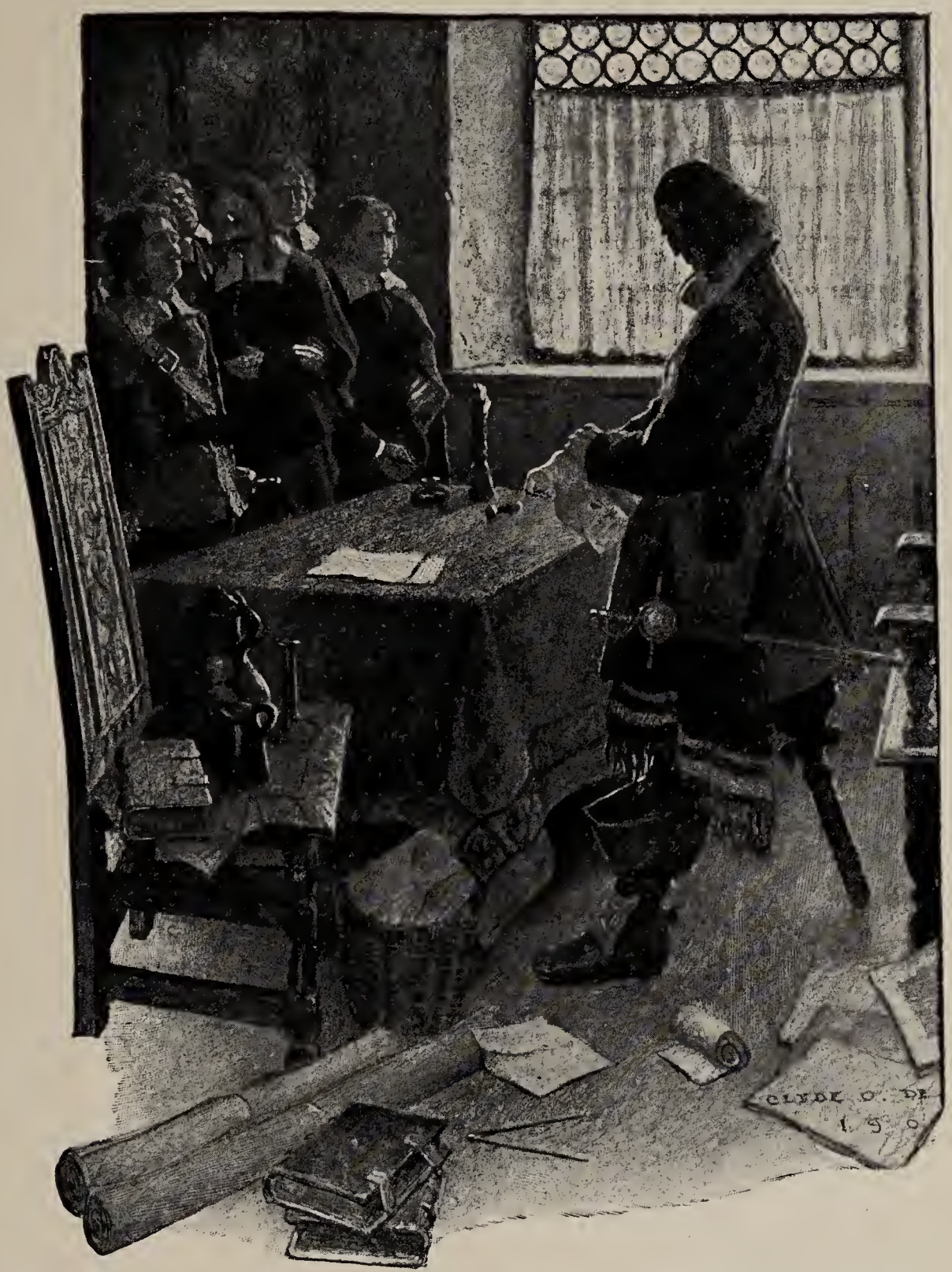
But Stuyvesant would neither give them the terms nor consider the thought of surrender. "I will stand to it while I have a man who can fire a gun," said he, and hurried all preparations for desperate resistance.

But disaffection spread through the town. As they watched the grim preparations for war the burghers grew faint and fainter at heart; their fears increased with the flying hours. Across the bay on the sea-wind could be heard the English drums beating about for volunteers among the Long Island towns; from the distant frigates of the fleet rolled up the booming of signal-guns. Bugle-calls, musket-shots, the shouts of the captains, came intermittently from the English camps along the Long Island shore. In vain the Director-General sought to reanimate the citizens to hurry the trench and the palisades, and to push forward the fortifications. His solitary valor failed to inspire their weakening zeal. The response to his fire grew lukewarm. Their hearts had gone out of them. He was met by complaining on every side; they objected to every proposal. Among themselves they began to say, "Ah, yes; the soldiers will fight. It is their trade; they are paid for it; they have nothing to lose. But we, we lose our property and everything if the city falls, let alone our lives. It is folly to offer resistance." After that they came no more to stand guard with the men of the garrison, but went their ways, and had no more heart in warlike preparations.

On Saturday morning, August 31, 1664, Nicolls sent his last summons for the surrender of New Amsterdam. Stuyvesant once more replied that he had no right to demand it, and again the blunt English commander rejoined: "The right does not concern me a tittle; I was sent hither to take New Amsterdam, and I am going to take it."

"I will protect and defend the city to the last extremity," responded the Director-General.

"Come easy, come hard," returned Richard Nicolls, "I shall take New Amsterdam. I am weary of parleying. I have offered



"'Are Ye All Stark Dead to Honor? Shame on You, Shame!' He Exclaimed"

terms to the city, and if they are not accepted, I hold myself clear of responsibility for whatever may ensue. At the end of twenty-four hours I shall move upon the town, by land and sea, with all my force; it behooves you to make up your minds."

"Friends will be welcome," replied Stuyvesant, "if they come in a friendly manner."

"It rests with you," rejoined Nicolls, "whether the manner be friendlike or foemanlike. I shall come with my ships and my soldiers. Raise the white flag of peace on your fortress; then something may be considered."

When this imperious message was heard in New Amsterdam, men, women, and children flocked to the Director-General's door, beseeching him to submit; but his only answer to them was, "I would rather be carried out dead!"

At this the blood of the burghers was turned into curds and whey. "Surrender!" they cried. "Surrender!"

Stuyvesant looked upon them in burning indignation. "If I surrender this city," he said, "wherein am I justified?"

"Will ye be justified in our ruin?" they cried, "in seeing our city taken and sacked, our warehouses burned, our goods wasted, our homes pillaged and robbed? Is this your justification? Surrender! Surrender!" they implored. But he would not surrender.

"They will tear the fort into ruins!" they cried.

"Then we will defend it from the ruins. I tell you once and for all," said he, "I will not surrender."

"Do not oppose the will of God! If you resist we all shall perish."

"Then we shall perish," he returned, "as is the will of God."

"Shall we stand here idle in the streets," they cried, "and see the town made a shambles, our children murdered, our parents slain, our property in flames, all for the sake of a fool's honor? To resist is hopeless, defense impossible; although we might protect ourselves for a horrible day or two, there is no relief to

be hoped for; we shall be buried in one long trench! Be not so obstinate!" they roared. "Expose us not so in vain!" and with that they reviled him in the streets.

But, obstinate and passionate, Peter Stuyvesant stood to his word. "I tell you, I am the master here, and I will fight to the last!" he said.

And then his wrath broke out upon them in a storm of indignation. "Ye miserable tradesmen, who left this ship to steer herself while ye went catching conies, this is the pass ye have brought us to with your despicable trading. A curse upon it! It hath sucked the courage out of your hearts and made cowards of you all. Ye are anything for profit; nor duty nor honor stirs you; the rattle of guilders is the only drum ye hear. Shame, and shame upon you! ye would change your faiths for safety, and turn your coats for a penny, like a mill which setteth its sail to any wind which offers to grind its grain!" As he came through the streets from the Stad Huis the crowd made way for him as a throng of barn-yard fowls would make way for an eagle; for, though they hated him, they feared him, and none dared face his scorn; and though they reviled him behind his back, to his face they honored him.

That night the vessels of the English fleet warped up nearer to the town, and as the lights came on and on, and the sound of oars drifted like a pulse over the water, in New Amsterdam was an agony of despair.

At two o'clock a storm came up across the southwest, with rolling masses of livid cloud heaped like battlements height on height, and with heavy thunder the rain poured down in sheets across the town. Men made no account of it, but with smoking torches ran splashing through the great pools that flooded the streets. Barnaby watched them as they ran, with their pallid faces, hollow cheeks, and staring eyes, coming here and there swiftly through the wet red light, distraught, like creatures driven from their holes at night by the falling of a tree. The children

were crying everywhere; everything appeared strange and unreal; the restless activity never ceased nor lessened all night long. The cocks crowed; the hounds howled dismally in the kennels; the cattle bellowed in the stables. All the town was in disorder; each was begging for assistance, none was lending the slightest aid; all alike were utterly helpless, all alike utterly frenzied.

Then at last came day.

The English fleet was astir; the English camps were rousing. The beating of drums, the screaming of trumpets, the shrill, high calls of the sailormen, and the hoarse, heavy shouting of the soldiery as the troops formed, marched, and countermarched on the shores to the south of the village of Brooklyn, came on the wind like the distant sound of a battle in a valley, where one may listen on the hills to the sound of the unseen conflict, beyond sight of the strife, yet within hearing of the dire uproar.

Then the swift sun sprang up. It shone brightly on the bivouac along the water's edge. There were few tents; the most of the men had slept on the open ground. The pale smoke was still rising from half-extinguished camp-fires; the drums were beating up and down; their company was gathering by Jan the Sailor's house.

With every passing moment the stir grew more and more. Steel caps and pikes were sparkling through the steam arising from the damp array; fluttering banners began to rise; horsemen by twos and threes went galloping from camp to camp. A long, irregular line of steel came slipping over the sand-hills and among the green woods, from Gravesend to the ferry where boats were waiting.

In the city was a tumult; it was every man for himself, and nobody help the weak. The gables of the houses were black with staring men. The wind blew through the open doors, and no one cooked or ate breakfast. The cattle bawled hungrily, but nobody harkened; nobody counted the time.

"They are coming!" called the gunner. "They are coming!"

said the soldiers. The bell on the church in the fort rang out for an instant wildly. Then all was still, and the ships of the squadron came majestically on.

The Director-General looked at the flags at the prows of the English frigates. He could see the seamen's faces as they peered above the bulwarks. He laid his hand on the gunner's arm. "Ready, Jan!" he said.

On its staff at the prows of the ships the English jack looked like a patch of blood against the yellow sails. The crews were at their quarters; troops were in the waists of the vessels; powder-boys with buckets were darting about the decks. Across the bay came the roll of a drum. Two ships had passed the limit and were opposite the guns. The master gunner stooped and trained his heavy brazen cannon.

"Make ready!" said Stuyvesant, hoarsely.

"Ready, mynheer," said the gunner.

The captains of the soldiers upon the decks of the vessels could be clearly discerned through the dazzling light. "Ready!" said Stuyvesant, raising his hand.

At that instant the little dominie who taught the Latin school, with his son, who also taught with him, came running up the rampart. "Your Excellency!" he cried. "Stay yet, your Excellency!" His hair was long and white, his face old and seamed with care, yet mild, sweet, and full of pity. "Your Excellency," he said as he came to the top of the wall, "as we stand before God, look here!" and he waved his hand behind them.

But Stuyvesant looked at the frigates and his face was black with battle. "Trouble me not!" he said bitterly. "Art ready there, Reyndertsen?"

"Yea, I am ready," said Reyndertsen, and waved his touching-iron.

The little dominie caught his arm. "In God's name, hold!" he panted.

"Let be; I must fire!" cried Reyndertsen, wrestling to be free.

The red sparks flew here and there. The little dominie's hat fell off, his loosed hair blew into his eyes. "Fool, let me go!" cried the gunner, and struck him across the face. The young dominie caught Stuyvesant's signal hand as his father staggered back. "Oh, mynheer!" he cried, "remember the women and children! Their lives lie in the hollow of thine hand, and on the judgment day thou shalt answer for what thou hast done with them here. Remember the women and the children!"

"The women and the children?" said the Director-General, as in a daze.

"Ay; look!" exclaimed the little gray dominie, and pointed with his trembling hand.

Face on face was huddled in the narrow way that lay between the fort-wall and the half-encompassing houses — faces that were wild with fright, lips ashy gray: mothers leaning tremblingly on the shoulders of tall sons; old men wringing helpless hands and moaning piteously; while children clung to their parents' knees, imploring in innocent terror, and sobbing with fear. "Mynheer," said the little dominie, "for us what matters it? We have run our race, and are prepared for death. But these women, these children; do we hold the cup for them? Look, thou! the women and the children! Remember them this day!"

Peter Stuyvesant turned on the wall and looked over the narrow way. "Ay, the women and the children!" he said in a dull, dazed way. Slowly turning as if he were moved by the force of some unseen hand, he looked across the shining bay, into a world which no man saw save he — a world where failure turns success, where disappointments lose their sting, humiliations never come, and where the promises of youth shall flower every one. He heard the bleating of many flocks, the lowing of kine in dusty roads; one step more, he heard the singing of reapers in happy fields, wheat cut, barley mown, laughter in many a starlit lane in a land that was his country's. A land that was his country's! "Oh, my Father!" he said; then he repeated slowly, "The women

and the children," once, in a dull, dazed way; then turning suddenly without more words, and with a look on his face as if he were stunned, he hurried down from the rampart.

When Stuyvesant had come down from the wall and raised his head again, he saw the flags of the English ships in the river beyond the town. With a hideous groan he broke from those who would have held him. "Oh, my honor! my honor!" he cried; and as if he were suddenly going mad, he ran through the gate, exclaiming, "To the river, to the river! Quick, forward, to the river! The English shall not land!"

But the English made no attempt to land; they let fall their anchors, furled their sails, piped all hands to mess, and rode at ease on the tide; for they knew that victory was theirs and that New Amsterdam must fall.

All night above the stream and across the bay the lights of the English fleet waved and nodded like dizzy stars. All night long, above the never-silent troubling of the water, the ship-bells rang the watches, sharp, thin, and brassy clear. All night the red windows of New Amsterdam stared through the darkness at the enemy; and in his room, until gray dawn, Peter Stuyvesant went up and down like a wild beast in a cage, and beat his fists together in despairing rage and shame.

"They dare not; they dare not!" he groaned. "Yet God alone knows what Englishmen will dare!"

He wrung his hands.

The window-sill of the Governor's room was beaded wet with gathered mist; the candle in the gunners' quarters shone dimly beyond the inclosure; no one had turned the hour-glass — the sand lay in an unmeaning heap in the lower bowl of it. "How quickly it hath run out!" said Stuyvesant. "Ach, Gott, thy will, not mine, be done!" Throwing himself into a chair, he buried his face in his bronzed hands, and moved no more until the pale light had begun to streak the east.

Then he went to the window and stared out. The town still

looked mysterious; the lights had grown wan; there was a hush on everything. "Thy will, not mine!" said the Director-General. In streaks of fire the day broke across the sea, and with it broke the iron heart of Peter Stuyvesant. He turned his face from the window: New Amsterdam had fallen.

From "Barnaby Lee."

A RIDE ON AN AVALANCHE

JOHN MUIR

Most delightful it is to stand in the middle of Yosemite on still clear mornings after snow-storms and watch the throng of avalanches as they come down, rejoicing, to their places, whispering, thrilling like birds, or booming and roaring like thunder. The noble yellow pines stand hushed and motionless as if under a spell until the morning sunshine begins to sift through their laden spires; then the dense masses on the ends of the leafy branches begin to shift and fall, those from the upper branches striking the lower ones in succession, enveloping each tree in a hollow conical avalanche of fairy fineness; while the relieved branches spring up and wave with startling effect in the general stillness, as if each tree was moving of its own volition. Hundreds of broad cloud-shaped masses may also be seen, leaping over the brows of the cliffs from great heights, descending at first with regular avalanche speed until, worn into dust by friction, they float in front of the precipices like irised clouds. Those which descend from the brow of El Capitan are particularly fine; but most of the great Yosemite avalanches flow in regular channels like cascades and waterfalls. When the snow first gives way on the upper slopes of their basins, a dull rushing, rumbling sound is heard which rapidly increases and seems to draw nearer with appalling intensity of tone. Presently the white flood comes bounding into sight over bosses and sheer

places, leaping from bench to bench, spreading and narrowing and throwing off clouds of whirling dust like the spray of foaming cataracts. Compared with waterfalls and cascades, avalanches are short-lived, few of them lasting more than a minute or two, and the sharp, clashing sounds so common in falling water are mostly wanting; but in their low massy thunder-tones and purple-tinged whiteness, and in their dress, gait, gestures and general behavior, they are much alike.

Besides these common after-storm avalanches that are to be found not only in the Yosemite but in all the deep, sheer-walled cañons of the Range there are two other important kinds, which may be called annual and century avalanches, which still further enrich the scenery. The only place about the Valley where one may be sure to see the annual kind is on the north slope of Clouds' Rest. They are composed of heavy, compacted snow, which has been subjected to frequent alternations of freezing and thawing. They are developed on cañon and mountain-sides at an elevation of from nine to ten thousand feet, where the slopes are inclined at an angle too low to shed off the dry winter snow, and which accumulates until the spring thaws sap their foundations and make them slippery; then away in grand style go the ponderous icy masses without any fine snow-dust. Those of Clouds' Rest descend like thunderbolts for more than a mile.

The great century avalanches and the kind that mow wide swaths through the upper forests occur on mountain-sides about ten or twelve thousand feet high, where under ordinary weather conditions the snow accumulated from winter to winter lies at rest for many years, allowing trees, fifty to a hundred feet high, to grow undisturbed on the slopes beneath them. On their way down through the woods they seldom fail to make a perfectly clean sweep, stripping off the soil as well as the trees, clearing paths two or three hundred yards wide from the timber line to the glacier meadows or lakes, and piling their uprooted trees, head downward, in rows along the sides of the gaps like lateral mo-

raines. Scars and broken branches of the trees standing on the sides of the gaps record the depth of the overwhelming flood; and when we come to count the annual wood-rings on the uprooted trees we learn that some of these immense avalanches occur only once in a century or even at still wider intervals.

Few Yosemite visitors ever see snow avalanches and fewer still know the exhilaration of riding on them. In all my mountaineering I have enjoyed only one avalanche ride, and the start was so sudden and the end came so soon I had but little time to think of the danger that attends this sort of travel; though at such times one thinks fast. One fine Yosemite morning after a heavy snowfall, being eager to see as many avalanches as possible and wide views of the forest and summit peaks in their new white robes before the sunshine had time to change them, I set out early to climb by a side cañon to the top of a commanding ridge a little over three thousand feet above the Valley. On account of the looseness of the snow that blocked the cañon I knew the climb would require a long time, some three or four hours as I estimated; but it proved far more difficult than I had anticipated. Most of the way I sank waist deep, almost out of sight in some places. After spending the whole day to within half an hour or so of sundown, I was still several hundred feet below the summit. Then my hopes were reduced to getting up in time to see the sunset. But I was not to get summit views of any sort that day, for deep trampling near the cañon head, where the snow was strained, started an avalanche, and I was swished down to the foot of the cañon as if by enchantment. The wallowing ascent had taken nearly all day, the descent only about a minute. When the avalanche started I threw myself on my back and spread my arms to try to keep from sinking. Fortunately, though the grade of the cañon is very steep, it is not interrupted by precipices large enough to cause outbounding or free plunging. On no part of the rush was I buried. I was only moderately imbedded on the surface or at times a little below

it, and covered with a veil of back-streaming dust particles; and as the whole mass beneath and about me joined in the flight there was no friction, though I was tossed here and there and lurched from side to side. When the avalanche swedged and came to rest I found myself on top of the crumpled pile without a bruise or scar. This was a fine experience. Hawthorne says somewhere that steam has spiritualized travel; though unspiritual smells, smoke, etc., still attend steam travel. This flight in what might be called a milky way of snow-stars was the most spiritual and exhilarating of all the modes of motion I have ever experienced. Elijah's flight in a chariot of fire could hardly have been more gloriously exciting.

From "The Yosemite."

THE MARSEILLAISE

ROUGET DE L'ISLE

Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! Hark! what myriads bid you rise —
Your children, wives, and grand sires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And, lo, our fields and cities blaze;

And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood their hands imbruing?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on! March on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,—
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,—
To mete and vend the light and air,
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms! to arms! ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheath!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
Or whip thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But Freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

NOTES

The "Marseillaise"—the most popular national song of France—was named after the Confederates of Marseilles, who aided Barbaroux in the Paris insurrection of August 10, 1792. It was written at that time and is considered by many one of the most stirring of the national melodies.

THE THEFT OF SILVER

VICTOR HUGO

This incident is from Victor Hugo's masterpiece, "Les Miserables." Jean Valjean, a poor peasant, out of work and in want, had in a moment of desperation broken the glass in a baker's window and stolen a loaf of bread. He was caught and after serving nineteen years in a French prison was freed. With a small sum of money in his pocket and a yellow passport which proclaimed him an ex-criminal, he attempted to make his way in the world. His name and reputation, however, preceded him and he found himself an outcast wherever he went. Footsore from travelling many miles, ragged and hungry, he at last made his way to the home of a good Bishop who welcomed him, served him food on his best silver plate, and gave him a good bed in which to sleep.

As two o'clock pealed from the cathedral bell, Jean Valjean awoke. What aroused him was that the bed was too comfortable, for close on twenty years he had not slept in a bed, and though he had not undressed, the sensation was too novel not to disturb his sleep. He had been asleep for more than four hours, and his weariness had worn off; and he was accustomed not to grant many hours to repose. He opened his eyes and looked into the surrounding darkness, and then he closed them again to go to sleep once more. Sleep comes more easily than it returns, and this happened to Jean Valjean. As he could not go to sleep again, he began thinking.

Many thoughts occurred to him, but there was one which constantly reverted and expelled all the rest. This thought we will at once describe; he had noticed the six silver forks and spoons and the great ladle which Madame Magloire put on the table. This plate overwhelmed him; it was there, a few yards from him.

When he crossed the adjoining room to reach the one in which he now was, the old servant was putting it in a small cupboard at the bed-head,— he had carefully noticed this cupboard; it was on the right as you came in from the dining-room. The plate was heavy and old, the big soup-ladle was worth at least 20 francs, or double what he had earned in nineteen years, though it was true that he would have earned more had not the officials robbed him.

His mind oscillated for a good hour in these fluctuations with which a struggle was most assuredly blended. When three o'clock struck he opened his eyes, suddenly sat up, stretched out his arms, and felt for his knapsack which he had thrown into a corner of the alcove, then let his legs hang, and felt himself seated on the bedside almost without knowing how. All at once he stooped, took off his shoes, then resumed his thoughtful posture and remained motionless. In the midst of this hideous meditation, the ideas which we have indicated incessantly crossed his brain, entered, went out, returned, and weighed upon him. He remained in this situation, and would probably have remained so till sunrise, had not the clock struck the quarter or the half hour. It seemed as if this stroke said to him, To work! He rose, hesitated for a moment and listened; all was silent in the house, and he went on tiptoe to the window, through which he peered. The night was not very dark; there was a full moon, across which heavy clouds were chased by the wind. This produced alternations of light and shade, and a species of twilight in the room; this twilight, sufficient to guide him, but intermittent in consequence of the clouds, resembled that livid hue produced by the grating of a cellar over which people are continually passing.

On reaching the window, Jean Valjean examined it; it was without bars, looked on the garden, and was only closed, according to the fashion of the country, by a small peg. He opened it, but as a cold sharp breeze suddenly entered the room, he closed it again directly. He gazed into the garden with that at-

tentive glance which studies rather than looks, and found that it was enclosed by a whitewashed wall, easy to climb over. Beyond it he noticed the tops of trees standing at regular distances, which proved that this wall separated the garden from a public walk.

After taking this glance, he walked boldly to the alcove, opened his knapsack, took out something which he laid on the bed, put his shoes in one of the pouches, placed the knapsack on his shoulders, put on his cap, the peak of which he pulled over his eyes, groped for his stick, which he placed in the window nook, and then returned to the bed, and took up the object he had laid on it. It resembled a short iron bar, sharpened at one of its ends. It would have been difficult to distinguish in the darkness for what purpose this piece of iron had been fashioned; perhaps it was a lever, perhaps it was a club. By daylight it could have been seen that it was nothing but a miner's candle-stick. The convicts at that day were sometimes employed in extracting rock from the lofty hills that surrounded Toulon, and it was not infrequent for them to have mining tools at their disposal. The miner's candlesticks are made of massive steel, and have a point at the lower end, by which they are dug into the rock. He took the bar in his right hand, and holding his breath and deadening his footsteps he walked towards the door of the adjoining room. On reaching the door he found it ajar — the Bishop had not shut it.

Jean Valjean listened, but there was not a sound; he pushed the door with the tip of his finger lightly, and with the furtive restless gentleness of a cat that wants to get in. The door yielded to the pressure, and made an almost imperceptible and silent movement, which slightly widened the opening. He waited for a moment, and then pushed the door again more boldly. It continued to yield silently, and the opening was soon large enough for him to pass through. But there was near the door a small table which formed an awkward angle with it, and barred the entrance.

Jean Valjean noticed the difficulty: the opening must be increased at all hazards. He made up his mind, and pushed the door a third time, more energetically still. This time there was a badly oiled hinge, which suddenly uttered a hoarse prolonged cry in the darkness. Jean Valjean started; the sound of the hinge smote his ear startlingly and formidably, as if it had been the trumpet of the day of judgment. In the fantastic exaggerations of the first minute, he almost imagined that this hinge had become animated, and suddenly obtained a terrible vitality and barked like a dog to warn and awaken the sleepers. He stopped, shuddering and dismayed, and fell back from tip-toes on his heels. He felt the arteries of his temples beat like two forge hammers, and it seemed to him that his breath issued from his lungs with the noise of the wind roaring out of a cavern. He fancied that the horrible clamor of this irritated hinge must have startled the whole house like the shock of an earthquake; the door he opened had been alarmed and cried for help; the old man would rise, the two aged females would shriek, and assistance would be astir, and the gendarmerie turned out. For a moment he believed himself lost.

He remained where he was, petrified like the pillar of salt, and not daring to make a movement. A few minutes passed, during which the door remained wide open. He ventured to look into the room, and found that nothing had stirred. He listened; no one was moving in the house, the creaking of the rusty hinge had not awakened any one. The first danger had passed, but still there was fearful tumult within him. But he did not recoil, he had not done so when he thought himself lost; he only thought of finishing the job as speedily as possible, and entered the bedroom. The room was in a state of perfect calmness; here and there might be distinguished confused and vague forms, which by day were papers scattered over the table, open folios, books piled on a sofa, an easy chair covered with clothes, and a priedieu, all of which were at this moment only dark nooks and patches of white.

Jean Valjean advanced cautiously and carefully, and avoided coming into collision with the furniture. He heard from the end of the room the calm and regular breathing of the sleeping Bishop. Suddenly he stopped, for he was close to the bed; he had reached it sooner than he had anticipated.

Nature at times blends her effects and scenes with our actions, with a species of gloomy and intelligent design, as if wishing to make us reflect. For nearly half an hour a heavy cloud had covered the sky, but at the moment when Jean Valjean stopped at the foot of the bed, this cloud was rent asunder as if expressly, and a moonbeam passing through the tall window suddenly illumined the Bishop's pale face. He was sleeping peacefully, and was wrapped in a long garment of brown wool, which covered his arms down to the wrists. His head was thrown back on the pillow in the easy attitude of repose, and his hand, adorned with the pastoral ring, and which had done so many good deeds, hung out of bed. His entire face was lit up by a vague expression of satisfaction, hope, and beatitude — it was more than a smile and almost a radiance. There was almost a divinity in this unconsciously august man. Jean Valjean was standing in the shadow with his crow-bar in his hand, motionless and terrified by this luminous old man. He had never seen anything like this before, and such confidence horrified him. He looked at the Bishop, that was all, but what his thoughts were it would be impossible to divine; what was evident was, that he was moved and shaken, but of what nature was this emotion? It seemed as if he were hesitating between two abysses, the one that saves and the one that destroys; he was ready to dash out the Bishop's brains or kiss his hand. At the expiration of a few minutes his left arm slowly rose to his cap, which he took off; then his arm fell again with the same slowness, and Jean Valjean recommenced his contemplation, with his cap in his left hand, his crow-bar in his right, and his hair standing erect on his savage head.

The Bishop continued to sleep peacefully beneath his terrific

glance. All at once Jean Valjean put on his cap again, then walked rapidly along the bed, without looking at the Bishop, and went straight to the cupboard. He raised his crow-bar to force the lock, but as the key was in it, he opened it, and the first thing he saw was the plate-basket, which he seized. He hurried across the room, not caring for the noise he made, re-entered the oratory, opened the window, seized his stick, put the silver in his pocket, threw away the basket, leaped into the garden, bounded over the wall like a tiger, and fled.

The next morning at sunrise Monseigneur Welcome was walking about the garden, when Madame Magloire came running toward him in a state of great alarm.

"Monseigneur, Monseigneur," she screamed, "does your Grandeur know where the plate-basket is?"

"Yes," said the Bishop.

"The Lord be praised," she continued; "I did not know what had become of it."

The Bishop had just picked up the basket in a flower-bed, and now handed it to Madame Magloire. "Here it is," he said.

"Well!" she said, "there is nothing in it; where is the plate?"

"Ah!" the Bishop replied, "it is the plate that troubles your mind. Well, I do not know where it is."

"Good Lord! it is stolen, and that man who came last night is the robber."

In a twinkling Madame Magloire had run to the oratory, entered the alcove, and returned to the Bishop. He was stooping down and looking sorrowfully at a cochlearia, whose stem the basket had broken. He raised himself on hearing Madame Magloire scream,—

"Monseigneur, the man has gone! the plate is stolen!" While uttering this exclamation her eyes fell on a corner of the garden, where there were signs of climbing; the coping of the wall had been torn away.

"That is the way he went! He leaped into Cochefilet lane.

"Oh, what an outrage! He has stolen our plate."

The Bishop remained silent for a moment, then raised his earnest eyes, and said gently to Madame Magloire,—

"By the way, was that plate ours?"

Madame Magloire was speechless; there was another interval of silence, after which the Bishop continued,—

"Madame Magloire, I had wrongfully held back this silver, which belonged to the poor. Who was this person? Evidently a poor man."

"Good gracious!" Madame Magloire continued; "I do not care for it, nor does Madamoiselle, but we feel for Monseigneur. With what will Monseigneur eat now?"

The Bishop looked at her in amazement. "Why, are there not pewter forks to be had?"

Madame Magloire shrugged her shoulders. "Pewter smells!"

"Then iron!"

Madame Magloire made an expressive grimace. "Iron tastes."

"Well, then," said the Bishop, "wood!"

A few minutes later he was breakfasting at the same table at which Jean Valjean sat on the previous evening. While breakfasting Monseigneur Welcome gaily remarked to his sister, who said nothing, and to Madame Magloire, who growled in a low voice, that spoon and fork, even of wood, are not required to dip a piece of bread in a cup of milk.

"What an idea!" Madame Magloire said, as she went backwards and forwards, "to receive a man like that, and lodge him by one's side. And what a blessing it is that he only stole! Oh, Lord! the mere thought makes a body shudder."

As the brother and sister were leaving the table there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said the Bishop.

The door opened, and a strange and violent group appeared on the threshold. Three men were holding a fourth by the collar.

The three men were gendarmes, the fourth was Jean Valjean. A corporal, who apparently commanded the party, came in and walked up to the Bishop with a military salute.

"Monseigneur," he said.

At this word Jean Valjean, who was gloomy and crushed, raised his head with a stupefied air.

"'Monseigneur,'" he muttered; "then he is not the Curé!"

"Silence!" said the gendarme. "This gentlemen is Monseigneur, the Bishop."

In the meanwhile Monseigneur Welcome had advanced as rapidly as his great age permitted.

"Ah! there you are," he said, looking at Jean Valjean. "I am glad to see you. Why, I gave you the candlesticks too, which are also silver, and will fetch you two hundred francs. Why did you not take them away with the rest of the plate?"

Jean Valjean opened his eyes, and looked at the Bishop with an expression which no human language could render.

"Monseigneur," the corporal said, "what this man told us was true then? We met him, and as he looked as if he were running away, we arrested him. He had this plate —"

"And he told you," the Bishop interrupted, with a smile, "that it was given to him by an old priest at whose house he passed the night? I see it all. And you brought him back here? That is a mistake."

"In that case," the corporal continued, "we can let him go?"

"Of course," said the Bishop.

The gendarmes loosed their hold of Jean Valjean, who tottered back.

"Is it true that I am at liberty?" he said, in an inarticulate voice, and as if speaking in his sleep.

"Yes, you are let go! don't you understand?" said a gendarme.

"My friend," the Bishop continued, "before you go take your candlesticks."

He went to the mantelpiece, fetched the two candlesticks, and

handed them to Jean Valjean. The two females watched him do so without a word, without a sign, without a look that could disturb the Bishop. Jean Valjean was trembling in all his limbs; he took the candlesticks mechanically, and with wandering looks.

"Now," said the Bishop, "go in peace. By the bye, when you return, my friend, it is unnecessary to pass through the garden, for you can always enter, day and night, by the front door, which is only latched."

Then, turning to the gendarmes, he said,

"Gentlemen, you can retire."

They did so. Jean Valjean looked as if he were on the point of fainting; the Bishop walked up to him, and said in a low voice,

"Never forget that you have promised me to employ this money in becoming an honest man."

Jean Valjean, who had no recollection of having promised anything, stood silent. The Bishop, who had laid a stress on these words, continued solemnly,

"Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. I have bought your soul of you. I withdraw it from black thoughts and the spirit of perdition, and give it to God."

THE COMING OF THE PRINCE

EUGENE FIELD

I

"Whirr-r-r! whirr-r-r! whirr-r-r!" said the wind, and it tore through the streets of the city that Christmas eve, turning umbrellas inside out, driving the snow in fitful gusts before it, creaking the rusty signs and shutters, and playing every kind of rude prank it could think of.

"How cold your breath is to-night!" said Barbara, with a

shiver, as she drew her tattered little shawl the closer around her benumbed body.

"Whirr-r-r! whirr-r-r! whirr-r-r!" answered the wind; "but why are you out in this storm? You should be at home by the warm fire."

"I have no home," said Barbara; and then she sighed bitterly, and something like a tiny pearl came in the corner of one of her sad blue eyes.

But the wind did not hear her answer, for it had hurried up the street to throw a handful of snow in the face of an old man who was struggling along with a huge basket of good things on each arm.

"Why are you not at the cathedral?" asked a snowflake, as it alighted on Barbara's shoulder. "I heard grand music, and saw beautiful lights there as I floated down from the sky a moment ago."

"What are they doing at the cathedral?" inquired Barbara.

"Why, haven't you heard?" exclaimed the snowflake. "I supposed everybody knew that the prince was coming to-morrow."

"Surely enough; this is Christmas eve," said Barbara, "and the prince will come to-morrow."

Barbara remembered that her mother had told her about the prince, how beautiful and good and kind and gentle he was, and how he loved the little children; but her mother was dead now, and there was no one to tell Barbara of the prince and his coming, — none but the little snowflake.

"I should like to see the prince," said Barbara, "for I have heard he is very beautiful and good."

"That he is," said the snowflake. "I have never seen him, but I heard the pines and the firs singing about him as I floated over the forest to-night."

"Whirr-r-r! whirr-r-r!" cried the wind, returning boisterously to where Barbara stood. "I've been looking for you everywhere, little snowflake! So come with me."

And without any further ado, the wind seized upon the snowflake and hurried it along the street and led it a merry dance through the icy air of the winter night.

Barbara trudged on through the snow and looked in at the bright things in the shop windows. The glitter of the lights and the sparkle of the vast array of beautiful Christmas toys quite dazzled her. A strange mingling of admiration, regret, and envy filled the poor little creature's heart.

"Much as I may yearn to have them, it cannot be," she said to herself, "yet I may feast my eyes upon them."

"Go away from here!" said a harsh voice. "How can the rich people see all my fine things if you stand before the window? Be off with you, you miserable little beggar!"

It was the shopkeeper, and he gave Barbara a savage box on the ear that sent her reeling into the deeper snowdrifts of the gutter.

Presently she came to a large house where there seemed to be much mirth and festivity. The shutters were thrown open, and through the windows Barbara could see a beautiful Christmas tree in the centre of a spacious room,— a beautiful Christmas tree ablaze with red and green lights, and heavy with toys and stars and glass balls, and other beautiful things that children love. There was a merry throng around the tree, and the children were smiling and gleeful, and all in that house seemed content and happy. Barbara heard them singing, and their song was about the prince who was to come on the morrow.

"This must be the house where the prince will stop," thought Barbara. "How I would like to see his face and hear his voice! — yet what would he care for me, a 'miserable little beggar'?"

So Barbara crept on through the storm, shivering and disconsolate, yet thinking of the prince.

"Where are you going?" she asked of the wind as it overtook her.

"To the cathedral," laughed the wind. "The great people are

flocking there, and I will have a merry time amongst them, ha, ha, ha!"

And with laughter the wind whirled away and chased the snow toward the cathedral.

"It is there, then, that the prince will come," thought Barbara. "It is a beautiful place, and the people will pay him homage there. Perhaps I shall see him if I go there."

So she went to the cathedral. Many folk were there in their richest apparel, and the organ rolled out its grand music, and the people sang wondrous songs, and the priests made eloquent prayers; and the music, and the songs, and the prayers were all about the prince and his expected coming. The throng that swept in and out of the great edifice talked always of the prince, the prince, the prince, until Barbara really loved him very much, for all the gentle words she heard the people say of him.

"Please, can I go and sit inside?" inquired Barbara of the sexton.

"No!" said the sexton, gruffly, for this was an important occasion with the sexton, and he had no idea of wasting words on a beggar child.

"But I will be very good and quiet," pleaded Barbara. "Please, may I not see the prince?"

"I have said no, and I mean it," retorted the sexton. "What have you for the prince, or what cares the prince for you? Out with you, and don't be blocking up the doorway!" So the sexton gave Barbara an angry push, and the child fell half-way down the icy steps of the cathedral. She began to cry. Some great people were entering the cathedral at the time, and they laughed to see her falling.

"Have you seen the prince?" inquired a snowflake, alighting on Barbara's cheek. It was the same little snowflake that had clung to her shawl an hour ago, when the wind came galloping along on his boisterous search.

"Ah, no!" sighed Barbara, in tears; "but what cares the prince for me?"

"Do not speak so bitterly," said the little snowflake. "Go to the forest and you shall see him, for the prince always comes through the forest to the city."

Despite the cold, and her bruises, and her tears, Barbara smiled. In the forest she could behold the prince coming on his way; and he would not see her, for she would hide among the trees and vines.

"Whirr-r-r, whirr-r-r!" It was the mischievous, romping wind once more; and it fluttered Barbara's tattered shawl, and set her hair to streaming in every direction, and swept the snowflake from her cheek and sent it spinning through the air.

Barbara trudged toward the forest. When she came to the city gate the watchman stopped her, and held his big lantern in her face, and asked her who she was and where she was going.

"I am Barbara, and I am going into the forest," said she, boldly.

"Into the forest?" cried the watchman, "and in this storm? No, child; you will perish!"

"But I am going to see the prince," said Barbara. "They will not let me watch for him in the church, nor in any of their pleasant homes, so I am going into the forest."

The watchman smiled sadly. He was a kindly man; he thought of his own little girl at home.

"No, you must not go to the forest," said he, "for you would perish with the cold."

But Barbara would not stay. She avoided the watchman's grasp and ran as fast as ever she could through the city gate.

"Come back, come back!" cried the watchman; "you will perish in the forest!"

But Barbara would not heed his cry. The falling snow did not stay her, nor did the cutting blast. She thought only of the prince, and she ran straightway to the forest.

II

"What do you see up there, O pine-tree?" asked a little vine in the forest.

"You lift your head among the clouds to-night, and you tremble strangely as if you saw wondrous sights."

"I see only the distant hill-tops and the dark clouds," answered the pine-tree. "And the wind sings of the snow-king to-night; to all my questionings he says, 'Snow, snow, snow,' till I am weary with his refrain."

"But the prince will surely come to-morrow?" inquired the tiny snowdrop that nestled close to the vine.

"Oh, yes," said the vine. "I heard the country folks talking about it as they went through the forest to-day, and they said that the prince would surely come on the morrow."

"What are you little folks down there talking about?" asked the pine-tree.

"We are talking about the prince," said the vine.

"Yes, he is to come on the morrow," said the pine-tree, "but not until the day dawns, and it is still all dark in the east."

"Yes," said the fir-tree, "the east is black, and only the wind and the snow issue from it."

"Keep your head out of my way!" cried the pine-tree to the fir; "with your constant bobbing around I can hardly see at all."

"Take that for your bad manners," retorted the fir, slapping the pine-tree savagely with one of her longest branches.

The pine-tree would put up with no such treatment, so he hurled his largest cone at the fir; and for a moment or two it looked as if there were going to be a serious commotion in the forest.

"Hush!" cried the vine in a startled tone; "there is some one coming through the forest."

The pine-tree and the fir stopped quarrelling, and the snowdrop

nestled closer to the vine, while the vine hugged the pine-tree very tightly. All were greatly alarmed.

"Nonsense!" said the pine-tree, in a tone of assumed bravery. "No one would venture into the forest at such an hour."

"Indeed! and why not?" cried a child's voice. "Will you not let me watch with you for the coming of the prince?"

"Will you not chop me down?" inquired the pine-tree, gruffly.

"Will you not tear me from my tree?" asked the vine.

"Will you not pluck my blossoms?" plaintively piped the snowdrop.

"No, of course not," said Barbara; "I have come only to watch with you for the prince."

Then Barbara told them who she was, and how cruelly she had been treated in the city, and how she longed to see the prince, who was to come on the morrow. And as she talked, the forest and all therein felt a great compassion for her.

"Lie at my feet," said the pine-tree, "and I will protect you."

"Nestle close to me, and I will chafe your temples and body and limbs till they are warm," said the vine.

"Let me rest upon your cheek, and I will sing you my little songs," said the snowdrop.

And Barbara felt very grateful for all these homely kindnesses. She rested in the velvety snow at the foot of the pine-tree, and the vine chafed her body and limbs, and the little flower sang sweet songs to her.

"Whirr-r-r, whirr-r-r!" There was that noisy wind again, but this time it was gentler than it had been in the city.

"Here you are, my little Barbara," said the wind, in kindly tones. "I have brought you the little snowflake. I am glad you came away from the city, for the people are proud and haughty there; oh, but I will have my fun with them!"

Then, having dropped the little snowflake on Barbara's cheek, the wind whisked off to the city again. And we can imagine that

it played rare pranks with the proud, haughty folk on its return; for the wind, as you know, is no respecter of persons.

"Dear Barbara," said the snowflake, "I will watch with thee for the coming of the prince."

And Barbara was glad, for she loved the little snowflake, that was so pure and innocent and gentle.

"Tell us, O pine-tree," cried the vine, "what do you see in the east? Has the prince yet entered the forest?"

"The east is full of black clouds," said the pine-tree, "and the winds that hurry to the hill-tops sing of the snow."

"But the city is full of brightness," said the fir. "I can see the lights in the cathedral, and I can hear wondrous music about the prince and his coming."

"Yes, they are singing of the prince in the cathedral," said Barbara, sadly.

"But we shall see him first," whispered the vine, reassuringly.

"Yes, the prince will come through the forest," said the little snowdrop, gleefully.

"Fear not, dear Barbara, we shall behold the prince in all his glory," cried the snowflake.

Then all at once there was a strange hubbub in the forest; for it was midnight, and the spirits came from their hiding-places to prowl about and to disport themselves. Barbara beheld them all in great wonder and trepidation, for she had never before seen the spirits of the forest, although she had often heard of them. It was a marvelous sight.

"Fear nothing," whispered the vine to Barbara,—"fear nothing, for they dare not touch you."

The antics of the wood-spirits continued but an hour; for then a cock crowed, and immediately thereat, with a wondrous scurrying, the elves and the gnomes and the other grotesque spirits sought their abiding-places in the caves and in the hollow trunks

and under the loose bark of the trees. And then it was very quiet once more in the forest.

"It is very cold," said Barbara. "My hands and feet are like ice."

Then the pine-tree and the fir shook down the snow from their broad boughs, and the snow fell upon Barbara and covered her like a white mantle.

"You will be warm now," said the vine, kissing Barbara's forehead. And Barbara smiled.

Then the snowdrop sang a lullaby about the moss that loved the violet. And Barbara said, "I am going to sleep; will you wake me when the prince comes through the forest?"

And they said they would. So Barbara fell asleep.

III

"The bells in the city are ringing merrily," said the fir, "and the music in the cathedral is louder and more beautiful than before. Can it be that the prince has already come into the city?"

"No," cried the pine-tree, "look to the east and see the Christmas day a-dawning! The prince is coming, and his pathway is through the forest!"

The storm had ceased. Snow lay upon all the earth. The hills, the forest, the city, and the meadows were white with the robe the storm-king had thrown over them. Content with his wondrous work, the storm-king himself had flown to his far Northern home before the dawn of the Christmas day. Everything was bright and sparkling and beautiful. And most beautiful was the great hymn of praise the forest sang that Christmas morning,— the pine-trees and the firs and the vines and the snow-flowers that sang of the prince and of his promised coming.

"Wake up, little one," cried the vine, "for the prince is coming!"

But Barbara slept; she did not hear the vine's soft calling, nor the lofty music of the forest.

A little snow-bird flew down from the fir-tree's bough and perched upon the vine, and carolled in Barbara's ear of the Christmas morning and of the coming of the prince. But Barbara slept; she did not hear the carol of the bird.

"Alas!" sighed the vine, "Barbara will not awaken, and the prince is coming."

Then the vine and the snowdrop wept, and the pine-tree and the fir were very sad.

The prince came through the forest clad in royal raiment and wearing a golden crown. Angels came with him, and the forest sang a great hymn unto the prince, such a hymn as had never before been heard on earth. The prince came to the sleeping child and smiled upon her and called her by her name.

"Barbara, my little one," said the prince, "awaken, and come with me."

Then Barbara opened her eyes and beheld the prince. And it seemed as if a new life had come to her, for there was warmth in her body, and a flush upon her cheeks and a light in her eyes that were divine. And she was clothed no longer in rags, but in white flowing raiment; and upon the soft brown hair there was a crown like those which angels wear. And as Barbara arose and went to the prince, the little snowflake fell from her cheek upon her bosom, and forthwith became a pearl more precious than all other jewels upon earth.

And the prince took Barbara in his arms and blessed her, and turning round about, returned with the child unto his home, while the forest and the sky and the angels sang a wondrous song.

The city waited for the prince, but he did not come. None knew of the glory of the forest that Christmas morning, nor of the new life that came to little Barbara.

Come thou, dear Prince, oh, come to us this holy Christmas

time! Come to the busy marts of earth, the quiet homes, the noisy streets, the humble lanes; come to us all, and with thy love touch every human heart, that we may know that love, and in its blessed peace bear charity to all mankind.

SNOW-BOUND

(Selections)

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill, no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east: we heard the roar
Of ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,

As zig-zag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow:
And ere the early bed time came
The white drift piled the window frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn crib stood,
Or garden wall or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

All day the gusty north wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No church bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense
By dreary voiced elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly fingertips of sleet.
Beyond the circle of our hearth

No welcome sound or toil or mirth
Unbound the spell and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone.
As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveller sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled with care our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back,—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty fore-stick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-fashioned room
Burst flower-like into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendent trammels showed,
And Turk's heads on the andirons glowed;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme, "Under the tree,

When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed,
The house dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andiron's straggling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And close at hand the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

THE MEETING OF JOHN RIDD AND LORNA DOONE

R. D. BLACKMORE

I

Two miles below our farm the Bagworthy water runs into the Lynn, and makes a real river of it. Thence it hurries away, with strength and a force of wilful waters, under the foot of a bare-faced hill, and so to rocks and woods again, where the stream is covered over, and dark, heavy pools delay it. There are plenty

of fish all down this way, and the farther you go the larger they get, having deeper grounds to feed in; and sometimes, in the summer months, when mother could spare me off the farm, I came down here, with Annie to help (because it was so lonely), and caught well-nigh a basketful of little trout and minnows, with a hook and a bit of worm on it.

But when I was turned fourteen years old, and put into good small-clothes, buckled at the knee, and strong blue worsted hosen, knitted by my mother, it happened to me without choice, I may say, to explore the Bagworthy water. And it came about in this wise:

My mother had long been ailing, and not well able to eat much; and there is nothing that frightens us so much as for people to have no love for their victuals. Now I chanced to remember that once at the time of the holidays I had brought dear mother from Tiverton a jar of pickled loaches, caught by myself in the Lowman River, and baked in the kitchen oven, with vinegar, a few leaves of bay, and about a dozen pepper-corns. And mother had said that in all her life she had never tasted anything fit to be compared with them. Whether she said so good a thing out of compliment to my skill in catching the fish and cooking them, or whether she really meant it, is more than I can tell, though I quite believe the latter, and so would most people who tasted them; at any rate, I now resolved to get some loaches for her, and do them in the self-same manner, just to make her eat a bit.

Being resolved to catch some loaches, whatever trouble it cost me, I set forth, without a word, early one spring morning, while the snow still lay here and there in patches in the hollow of the banks.

Let me be of any age, I never could forget that day, and how bitter cold the water was. For I doffed my shoes and hose, and put them into a bag about my neck; and left my little coat at home, and tied my shirt-sleeves back to my shoulders. Then I took a three-pronged fork, firmly bound to a rod with cord, and a piece

of canvas kerchief, with a lump of bread inside it; and so went into the pebbly water, trying to think how warm it was. For more than a mile all down the Lynn stream scarcely a stone I left unturned, being thoroughly skilled in the tricks of the loach, and knowing how he hides himself. For, being gray-spotted, and clear to see through, and something like a cuttle-fish, only more substantial, he will stay quite still where a streak of weed is in the rapid water, hoping to be overlooked, nor caring even to wag his tail. Then, being disturbed, he flips away, like whalebone from the finger, and hies to a shelf or stone, and lies with his sharp head poked in under it; or sometimes he lies in the mud, and only shows his back-ridge. And that is the time to spear him nicely, holding the fork very gingerly, and allowing for the bent of it, which comes to pass, I know not how, at the tickle of air and water.

When I had traveled two miles or so, conquered now and then with cold, and coming out to rub my legs into a lively friction, and only fishing here and there because of the tumbling water; suddenly, in an open space, where meadows spread about it, I found a good stream flowing softly into the body of our brook. And it brought, so far as I could guess by the sweep of it under my knee-caps, a larger power of clear water than the Lynn itself had; only it came more quietly down, not being troubled with stairs and steps, as the fortune of the Lynn is, but gliding smoothly and forcibly, as if upon some set purpose.

It seemed a sad business to go back now and tell Annie there were no loaches; and yet it was a frightful thing, knowing what I did of it, to venture where no grown man durst, up the Bagworthy water. And please to recollect that I was only a boy in those days, and fond enough of anything new, but not like a man to meet it. I thought of what my father had been, and how he had told me a hundred times, never to be a coward. So I put the bag round my neck again, and buckled my breeches far up from the knee, expecting deeper water, and crossing the Lynn, went

stoutly up under the branches which hung so dark on the Bagworthy river.

Here, although affrighted often by the deep, dark places, and feeling that every step I took might never be taken backward, on the whole I had had very comely sport of loaches, trout and minnows, forking some, and tickling some, and driving others to shallow nooks, whence I could bail them ashore. Now, if you have ever been fishing, you will not wonder that I was led on, forgetting all about danger, and taking no heed of the time, but shouting in a childish way whenever I caught a "whacker" (as we call a big fish at Tiverton); and in sooth there were very fine loaches here, having more lie and harborage than in the rough Lynn stream, though not quite so large as in the Lowman, where I have even taken them to the weight of half a pound.

Now the day was falling fast behind the brown of the hill-tops; and the trees, being void of leaf and hard, seemed giants ready to beat me. And so, in a sorry plight, I came to an opening in the bushes, where a great black pool lay in front of me, whitened with snow (as I thought) at the sides, till I saw it was only foam-froth.

And the look of this black pit was enough to stop one from diving into it, even on a hot summer's day with sunshine on the water. I shuddered and drew back; not alone at the pool itself and the black air there was about it, but also at the whirling manner, and wisping of white threads upon it in stripy circles round and round; and the center still as jet. For, lo! I stood at the foot of a long pale slide of water, coming smoothly to me, without any break or hinderance, for a hundred yards or more, and fenced on either side with cliff, sheer, and straight and shining. The water neither ran nor fell, nor leaped with any spouting, but made one even slope of it, as if it had been combed or planed, and looking like a plank of deal laid down a deep black stair-case. However, there was no side-rail, nor any place to walk upon, only

the channel a fathom wide, and the perpendicular walls of crag shutting out the evening.

The look of this place had a sad effect, scaring me very greatly, and making me feel that I would give something only to be at home again, with Annie cooking my supper, and our dog, "Watch," sniffing upward.

Then said I to myself, "John Ridd, these trees and pools and lonesome rocks and setting of the sunlight are making a grewsome coward of thee. Shall I go back to my mother so, and be called her fearless boy?"

Therefore, seeing hard strife before me, I girt up my breeches anew, with each buckle one hole tighter, for the sodden straps were stretching and giving, and mayhap my legs were grown smaller from the coldness of it. Then I bestowed my fish around my neck more tightly, and not stopping to look much, for fear of fear, crawled along over the fork of rocks, where the water had scooped the stone out, and shunning thus the ledge from whence it rose like the mane of a white horse into the broad black pool, softly I let my feet into the dip and rush of the torrent. The green wave came down like great bottles upon me, and my legs were gone off in a moment, and I had not time to cry out with wonder, only to think of my mother and Annie.

All in a moment, before I knew aught, except that I must die out of the way, with a roar of water upon me, my fork, praise God, stuck fast in the rock, and I was borne up upon it. But to my great dismay and affright, I saw that no choice was left me now, except that I must climb, somehow, up that hill of water, or else be washed down into the pool, and whirl around it till it drowned me. I grasped the good loach-stick under a knot, and steadied me with my left hand, and so, with a sigh of despair, began my course up the fearful torrent-way.

I went carefully, step by step, keeping my arms in front of me, and never daring to straighten my knees. The greatest danger

of all was just where I saw no jeopardy, but ran up a patch of black ooze-weed in a very boastful manner, being now not far from the summit.

Here I fell very piteously, and was like to have broken my knee-cap, and the torrent got hold of my other leg while I was indulging the bruised one.

Now, being in the most dreadful fright, because I was so near the top, and hope was beating within me, I labored hard with both legs and arms, going like a mill, and grunting. At last the rush of forked water, where first it came over the lips of the fall, drove me into the middle, and I stuck a while with my toe-balls on the slippery links of the pop-weed, and the world was green and gliddery, and I durst not look behind me. Then I made up my mind to die at last; for so my legs would ache no more, and my breath not pain my heart so: only it did seem such a pity, after fighting so long, to give in, and the light was coming upon me, and again I fought toward it; then suddenly I felt fresh air, and fell into it headlong.

II

When I came to myself again my hands were full of young grass and mould, and a little girl kneeling at my side was rubbing my forehead tenderly with a dock-leaf and a handkerchief.

"Oh, I am so glad," she whispered softly, as I opened my eyes and looked at her; "now you will try to be better, won't you?"

I had never heard so sweet a sound as came from between her bright red lips, while there she knelt and gazed at me; neither had I ever seen anything so beautiful as the large dark eyes intent upon me, full of pity and wonder. I wandered with my hazy eyes down the black shower of her hair, as to my jaded gaze it seemed; and where it fell on the turf, among it (like an early star) was the first primrose of the season. And since that day, I think of

her, through all the rough storms of my life, when I see an early primrose.

"What is your name?" she said, as if she had every right to ask me; "and how did you come here, and what are those wet things in this great bag?"

"You had better let them alone," I said; "they are loaches for my mother. But I will give you some, if you like."

"Dear me, how much you think of them? Why, they are only fish. But how your feet are bleeding! oh, I must tie them up for you. And no shoes or stockings! Is your mother very poor, poor boy?"

"No," I said, being vexed at this; "we are rich enough to buy all this great meadow, if we chose; and here my shoes and stockings be."

"Why, they are quite as wet as your feet; and I cannot bear to see your feet. Oh, please to let me manage them; I will do it very softly."

"Oh, I don't think much of that," I replied; "I shall put some goose-grease to them. But how you are looking at me! I never saw any one like you before. My name is John Ridd. What is your name?"

"Lorna Doone," she answered, in a low voice, as if afraid of it, and hanging her head so that I could see only her forehead and eye-lashes; "if you please, my name is Lorna Doone; and I thought you must have known it."

Young and harmless as she was, her name alone made guilt of her. Nevertheless I could not help looking at her tenderly, and the more when her blushes turned into tears, and her tears to long, low sobs.

"Don't cry," I said, "whatever you do. I am sure you have never done any harm. I will give you all my fish, Lorna, and catch some more for mother; only don't be angry with me."

She flung her little soft arms up in the passion of her tears, and looked at me so piteously, that what did I do but kiss her. It

seemed to be a very odd thing, when I came to think of it, because I hated kissing so, as all honest boys must do.

She gave me no encouragement, as my mother in her place would have done; nay, she even wiped her lips (which methought was rather rude of her), and drew away, and smoothed her dress, as if I had used a freedom.

Now, seeing how I heeded her, and feeling that I had kissed her, although she was such a little girl, eight years old or thereabouts, she turned to the stream in a bashful manner, and began to watch the water, and rubbed one leg against the other.

I for my part, being vexed at her behavior to me, took up all my things to go, and made a fuss about it — to let her know I was going. But she did not call me back at all, as I had made sure she would do; moreover, I knew that to try the descent was almost certain death to me, and it looked as dark as pitch; and so at the mouth I turned round again, and came back to her, and said, "Lorna."

"Oh, I thought you were gone," she answered; "why did you ever come here? Do you know what they would do to us, if they found you here with me?"

"Beat us, I dare say, very hard, or me at least. They could never beat you."

"No. They would kill us both outright, and bury us here by the water; and the water often tells me that I must come to that."

"But what should they kill me for?"

"Because you have found the way up here, and they never could believe it. Now, please to go; oh please to go. They will kill us both in a moment. Yes, I like you very much"— for I was teasing her to say it —"very much indeed, and I will call you John Ridd, if you like; only please to go, John. And when your feet are well, you know, you can come and tell me how they are."

"But I tell you, Lorna; I like you very much indeed, nearly as

much as Annie, and a great deal more than Lizzie. And I never saw any one like you; and I must come back again to-morrow, and so must you, to see me; and I will bring you such lots of things — there are apples still, and a thrush I caught with only one leg broken, and our dog has puppies —"

"Oh, dear! they won't let me have a dog. There is not a dog in the valley. They say they are such noisy things —"

"Only put your hand in mine — what little things they are, Lorna! — and I will bring you the loveliest dog; I will show you just how long he is."

"Hush!" A shout came down the valley; and all my heart was trembling, like water after sunset, and Lorna's face was altered from pleasant play to terror. She shrunk to me, and looked up at me, with such a power of weakness, that I at once made up my mind to save her or die with her. A tingle went through all my bones, and I only longed for my carbine. The little girl took courage from me and put her cheek quite close to mine.

"Come with me down the water-fall. I can carry you easily; and mother will take care of you."

"No, no," she cried, as I took her up; "I will tell you what to do. They are only looking for me. You see that hole, that hole there?"

She pointed to a little niche in the rock which verged the meadow, about fifty yards away from us. In the fading of the twilight I could just descry it.

"Yes, I see it; but they will see me crossing the grass to get there."

"Look! look!" She could hardly speak. "There is a way out from the top of it; they would kill me if I told it. Oh, here they come; I can see them."

The little maid turned as white as the snow which hung on the rocks above her, and she cried, "oh dear! oh dear!" and then she began to sob aloud.

"Stop," said I; "now I see what to do. I must get into the water, and you must go to sleep."

She saw in a moment the way to do it, sooner than I could tell her, and there was no time to lose.

Daring scarce to peep, I crept into the water, and lay down bodily in it.

Presently one of the great rough men came round a corner upon her; and there he stopped and gazed a while at her fairness and her innocence. Then he caught her up in his arms, and kissed her so that I heard him; and if I had only brought my gun, I would have tried to shoot him.

"Here our queen is! Here's the queen, here's the captain's daughter!" he shouted to his comrades; "fast asleep, and hearty!"

He set her dainty little form upon his great square shoulder, and her narrow feet in one broad hand; and so in triumph marched away, with the purple velvet of her skirt ruffling in his long black beard, and the silken length of her hair fetched out, like a cloud by the wind, behind her. This way of her going vexed me so that I leaped upright in the water, and must have been spied by some of them, but for their haste. Of their little queen they took small notice, being in such urgency; although they had thought to find her drowned; but trooped away after one another.

Going up that darkened glen, little Lorna, riding still the largest and most fierce of them, turned and put up a hand to me, and I put up a hand to her, in the thick of the mist and the willows.

She was gone, my little dear (though tall for her age and healthy); and when I got over my thriftless fright, I longed to have more to say to her. Her voice to me was so different from all I had ever heard before, as might be a sweet silver bell intoned to the small chords of a harp. But I had no time to think about this, if I hoped to have any supper.

I crept into a bush for warmth, and rubbed my shivering legs

on bark, and longed for mother's fagot. Then, as daylight sank below the forget-me-not of stars, with a sorrow to be quit, I knew that now must be my time to get away, if there were any.

Therefore, wringing my sodden breeches, I managed to crawl from the bank to the niche in the cliff which Lorna had shown me.

Through the dusk I had trouble to see the mouth, at even five landyards of distance; nevertheless I entered well, and held on by some dead fern-stems, and did hope that no one would shoot me.

But while I was hugging myself like this, with a boyish manner of reasoning, my joy was like to have ended in sad grief both to myself and my mother, and haply to all honest folk who shall love to read this history. For hearing a noise in front of me, and like a coward not knowing where, but afraid to turn round or think of it, I felt myself going down some deep passage into a pit of darkness. It was no good to catch the sides, the whole thing seemed to go with me. Then, without knowing how, I was leaning over a night of water.

With that chill and dread upon me, and the sheer rock all around, and the faint light heaving wavily on the silence of this gulf, I must have lost my wits and gone to the bottom, if there were any.

But suddenly a robin sang (as they will do after dark, towards spring) in the brown fern and ivy behind me. I took it for our little Annie's voice (for she could call any robin), and gathering quick, warm comfort, sprang up the steep way towards the starlight. Climbing back, as the stones glid down, I heard the cold greedy wave go lapping, like a blind black dog, into the distance of arches and hollow depths of darkness. I scrambled back to the mouth of that pit as if the Evil One had been upon me. Then I began to search with the utmost care and diligence, although my teeth were chattering, and all my bones beginning to ache with the chilliness and the wetness. Before very long the moon appeared over the edge of the mountain, and among the

trees at the top of it; and then I espied rough steps, and rocky, made as if with a sledge-hammer, narrow, steep, and far asunder, scooped here and there in the side of the entrance, and then round a bulge of the cliff, like the marks upon a great brown loaf, where a hungry child has picked at it. And higher up, where the light of the moon shone broader upon the precipice, there seemed to be a rude broken track, like the shadow of a crooked stick thrown upon a house-wall.

Straightway I set foot in the lowest stirrup (as I might almost call it), and clung to the rock with my nails, and worked to make a jump into the second stirrup. And I compassed that too, with the aid of my stick. But the third step-hole was the hardest of all, and the rock swelled out on me over my breast, and there seemed to be no attempting it, until I espied a good stout rope hanging in a groove of shadow, and just managed to reach the end of it. I climbed up, and across the clearing, and found my way home through the Bagworthy forest.

When I got home all the supper was in, and the men sitting at the white table, and mother and Annie and Lizzie near by, all eager, and offering to begin (except, indeed, my mother, who was looking out of the doorway), and by the fire was Betty Muxworthy, scolding, and cooking, and tasting her work, all in a breath, as a man would say. I looked through the door from the dark by the wood-stack, and was half of a mind to stay out like a dog, for fear of the rating and reckoning; but the way my dear mother was looking about, and the browning of the sausages, got the better of me.

THE GOVERNOR AND THE NOTARY

WASHINGTON IRVING

In former times there ruled, as governor of the Alhambra, a doughty old cavalier, who, from having lost one arm in the wars, was commonly known by the name of El Gobernador Manco, or the one-armed governor. He in fact prided himself upon being an old soldier, wore his mustachios curled up to his eyes, a pair of campaigning boots, and a toledo as long as a spit, with his pocket handkerchief in the basket hilt.

He was, moreover, exceedingly proud and punctilious, and tenacious of all his privileges and dignities. Under his sway, the immunities of the Alhambra, as a royal residence and domain, were rigidly exacted. No one was permitted to enter the fortress with firearms, or even with a sword or staff, unless he were of a certain rank, and every horseman was obliged to dismount at the gate and lead his horse by the bridle. Now, as the hill of the Alhambra rises from the very midst of the city of Granada, being, as it were, an excrescence of the capital, it must at all times be somewhat irksome to the captain-general, who commands the province, to have thus a government within a government, a petty, independent post in the very core of his domains. It was rendered the more galling in the present instance, from the irritable jealousy of the old governor, that took fire on the least question of authority and jurisdiction, and from the loose, vagrant character of the people that had gradually nested themselves within the fortress as in a sanctuary, and from thence carried on a system of roguery and depredation at the expense of the honest inhabitants of the city. Thus there was a perpetual feud and heart-burning between the captain-general and the governor; the more virulent on the part of the latter, inasmuch as the smallest of two neighboring potentates is always the most cap-

tious about his dignity. The stately palace of the captain-general stood in the Plaza Nueva, immediately at the foot of the hill of the Alhambra, and here was always a bustle and parade of guards, and domestics, and city functionaries. A beetling bastion of the fortress overlooked the palace and the public square in front of it; and on this bastion the old governor would occasionally strut back and forward, with his toledo girded by his side, keeping a wary eye upon his rival, like a hawk reconnoitering his quarry from his nest in a dry tree.

Whenever he descended into the city it was in a grand parade, on horseback, surrounded by his guards, or in his state coach, an ancient and unwieldy Spanish edifice of carved timber and gilt leather, drawn by eight mules, with running footmen, outriders, and lackeys, on which occasions he flattered himself he impressed every beholder with awe and admiration as vice-regent of the king, though the wits of Granada, particularly those who loitered about the palace of the captain-general, were apt to sneer at his petty parade, and, in allusion to the vagrant character of his subjects, to greet him with the appellation of "the king of beggars."

One of the most fruitful sources of dispute between the two doughty rivals was the right claimed by the governor to have all things passed free of duty through the city, that were intended for the use of himself or his garrison. By degrees, this privilege had given rise to extensive smuggling. A nest of smugglers took up their abode in the hovels of the fortress and the numerous caves in its vicinity, and drove a thriving business under the connivance of the soldiers of the garrison.

The vigilance of the captain-general was aroused. He consulted a legal adviser and factotum, a shrewd, meddlesome Escribano or notary, who rejoiced in an opportunity of perplexing the old potentate of the Alhambra, and involving him in a maze of legal subtilities. He advised the captain-general to insist upon the right of examining every convoy passing through the gates of the city, and he penned a long letter for him, in vindication

of the right. Governor Manco was a straightforward, cut-and-thrust old soldier, who hated an Escribano worse than the devil, and this one in particular, worse than all other Escribanos.

"What!" said he, curling up his mustachios fiercely, "does the captain-general set this man of the pen to practice confusions upon me? I 'll let him see that an old soldier is not to be baffled by schoolcraft." He seized his pen, and scrawled a short letter in a crabbed hand, in which, without deigning to enter into argument, he insisted on the right of transit free of search, and denounced vengeance on any custom-house officer who should lay his unhallowed hand on any convoy protected by the flag of the Alhambra.

While this question was agitated between the two potentates, it so happened that a mule laden with supplies for the fortress arrived one day at the gate of Xenli, by which it was to traverse a suburb of the city on the way to the Alhambra. The convoy was headed by a testy old corporal, who had long served under the governor, and was a man after his own heart — as trusty and stanch as an old toledo blade. As they approached the gate of the city, the corporal placed the banner of the Alhambra on the pack saddle of the mule, and drawing himself up to a perfect perpendicular, advanced with his head dressed to the front, but with the wary side glance of a cur passing through hostile grounds, and ready for a snap and a snarl.

"Who goes there?" said the sentinel at the gate.

"Soldier of the Alhambra," said the corporal, without turning his head.

"What have you in charge?"

"Provisions for the garrison."

"Proceed."

The corporal marched straight forward, followed by the convoy, but had not advanced many paces before a posse of custom-house officers rushed out of a small toll-house.

"Halloo there!" cried the leader. "Muleteer, halt and open those packages."

The corporal wheeled round, and drew himself up in battle array. "Respect the flag of the Alhambra," said he; "these things are for the governor."

"A fig for the governor, and a fig for his flag. Muleteer, halt, I say."

"Stop the convoy at your peril!" cried the corporal, cocking his musket. "Muleteer, proceed."

The muleteer gave his beast a hearty thwack, the custom-house officer sprang forward and seized the halter; hereupon the corporal leveled his piece and shot him dead.

The street was immediately in an uproar. The corporal was seized, and after undergoing sundry kicks and cuffs, and cudgelings, which are generally given impromptu by a mob in Spain, as a foretaste of the after penalties of the law, he was loaded with irons, and conducted to the city prison; while his comrades were permitted to proceed with the convoy, after it had been well rummaged, to the Alhambra.

The old governor was in a towering passion, when he heard of this insult to his flag and the capture of his corporal. For a time he stormed about the Moorish halls, and vapored about the bastions, and looked down fire and sword upon the palace of the captain-general. Having vented the first ebullition of his wrath, he dispatched a message demanding the surrender of the corporal, as to him alone belonged the right of sitting in judgment on the offenses of those under his command. The captain-general, aided by the pen of the delighted Escribano, replied at great length, arguing that as the offense had been committed within the walls of the city, and against one of its civil officers, it was clearly within his proper jurisdiction. The governor rejoined by a repetition of his demand; the captain-general gave a sur-rejoinder of still greater length, and legal acumen; the governor became hotter and more peremptory in his demands, and the

captain-general cooler and more copious in his replies; until the old lion-hearted soldier absolutely roared with fury at being thus entangled in the meshes of legal controversy.

While the subtile Escribano was thus amusing himself at the expense of the governor, he was conducting the trial of the corporal; who, mewed up in a narrow dungeon of the prison, had merely a small grated window at which to show his iron-bound visage, and receive the consolations of his friends; a mountain of written testimony was diligently heaped up, according to Spanish form, by the indefatigable Escribano; the corporal was completely overcome by it. He was convicted of murder, and sentenced to be hanged.

It was in vain the governor sent down remonstrance and menace from the Alhambra. The fatal day was at hand, and the corporal was put in capilla, that is to say, in the chapel of the prison; as is always done with culprits the day before execution, that they may meditate on their approaching end and repent them of their sins.

Seeing things drawing to an extremity, the old governor determined to attend to the affair in person. For this purpose he ordered out his carriage of state, and surrounded by his guards, rumbled down the avenue of the Alhambra into the city. Driving to the house of the Escribano, he summoned him to the portal.

The eye of the old governor gleamed like a coal at beholding the smirking man of the law advancing with an air of exultation.

"What is this I hear," cried he, "that you are about to put to death one of my soldiers?"

"All according to law — all in strict form of justice," said the self-sufficient Escribano, chuckling and rubbing his hands. "I can show your excellency the written testimony in the case."

"Fetch it hither," said the governor.

The Escribano bustled into his office, delighted with having another opportunity of displaying his ingenuity at the expense of

the hard-headed veteran. He returned with a satchel full of papers, and began to read a long deposition with professional volubility. By this time a crowd had collected, listening with outstretched necks and gaping mouths.

"Prithee man, get into the carriage out of this pestilent throng, that I may the better hear thee," said the governor.

The Escribano entered the carriage, when in a twinkling the door was closed, the coachman smacked his whip, mules, carriage, guards, and all dashed off at a thundering rate, leaving the crowd in gaping wonderment, nor did the governor pause until he had lodged his prey in one of the strongest dungeons of the Alhambra.

He then sent down a flag of truce in military style, proposing an exchange of prisoners, the corporal for the notary. The pride of the captain-general was piqued, he returned a contemptuous refusal, and forthwith caused a gallows, tall and strong, to be erected in the center of the Plaza Nueva, for the execution of the corporal.

"Oho! is that the game?" said Governor Manco; he gave orders and immediately a gibbet was reared on the verge of the great beetling bastion that overlooked the Plaza. "Now," said he, in a message to the captain-general, "hang my soldier when you please; but at the same time that he is swung off in the square, look up to see your Escribano dangling against the sky."

The captain-general was inflexible; troops were paraded in the square; the drums beat; the bell tolled; an immense multitude of amateurs had collected to behold the execution; on the other hand, the governor paraded his garrison on the bastion, and tolled the funeral dirge of the notary from the Torre de la Campana, or tower of the bell.

The notary's wife pressed through the crowd with a whole progeny of little embryo Escribanos at her heels, and throwing herself at the feet of the captain-general implored him not to sacrifice the life of her husband and the welfare of herself and

her numerous little ones to a point of pride; "for you know the old governor too well," said she, "to doubt that he will put his threat into execution if you hang the soldier."

The captain-general was overpowered by her tears and lamentations, and the clamors of her callow brood. The corporal was sent up to the Alhambra under guard, in his gallows garb, like a hooded friar; but with head erect and a face of iron. The Escribano was demanded in exchange, according to the cartel. The once bustling and self-sufficient man of the law was drawn forth from his dungeon, more dead than alive. All his flippancy and conceit had evaporated; his hair, it is said, had turned gray with fright, and he had a downcast, dogged look, as if he still felt the halter round his neck.

The old governor stuck his one arm akimbo, and for a moment surveyed him with an iron smile. "Henceforth, my friend," said he, "moderate your zeal in hurrying others to the gallows; be not too certain of your own safety, even though you should have the law on your side; and, above all, take care how you play off your schoolcraft another time upon an old soldier."

NOTES

Washington Irving was a great American writer, author of the "Sketch Book," "Tales of a Traveler," etc. He has done much to acquaint us with the habits and customs of the early Dutch settlers of New York, of whom he has written many interesting stories.

This is one of the famous "Legends of the Alhambra," written by Irving during his travels in Spain.

THE STORY OF THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

JULIA WARD HOWE

In December, 1861, the first year of our Civil War, I made a journey to Washington in company with Dr. Howe, Governor and Mrs. John A. Andrews, and other friends. I remember well the aspect of things within what might then have been termed the "debatable land." As our train sped on through the darkness, we saw in vivid contrast the fires of the pickets set to guard the line of the railroad. The troops lay encamped around the city, their cantonments extending to a considerable distance. At the hotel, officers and their orderlies were conspicuous, and army ambulances were constantly arriving and departing. The gallop of horsemen, the tramp of foot-soldiers, the noise of the drum, fife, and bugle, were heard continually. The two great powers were holding each other in check, and the very air seemed tense with expectancy. Bull Run had shown the North that any victory it might hope to achieve would be neither swift nor easy. The Southern leaders, on the other hand, had already learned something of the determined temper and persistent resolve of those with whom they had to cope.

The one absorbing topic in Washington was the army, and the time of visitors like ourselves was mostly employed in visits to the camps and hospitals. Such preaching as we heard was either to the soldiers or about them and the issues of the war. Such prayers as were made were uttered in stress and agony of spirit, for the war itself was a dread sorrow to us.

It happened one day that, in company with some friends, among whom was the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, I attended a review of our troops, at a distance of several miles from the city. The maneuvers were interrupted by a sudden attack of the enemy, and instead of the spectacle promised us, we saw

some reinforcements gallop hastily to the aid of a small force of our own, which had been surprised and surrounded.

Our return to the city was impeded by the homeward marching of the troops, who nearly filled the highway. Our progress was therefore very slow and to beguile the time, we began to sing army songs, among which the John Brown song soon came to mind. Some one remarked upon the excellence of the tune, and I said that I had often wished to write some words which might be sung to it. We sang, however, the words which were already well known as belonging to it, and our singing seemed to please the soldiers, who surrounded us like a river, and who themselves took up the strain, in the intervals crying to us: "Good for you."

I slept as usual that night, but awoke before dawn the next morning, and soon found myself trying to weave together certain lines which, though not entirely suited to the John Brown music, were yet capable of being sung to it. I lay still in the dark room, line after line shaping itself in my mind, and verse after verse. When I had thought out the last of these, I felt that I must make an effort to place them beyond the danger of being effaced by a morning nap. I sprang out of bed and groped about in the dim twilight to find a bit of paper and the stump of a pen which I remembered to have had the evening before. Having found these articles, and having long been accustomed to scribble with scarcely any sight of what I might write in a room made dark for the repose of my infant children, I began to write the lines of my poem in like manner. On the occasion now spoken of, I completed my writing, went back to bed, and fell fast asleep.

Soon after my return to Boston, I carried the lines to James T. Fields, at that time Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The title "Battle Hymn of the Republic," was of his devising. The poem was published soon after in the magazine, and did not at first receive any especial mention. We were all too much absorbed in watching the progress of the war to give much heed to a copy of verse more or less. I think it may have been a year later that

my lines, in some shape, found their way into a Southern prison in which a number of our soldiers were confined. An army chaplain who had been imprisoned with them came to Washington soon after his release, and in a speech or lecture of some sort, described the singing of the hymn by himself and his companions in that dismal place of confinement. People now began to ask who had written the hymn, and the author's name was easily established by reference to the magazine. The battle hymn was often sung in the course of the war and under a great variety of circumstances. Among other anecdotes, I have heard of its having once led a "forlorn hope" through a desperate encounter to a successful issue.

The wild echoes of the fearful struggle have long since died away and with them all memories of unkindness between ourselves and our Southern brethren. But those who once loved my hymn still sing it. In many a distant Northern town where I have stood to speak, the song has been sung by the choir of some one of the churches before or after my lecture. I could hardly believe my ears when, at an entertainment at Baton Rouge which I shared with other officers of the New Orleans Exposition, the band broke bravely into the John Brown tune. It was scarcely less surprising for me to hear my verse sung at the exposition by the colored people who had invited me to speak to them in their own department. A printed copy of the words and music was once sent me from Constantinople, by whom, I never knew. But when I visited Robert's College, in the neighborhood of that city, the good professors and their ladies at parting asked me to listen to what I might hear on my way down the steep declivity. I did so, and heard, in sweet, full cadence, the lines which scarcely seem mine, so much are they the breath of that heroic time, and of the feeling with which it was filled.

From a letter to the Editor of *The Century*.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

JULIA WARD HOWE

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps.
I can see His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel,
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

CHICKAREE THE SCOLD

DALLAS LORE SHARP

Chickaree, the red squirrel, lives in every patch of woods all over the United States. Out in the Rocky Mountains he goes by another name, and he has a little darker color, but out there he has the same curiosity, the same saucy, blustery way of scolding you. You can change your name and change your coat, but you cannot so easily change yourself. Neither can chickaree.

You know him — if you know any of the wild people of the woods. *Wild* people, did I say? Why, chickaree is anything but wild. He will not let you pull his tail; but he will sit up on a limb over your head and make faces at you, jabber at you, jerk his own tail, and leaning over toward you, tell you with all his peppery might to go straight back home, for your mother wants you.

Oh, he is the smallest whirlwind, the tiniest tempest, the biggest little somebody in all the knotholes of the woods. He spills over with loud talk and conceit. But I like him, for all of that. And he likes me. He is interested in me every time he sees me. A gossiping gadabout, a busybody, a tiresome little scold, a robber of birds' nests (so I am told), a fighter, a nuisance (when he makes a nest in my cellar, as he did last winter), a thief, a — what shall I say more? Just this: that, in spite of all his faults, I like chickaree, and I don't want him put in jail or hanged — not unless he really does eat young birds and suck eggs.

They say he does. Did you ever see him? Now I have seen old birds flying at him as if afraid he might come near their nests, or as if he had robbed them before; but here are six or ten red squirrels in my yard and I have never caught one killing young birds. You must watch him yourself; and when you see him do it (not *hear* him, nor hear about him),— when you *see* him rob-

bing a nest make him into pot-pie right off, then write me a letter telling me all about what you saw him do.

But "I would n't put it past him," as my Pennsylvania friends say. For he is such a fierce little monster and so greedy too!

Descending Mount Washington by way of the carriage-road, one day we stopped at a little stone bridge to eat our lunch, when chickaree came forth and ordered us on. He immediately smelled the lunch, however, and grew silent, creeping up within arm's-reach of us, watching how we ate. He showed no sign of fear, only curiosity, then wonder, then deep hunger. The smell of molasses cookies and Summit House rolls was new to him, new and gnawing. It made him hungry, so madly hungry that, when I turned and threw the lunch-box into the dry bed of the stream, he was into that box almost as soon as it landed.

His first bite was of bread and butter. Without pausing to chew it, he seized the slice, scurried off down a log, and disappeared in the forest. "Where is he taking it?" we asked. Not far away, for suddenly he popped over a rock, gave us a quick glance, and jumped back into the box again.

There were several cookies left in the box, together with some slices of bread, and nearly half a loaf of bread uncut.

Chickaree snatched another slice, ran down the bed of the stream, over a log, and out of sight. Then I saw a gleam of white bread in the dark, thick woods. I could not see chickaree, but I could follow him by the gleaming white slice — flash-flash-flash-round-and-round-and round, up a tall spruce tree, till I lost it in the tall top.

We were wondering if he would come back for another slice when, *pop!* he landed right in the middle of that box.

This time he got hold of the uncut half-loaf.

"Whew!" said he, "but this is the biggest chestnut I ever saw! Quick, or some other fellow may see it! It would kill me to share all of this great-big-little nut with anybody!" And he pitched upon it as if to gulp it down at a bite.

Of course he could not swallow it. Indeed, he did not mean to then and there. He meant to *hide* it! The greedy little pig!

Tilting the loaf up, he fixed his long teeth into the top crust, and by dint of backing and pulling got out of the gully and landed the loaf upon the top of a flat rock. Unable to raise his load clear, he got behind it to push. It was slow, hard work. Becoming more and more anxious, he forgot that he was on the top of a tall rock, and that the rock, in the direction he was going, ended abruptly.

On he pushed across the rough, mossy surface, inch by inch, until, catching a good foothold, he gave a mighty shove and over they went, he and his loaf together, striking with a beautiful splash in a little pool of water below!

We took a bit of wicked pleasure in his fall, as we saw how he scrambled out unhurt. He came out, however, still holding to his loaf. But it was thoroughly soaked now; and as he dragged it up on shore the top crust came off, letting the loaf tumble back into the water. He ran away to hide the crust, then came back quickly to the pool.

It was fun to see him fish for that soaked piece of bread. What was the matter with it? He would catch it in his paws, take it in his mouth, scoop and pull and root, but each time he would get only crumbs. The provoking stuff had got bewitched! It would not come out. He could not get it out!

But Chickaree was not bewitched. He was angry — plain old-Adam anger. Up on the log he jumped, flipped his tail, clawed the bark, and, with a burst of wrath, gave the whole big mountain a furious scolding. It was the mountain's fault, he railed. After one terrible minute he came back to us, coughing and husky and sore in his throat.

When he reached the box, how quickly his spirit changed! No April sky ever broke more suddenly into rainy sunshine than Chickaree on picking up one of the molasses cookies. He was surprised and delighted. Never had he tasted cookies before!

Birch catkins and beechnuts! They were flat! Even the tender terminal buds of the pine would be tasteless now. And stale acorns! Dreadful!

All this we saw in his countenance as he took the first mouthful and bolted with the cooky. He bolted, but he stopped short for another bite. Then on he went, only to stop short for a third bite; started again, but came to a dead stop on the end of the log, and finished the cooky then and there.

I now went after him to see if I could find where he had hidden the bread. As I stepped upon the log, he turned and came down it toward me.

He drew near; walked over my foot and smelled of me. Cookies! Where? He sniffed and sniffed; then catching the odor of the cookies on the hand hanging at my side, he stood up to get a bite, when the foolish hand twitched. That was enough. The hand had moved. He would not approach that hand again.

I went on in and found the two slices, but not the crust. One of the slices was high up in the top of a spruce, the other in some moss behind a stump.

Perhaps these were temporary hiding-places, chosen hurriedly, from which, later on, he would collect his bread to store in some secret hollow for the winter. I am not certain, however, that Chickaree has a barn or any winter storehouse. I have often found pignuts stored in old tree-hollows. Still they were always *shells* only, as if Chickaree had simply taken and eaten them there.

Yet, more than once I have caught Chickaree stuffing hollow rails with corn. Perhaps he intended to keep these stores against the winter. I suspect from what I know of Chickaree, that it was more mischief and itching for occupation than thought for his coming needs.

He never finished the stuffing. Long before the cavities were full the little scatterbrain would be off at some other active but useless task, leaving his stores to be found and devoured by the jays or the mice. Chickaree will never remember that the sec-

ond rail from the bottom, in the section between the stump and the sassafras-tree, holds a pint of golden corn.

All wild animals are mere children. They all love to put things into holes. They all must be busy — if with nothing else than their tails. But they rarely *work*.

I knew a chickaree, who lived in the little glen by the side of Thorn Mountain Cabin in the White Mountains, and who began in August, two months before the end of the harvest, to pick and store green birch catkins. You cannot store them when they are dead ripe, perhaps, for they may fall to pieces. As I watched him, however, I concluded he was doing the work just for the fun of it. He must do something; and this tree, full of little cones, looked to him just as a box of buttons looks to a baby.

He owned this great single birch at the head of the glen. He lived in it alone, and made war against all birds or beasts that came near.

I have seen him chase a junco up and down and across the top until the bird flew off. A flock of them settling among the branches drove him frantic. I, too, when I came near called down his wrath. But after a week of daily visits I was allowed to stretch out upon the moss beneath the low, wide limbs and watch him store.

His morning task was to store about a pint of catkins from this yellow birch in a secret crib among the ferns of the glen. Up and down the tree he would race, a round trip every three minutes, loaded with a single catkin each time down. After storing about thirty he would take one to a certain bottom limb, and here, close up against the leaning tree trunk, safely hidden from overhead enemies, he would begin breakfast, scattering the winged seeds down in a thin, flaky shower upon me underneath as he ate the catkin. He always ate squatting close upon this same limb and backed hard up against the trunk. The ground below was snowed under with the scales which had fallen as he husked the seeds.

The red squirrels' beds are big, bulky nests, built mostly of

cedar bark, stripped fine and matted into an irregular mass the size of a hat. The doorways open from the bottoms or sides, leaving the roofs without a crack and perfectly water-proof.

Sometimes an abandoned crow's nest is taken for the foundation. In this old nest a deep, soft bed of newly shredded bark is made, and a thatch of the same material laid on above. Such a nest will not rock and sway when the winds are high, as the gray squirrel's often will; for the crows do not build out in the tips of the branches, but close up to the trunks. It is a warm, safe nest in the coldest of winter storms.

Chickaree is a good climber, running the tree-tops, scampering along their dizzy roads almost as fast as one can run on the ground beneath. It makes me hold my breath to see him skip along a slender limb, jump to a second, race out to its tip, and leap — clearing fifteen feet — to catch the very ends of another limb swaying fifty feet above in the air.

But the thing he can do best of all is scold! Let me go out on the hillside here, and one of the little wretches will climb a tree and warn me to go back to the house. He is instantly joined by several others, and together overhead they follow me, disputing every step with me, swaggering, growling, and pouring forth a torrent of threat and abuse until they are wheezy and out of breath.

It is bluster, most of it; they love to make a noise. If I drop down at the foot of a low-limbed pine, they gather round, for a look at me, close to. Once I remember that a chipmunk joined them. Then came an inquisitive little chickadee, behind whom one of the squirrels, now only a bundle of curiosity, crept down within reach of me, flattened himself to the trunk, and began to talk to himself about me in little broken snorts, sniffs, coughs, and snickers, punctuating every snicker and cough and sniff and snort with quick, short jerks of his tail.

What did he say about me? Making fun of me, perhaps, because I could not climb trees and bite off pine-buds. I don't

know. But I do know this, that, whatever he said, I enjoyed having him near me, for I am sure that he half enjoyed my being near him. And I like the hillside better for his sake. It would often be dull and silent if he were gone, for he is a sociable little scamp, if he is a big scold.

From "Beyond the Pasture Bars."

SCHOOL DAYS OF A RUSSIAN PEASANT

MAXIM GORKY

After a long, uneventful period, I was living with mother in the basement of a storehouse. As soon as she was settled mother sent me to school — and from the very first I took a dislike to it.

I went thither in mother's shoes, with a coat made out of a bodice belonging to grandmother, a yellow shirt, and trousers which had been lengthened. My attire immediately became an object of ridicule, and for the yellow shirt I received "The ace of diamonds."

I soon became friendly with the boys, but the master and the priest did not like me.

The master was a jaundiced-looking, bold man who suffered from a continuous bleeding of the nose. He had a flat, copper-colored face, with a sour expression, and there was a greenish tint in his wrinkles; but it was his literally pewter-colored eyes which were the most hideous feature of it, and they were so unpleasantly glued to my face that I used to feel that I must brush them off my cheek with my hands.

For several days I was in the first division, and at the top of the class, quite close to the master's table, and my position was almost unbearable. He seemed to see no one but me, and he was snuffling all the time:

"Pyesh — kov, you must put on a clean shirt. Pyesh — kov,

don't make a noise with your feet. Pyesh — kov, your bootlaces are undone again."

But I paid him out for his savage insolence. One day I took the half of a frozen watermelon, cut out the inside, and fastened it by a string over a pulley on the outer door. When the door opened the melon went up, but when my teacher shut the door the hollow melon descended upon his bald head like a cap. The janitor was sent with me with a note to the headmaster's house, and I paid for my prank with my own skin.

Another time I sprinkled snuff over his table, and he sneezed so much that he had to leave the class and send his brother-in-law to take his place. This was an officer who set the class singing: "God save the Czar!" and "Oh, Liberty! my Liberty!" Those who did not sing in tune he rapped over the head with a ruler, which made a funny, hollow noise, but it hurt.

The Divinity teacher, the handsome, young, luxuriant-haired priest, did not like me because I had no Bible, and also because I mocked his way of speaking. The first thing he did when he entered the classroom was to ask me:

"Pyeshkov, have you brought that book or not? Yes. The book!"

"No," I answered, "I have not brought it. Yes."

"What do you mean — yes?"

"No."

"Well, you can just go home. Yes — home, for I don't intend to teach you. Yes! I don't intend to do it."

This did not trouble me much. I went out and kicked my heels in the dirty village street till the end of the lesson, watching the noisy life about me.

This priest had a beautiful face, like a Christ, with caressing eyes like a woman's, and little hands — gentle, like everything about him. Whatever he handled — a book, a ruler, a penholder, whatever it might be — he handled carefully, as if it were alive and very fragile, and as if he loved it and were afraid of spoiling

it by touching it. He was not quite so gentle with the children, but all the same they loved him.

Notwithstanding the fact that I learned tolerably well, I was soon told that I should be expelled from the school for unbecoming conduct. I became depressed, for I saw a very unpleasant time coming, as mother was growing more irritable every day, and beat me more than ever.

But help was at hand. Bishop Khrisanph paid an unexpected visit to the school. He was a little man, like a wizard, and, if I remember rightly, was humpbacked.

Sitting at the table, looking so small in his wide black clothes, and with a funny hat like a little pail on his head, he shook his hands free from his sleeves and said:

"Now, children, let us have a talk together."

And at once the classroom became warm and bright, and pervaded by an atmosphere of unfamiliar pleasantness.

Calling me to the table, after many others had had their turns, he asked me gravely:

"And how old are you? Is that all? Why, what a tall boy you are! I suppose you have been standing out in the rain pretty often, have you? Eh?"

Placing one dried-up hand with long, sharp nails on the table, and catching hold of his sparse beard with the fingers of the other, he placed his face, with its kind eyes, quite close to mine, as he said:

"Well, now tell me which you like best of the Bible stories."

When I told him that I had no Bible and did not learn Scripture history, he pulled his cowl straight, saying:

"How is that? You know it is absolutely necessary for you to learn it. But perhaps you have learned some by listening? You know the Psalms? Good! And the prayers? . . . There, you see! And the lives of the Saints too? . . . In rhyme? . . . Then I think you are very well up in the subject."

At this moment our priest appeared — flushed and out of

breath. The Bishop blessed him, but when he began to speak about me, he raised his hand, saying:

"Excuse me . . . just a minute. . . . Now, tell me the story of Alexei, the man of God.

"Fine verses those — eh, my boy?" he said, when I came to a full stop, having forgotten the next verse. "Let us have something else now — something about King David. . . . Go on, I am listening very attentively."

I saw that he was really listening, and that the verses pleased him. He examined me for a long time, then he suddenly stood up and asked quickly:

"You have learned the Psalms? Who taught you? A good grandfather, is he? Eh? Bad? You don't say so! . . . But aren't you very naughty?"

I hesitated, but at length I said:

"Yes."

The teacher and the priest corroborated my confession garrulously, and he listened to them with his eyes cast down; then he said with a sigh:

"You hear what they say about you? Come here!"

Placing his hand, which smelt of cypress wood, on my head, he asked:

"Why are you so naughty?"

"It is so dull learning."

"Dull? Now, my boy, that is not true. If you found it dull you would be a bad scholar, whereas your teachers testify that you are a very apt pupil. That means that you have another reason for being naughty."

Taking a little book from his breast, he said as he wrote in it:

"Pyeshkov, Alexei. There! . . . All the same, my boy, you must keep yourself in hand, and try not to be too naughty. . . . We will allow you to be just a little naughty; but people have plenty to plague them without that. Isn't it so, children?"

Many voices answered gaily:

"Yes."

"But I can see that you are not very naughty yourselves. Am I right?"

And the boys laughingly answered all together:

"No. We are very naughty too — very!"

The Bishop leaned over the back of a chair, drew me to him, and said surprisingly, causing us all — even the teacher and the priest — to laugh:

"It is a fact, my brothers — that when I was your age I was very naughty too. What do you think of that?"

The children laughed, and he began to ask them questions, adroitly contriving to muddle them, so that they began to answer each other; and the merriment redoubled. At length he stood up, saying:

"Well, it is very nice to be with you, but it is time for me to go now."

Shaking his cowl, he said:

"I shall come again. I shall come again, and bring you some little books."

And he said to the teacher as he sailed out of the class-room:

"Let them go home now."

He led me by the hand to the porch, where he said quietly, bending down to me:

"So you will hold yourself in, won't you? . . . Is that settled? . . . I understand why you are naughty, you know. . . . Good-by, my boy!"

I was very excited; my heart was seething with strange feelings, and when the teacher, having dismissed the rest of the class, kept me in to tell me that now I ought to be quieter than water and humbler than grass, I listened to him attentively and willingly.

From "My Childhood."

THE PILOT OF THE LACHINE RAPIDS

CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Would you see the most skillful pilots in the world, men who know all the tricks with ocean liners and the Indian tricks as well, who fight the rush of seventy-foot tides in the Bay of Fundy, or drive their frail canoes through furious gorges, or coolly turn the nose of a thousand-ton steamboat into the white jaws of rock-split rapids where a yard either way or a second's doubt would mean destruction, or hitch long hawsers to a log raft big as a city block (the lumber in a single raft may be worth a hundred thousand dollars), and swing her down a tumbling waterway hundreds of miles, with a peril in every one, and land her safe? If you would see all this, go to the wonderful St. Lawrence, which sweeps in wide and troubled reaches from the Great Lakes to the sea.

Of course I do not mean that any one man can do all these things,— that would be asking too much,— but each in his own line, half-breed or Indian or fur-bundled voyageur, has such quickness of eye, such surety of hand, that you will be glad to watch the rafters on their rafts, and ask no more of them, or the canoeists at their paddles, or the big-craft pilots at their wheels.

Let us stand on the long iron bridge that spans the St. Lawrence just above Montreal, the very place to study the river as it narrows and runs swifter for its smashing plunge through yonder rapids to the east,— dreaded Lachine Rapids, whose snarling teeth flash white in the sun. Look down into the greenish rush, and see how the waters hurl past these good stone piers, sharp-pointed upstream against the tearing of winter ice! Here goes the torrent of Niagara and the inland ocean of Superior and Erie and Ontario, all crushed into a funnel of land by this big island at the left that blocks the flow, and gorged by the

impour of the Ottawa a few miles back that brings down the floods of southern Canada. As fast as a horse can gallop runs the river here, and faster and faster it goes as the long slant takes it, ten, twelve, fourteen miles an hour (which is something for a river), until a dozen islands strewn across the funnel's lower end goad the rapids to their greatest rage. Here is where they kill. Then suddenly all is quiet, and the river, spreading to a triple width, rests, after its madness, in Montreal's placid harbor.

Standing here, I think of my first experience in shooting these rapids (it was on one of the large river boats), and I must confess that it gave me no very thrilling sense of danger. There were two or three plunges, to be sure, at the steepest part, and a little swaying or lurching, but, so far as movement goes, nothing to disturb one accustomed to the vicissitudes of, say, ordinary trolley-car navigation. However, when I came to the reason of this fairly smooth descent, and saw what it means to stand at the wheel through that treacherous channel, I found my wonder growing. I thought of the lion-tamer, whose skill is shown not so much by what happens while he is in the cage as by what does not happen. A hundred ways there are of doing the wrong thing with one of these boats, and only a single way of doing the right thing. For four miles the pilot must race along a squirming, twisting, plunging thread of water, that leaps ahead like a greyhound, and changes its crookedness somewhat from day to day with wind and tide. In that thread alone is safety; elsewhere is ruin and wreck. Instantly he must read the message of a boiling eddy or the menace of a beckoning reef, and take it this way or that instantly, for there are the hungry rocks on either hand. He must know things without seeing them; must feel the pulse of the rapids, as it were, so that when a mist clouds his view, or the shine of a low-hung rainbow dazzles him, he may still go right. It is a fact that with all the pilots in this pilot land, and all the hardy watermen born and brought up on the St. Lawrence, there are not ten — perhaps not six — men in Canada

to-day, French or English or Indian, who would dare this peril. For all other rapids of the route, the Gallop Rapids, the Split-rock Rapids, the Cascades, and the rest, there are pilots in plenty; but not for those of Lachine. And, to use the same simile again, I saw that the shooting of these Lachine Rapids is like the taming of a particularly fierce lion; it is a business by itself that few men care to undertake.

So it came that I sought out one of these few, Fred Ouillette, pilot and son of a pilot, and idol in the company's eyes, a hero to the boys of Montreal, a figure to be stared at always by anxious passengers as he peers through the window a-top the forward deck, a man whom people point to as he passes: "There 's the fellow that took us through the rapids. That 's Ouillette." This unsought notoriety has made him shy. He does not like to talk about his work or tell you how it feels to do this thing. A dash of Indian blood is in him, with some of the silent, stoic Indian nature. Yet certain facts he vouchsafed, when I went to his home, that help one to an understanding of the pilot's life.

He emphasized this, for instance, as essential in a man who would face that fury of waters: he must not be afraid. The rapids will have no mercy. And there are pilots, it appears, who know the Lachine Rapids, every foot of them, and could do Ouillette's work perfectly, if Ouillette were standing near, yet would fail utterly if left alone. Every danger they can overcome but the one that lies in themselves. They cannot brave their own fear. He cited the case of a pilot's son who had worked in the Lachine Rapids for years, helping his father, and learned the river as well as a man can know it. At the old man's death, this son announced that he would take his father's place, and shoot the rapids as they always had done; yet a season passed, then a second season, and always he postponed beginning, and, with one excuse or another, took his boats through the Lachine Canal, a safe but tame short cut, not likely to draw tourists.

"Not start heem right, that fadder," said Ouillette. "Now too late."

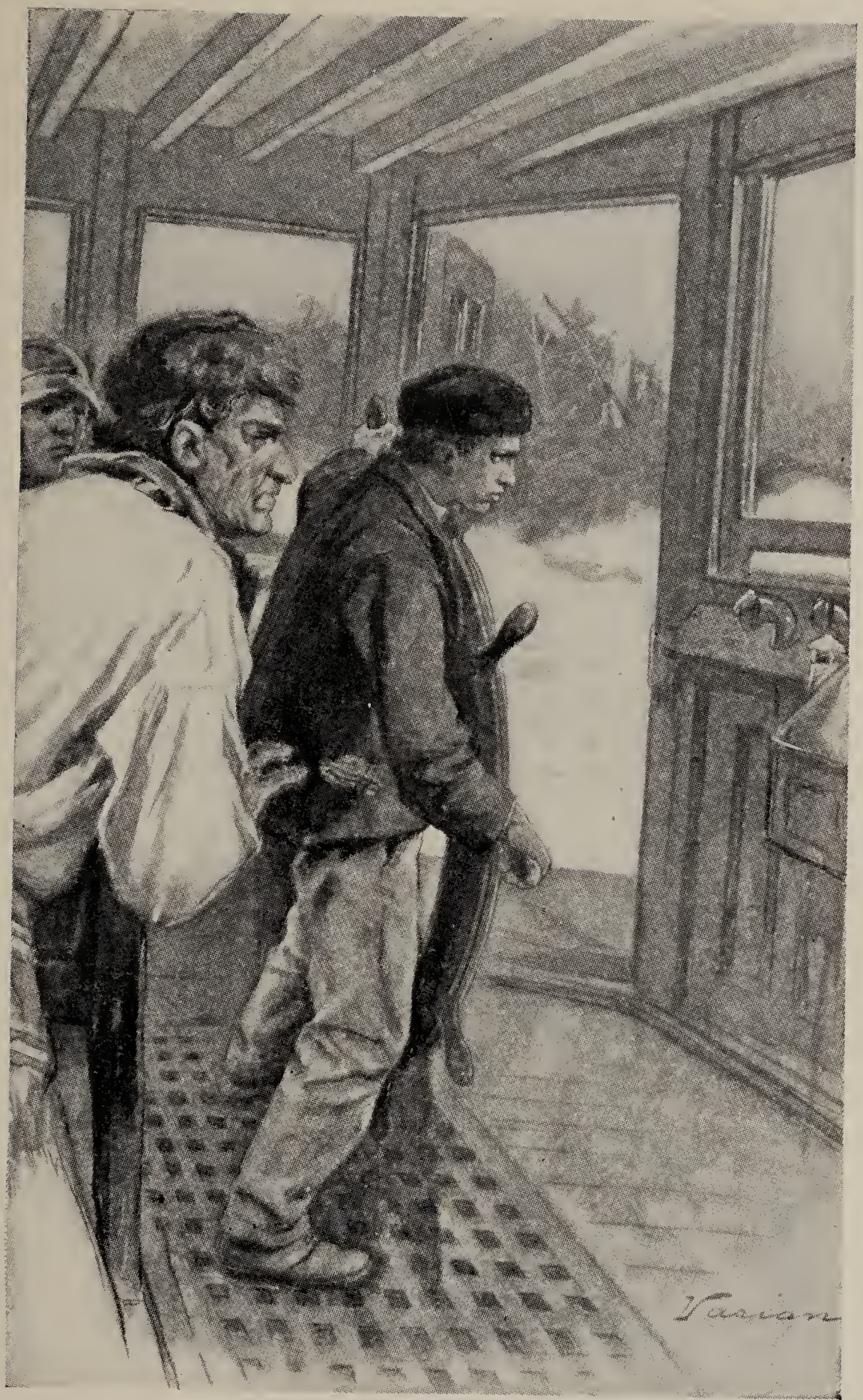
"Why, how should he have started him?" I asked.

"Same way like my fadder start me." And then, in his jerky Canadian speech, he explained how this was.

Ouillette went back to his own young manhood, to the years when he, too, stood by his father's side and watched him take the big boats down. What a picture he drew in his queer, ragged phrases! I could see the old pilot braced at the six-foot wheel, with three men in oilskins standing by to help him put her over, Fred one of the three. "Up!" "Down!" "Up!" "Down!" until the increasing roar of the cataract drowned all words, and then it was a jerk of shoulders or head, this way or that, while the man strained at the spokes. Never once was the wheel at rest after they entered the rapids, but spinning, spinning always, while the boat shot like a snake through black rocks and churning chasms.

They used to take the boats — as Ouillette takes them still — at Cornwall, sixty miles up the river, and, before coming to Lachine, they would shoot the swift Coteau Rapids, where many a life has gone, then the terrifying Cedar Rapids, which seem the most dangerous of all, and finally, the Split-rock Rapids, which some say are the most dangerous. And each year, as the season opened, Fred would ask his father to let him take the wheel some day when the river was high and the rocks well covered, and the boat lightly laden, wishing thus to try the easiest rapids under easiest conditions. But his father would look at him and say, "Do you know the river, my son? Are you sure you know the river?" And Fred would answer, "Father, I think I do." For how could he be sure until he had stood the test?

So it went on from year to year, and Ouillette was almost despairing of a chance to show himself worthy of his father's teaching, when, suddenly, the chance came in a way never to be forgotten. It was late in the summer, and the rapids, being low,



Fred Ouillette, the Young Pilot

were at their very worst, since the rocks were nearer the surface. Besides that, on this particular day they were carrying a heavy load, and the wind was southeast, blowing hard — the very wind to make trouble at the bad places. They had shot through all the rapids but the last, and were well below the Lachine bridge when the elder Ouillette asked the boy, "My son, do you know the river?"

And Fred answered as usual, without any thought of what was coming next, "Father, I think I do."

They were just at the danger-point now, and all the straining waters were sucking them down to the first plunge.

"Then take her through," said the old man, stepping back; "there is the wheel."

"My fadder he make terreeble thing for me — too much terreeble thing," said Ouillette, shaking his head at the memory.

But he took her through somehow, half blinded by the swirl of water and the shock. At the wheel he stood, and with a touch of his father's hand now and then to help him, he brought the boat down safely. There was a kind of Spartan philosophy in the old man's action. His idea was that, could he once make his son face the worst of this business and come out unharmed, then never would the boy know fear again, for all the rest would be easier than what he had already done. And certainly his plan worked well, for Fred Ouillette has been fearless in the rapids ever since.

"Have you lost any lives?" I asked, reaching out for thrilling stories.

"Nevair," said he.

"Ever come near it?"

He looked at me a moment, and then said quietly, "Always, sair, we come near it."

Then he told of cases where at the last moment he had seen some mad risk in going down, and had turned his steamer in the

very throat of the torrent, and, with groaning wheels and straining timber, fought his way back foot by foot to safety. Once a fog dropped about them suddenly, and once the starboard rudder-chain broke. This last was all but a disaster, for they were down so far that the river must surely have conquered the engines had they tried to head upstream. Ouillette saw there was only one way to save his boat and the lives she carried, and putting the wheel hard aport, for the port chain held, he ran her on the rocks. And there she lay, the good steamboat *Spartan,* all that night, with passengers in an anguish of excitement, while Indian pilots from Caughnawaga made it quite clear what they were good for,— put off swiftly in their little barks straight into that reeling flood, straight out to the helpless boat, then back to shore, each bearing two or three of the fear-struck company. Then out again and back again until darkness came. Then out again and back again when darkness had fallen. Think of that! Hour after hour, with paddles alone, these dauntless sons of Iroquois braves fought the rapids, triumphed over the rapids, and brought to land through the night and the rage of waters every soul on that imperiled vessel!

Another instance he gave, showing the admirable alertness of these Indians, as well as their skill with the canoe. It was in the summer of 1900, late of an afternoon, and so heavy was the August heat that even on the river the passengers were gasping for air. Shortly after they entered the cataract several persons saw a large man climb to the top of a water tank on the hurricane deck, and seat himself there in one of the folding deck chairs. The man's purpose was, evidently, to seek a cooler spot than he had found below, and the boat was running so steadily that no one thought of danger. Indeed, there would have been no danger had not the gentleman fallen into a comfortable doze just as Ouillette steadied the boat for her first downward leap and then brought her over to starboard with a jerk, which jerk so effectually disturbed the large man's slumbers that the first

thing he knew he was shot off his rickety chair, over the side of the water tank, clean over the steamboat's decks, down, splash! into the St. Lawrence at a point where it is not good for any man to be. He was right in the main sweep of the river, where one may live for twenty minutes if he can keep afloat so long, but scarcely longer, since twenty minutes will bring him to the last rush of rapids, where swimmers do not live.

What happened after this I have from an eye-witness, who rushed back with others at the cry, "Man overboard!" and joined in a reckless throwing over of chairs, boxes, and life-preservers that profited little, for the man was left far behind by the steamboat, which could do nothing — and Ouillette could do nothing — but whistle a hoarse danger warning and go its way. A magnificent swimmer he must have been, this rudely awakened tourist, for the passengers, crowded astern, could follow the black speck that was his head bobbing along steadily, undisturbed, one would say, by dangers, apparently going upstream as the steamboat gained on him, really coming downstream with the full force of the current, and yielding to it entirely, all strength saved for steering. Not a man on the boat believed that the swimmer would come out alive, and, helpless to save, they stood there in sickening fascination, watching him sweep down to his death.

Then suddenly rang out a cry, "Look! There! A canoe!" And out from the shadows and shallows off-shore shot a slender prow with a figure in bow and stern. The Indians were coming to the rescue! They must have started even as the man fell — such a thing it is to be an Indian! — and, with a knowledge of the rapids that is theirs alone, they had aimed the swift craft in a long slant that would let them overtake the swimmer just here, at this very place where now they were about to overtake him, at this very place where presently they did overtake him and draw him up, all but exhausted, from as close to the brink of the Great Rapids as ever he will get until he passes over them. Then they paddled back.

THE STORY OF RICHARD DOUBLEDICK

CHARLES DICKENS

In the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, a relative of mine came limping down, on foot, to the town of Chatham.

He came down to Chatham to enlist in a cavalry regiment, if a cavalry regiment would have him; if not, to take King George's shilling from any corporal or sergeant who would put a bunch of ribbons in his hat. His object was to get shot; but he thought he might as well ride to death as be at the trouble of walking.

My relative's Christian name was Richard, but he was better known as Dick. He dropped his own surname on the road down, and took up that of Doubledick. He was passed as Richard Doubledick: age, twenty-two; height, five foot ten; native place, Exmouth, which he had never been near in his life. There was no cavalry in Chatham when he limped over the bridge here with half a shoe to his dusty feet, so he enlisted into a regiment of the line.

You are to know that this relative of mine had gone wrong, and run wild. His heart was in the right place, but it was sealed up. He had been betrothed to a good and beautiful girl, but in an evil hour he had given her cause to send him away forever. This finished him. This brought him down to Chatham. This made him private Richard Doubledick, with a determination to be shot.

There was not a more dissipated and reckless soldier in Chatham barracks, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, than Private Richard Doubledick. He associated with the dregs of every regiment; he was as seldom sober as he could be, and was constantly under punishment. It became clear to the whole barracks that Private Richard Doubledick would very soon be flogged.

Now the Captain of Richard Doubledick's company was a young gentleman not above five years his senior, whose eyes had an expression in them which affected Private Richard Doubledick in a very remarkable way. They were bright, handsome, dark eyes,— what are called laughing eyes generally, and, when serious, rather steady than severe,— but they were the only eyes now left in his narrowed world that Private Richard Doubledick could not stand. Unabashed by evil report and punishment, defiant of everything else and everybody else, he had but to know that those eyes looked at him for a moment, and he felt ashamed. He could not so much as salute Captain Taunton in the street like any other officer. He was reproached and confused,— troubled by the mere possibility of the Captain's looking at him. In his worst moments he would rather turn back and go any distance out of his way, than encounter those two handsome, dark, bright eyes.

One day, when Private Richard Doubledick came out of the Black hole, where he had been passing the last eight-and-forty hours, and in which retreat he spent a good deal of this time, he was ordered to betake himself to Captain Taunton's quarters. In the stale and squalid state of a man just out of the Black hole, he had less fancy than ever for being seen by the Captain; but he was not so mad yet as to disobey orders, and consequently went up to the terrace overlooking the parade-ground, where the officers' quarters were, twisting and breaking in his hands, as he went along, a bit of the straw that had formed the decorative furniture of the Black hole.

"Come in!" cried the Captain, when he knocked with his knuckles at the door. Private Richard Doubledick pulled off his cap, took a stride forward, and felt very conscious that he stood in the light of the dark, bright eyes.

There was a silent pause. Private Richard Doubledick had put the straw in his mouth, and was gradually doubling it up into his windpipe and choking himself.

"Doubledick," said the Captain, "do you know where you are going to?"

"To the Devil, sir?" faltered Doubledick.

"Yes," returned the Captain. "And very fast."

Private Richard Doubledick turned the straw of the Black hole in his mouth, and made a miserable salute of acquiescence.

"Doubledick," said the Captain, "since I entered his Majesty's service, a boy of seventeen, I have been pained to see many men of promise going that road; but I have never been so pained to see a man determined to make the shameful journey as I have been, ever since you joined the regiment, to see you."

Private Richard Doubledick began to find a film stealing over the floor at which he looked; also to find the legs of the Captain's breakfast-table turning crooked, as if he saw them through water.

"I am only a common soldier, sir," said he. "It signifies very little what such a poor brute comes to."

"You are a man," returned the Captain, with grave indignation, "of education and superior advantages; and if you say that, meaning what you say, you have sunk lower than I had believed. How low that must be, I leave you to consider; knowing what I know of your disgrace, and seeing what I see."

"I hope to get shot soon, sir," said Private Richard Doubledick; "and then the regiment and the world together will be rid of me."

The legs of the table were becoming very crooked. Doubledick, looking up to steady his vision, met the eyes that had so strong an influence over him. He put his hand before his own eyes, and the breast of his jacket swelled as if it would fly asunder.

"I would rather," said the young Captain, "see this in you, Doubledick, than to see five thousand guineas counted out upon this table for a gift to my good mother. Have you a mother?"

"I am thankful to say she is dead, sir."

"If your praises," returned the Captain, "were sounded from mouth to mouth, through the whole regiment, through the whole army, through the whole country, you would wish she had lived to say, with pride and joy, 'He is my son!'"

"Spare me, sir," said Doubledick. "She would never have heard any good of me. She would never have had any pride and joy in owning herself my mother. Love and compassion she might have had, and would have always had, I know; but not — Spare me, sir! I am a broken wretch, quite at your mercy!" And he turned his face to the wall, and stretched out his imploring hand.

"My friend —" began the Captain.

"God bless you, sir!" sobbed Private Richard Doubledick.

"You are at the crisis of your fate. Hold your course unchanged a little longer, and you know what must happen. *I* know even better than you can imagine, that, after that has happened, you are lost. No man who could shed those tears could bear those marks."

"I fully believe it, sir," in a low, shivering voice, said Private Richard Doubledick.

"But a man in any station can do his duty," said the young Captain, "and, in doing it, can earn his own respect, even if his case should be so very unfortunate and so very rare that he can earn no other man's. A common soldier, poor brute though you called him just now, has this advantage in the stormy times we live in, that he always does his duty before a host of sympathizing witnesses. Do you doubt that he may so do it as to be extolled through a whole regiment, through a whole army, through a whole country? Turn while you may yet retrieve the past, and try."

"I will! I ask for only one witness, sir," cried Richard, with a bursting heart.

"I understand you. I will be a watchful and faithful one."

I have heard from Private Richard Doubledick's own lips that

he dropped down upon his knees, kissed that officer's hand, arose, and went out of the light of the dark, bright eyes, an altered man.

In that year, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, the French were in Egypt, in Italy, in Germany, where not? Napoleon Bonaparte had likewise begun to stir against us in India, and most men could read the signs of the great troubles that were coming on. In the very next year, when we formed an alliance with Austria against him, Captain Taunton's regiment was on service in India. And there was not a finer non-commissioned officer in it — no, nor in the whole line — than Corporal Richard Doubledick.

In eighteen hundred and one, the Indian army were on the Coast of Egypt. It had then become well known to thousands of men, that wherever Captain Taunton, with the dark, bright eyes, led, there, close to him, ever at his side, firm as a rock, true as the sun, and brave as Mars, would be certain to be found, while life beat in their hearts, that famous soldier Sergeant Richard Doubledick.

Eighteen hundred and five, besides being the great year of Trafalgar, was a year of hard fighting in India. That year saw such wonders done by a Sergeant-Major, who cut his way single-handed through a solid mass of men, recovered the colors of his regiment, which had been seized from the hand of a poor boy shot through the heart, and rescued his wounded captain, who was down, and in a very jungle of horses' hoofs and sabres,— saw such wonders done, I say, by this brave Sergeant-Major, that he was specially made the bearer of the colors he had won; and Ensign Richard Doubledick had risen from the ranks.

Sorely cut up in every battle, but always reinforced by the bravest of men, for the fame of following the old colors, shot through and through, which Ensign Richard Doubledick had saved, inspired all breasts,— this regiment fought its way through the Peninsular war, up to the investment of Badajos in eighteen

hundred and twelve. Again and again it had been cheered through the British ranks until the tears had sprung into men's eyes at the mere hearing of the mighty British voice so exultant in their valor; and there was not a drummer-boy but knew the legend, that wherever the two friends, Major Taunton with the dark, bright eyes, and Ensign Richard Doubledick, who was devoted to him, were seen to go, there the boldest spirits in the English army became wild to follow.

One day, at Badajos,— not in the great storming, but in repelling a hot sally of the besieged upon our men at work in the trenches, who had given way,— the two officers found themselves hurrying forward, face to face, against a party of French infantry, who made a stand. There was an officer at their head, encouraging his men,— a courageous, handsome, gallant officer of five-and-thirty, whom Doubledick saw hurriedly, almost momentarily, but saw well. He particularly noticed this officer waving his sword, and rallying his men with an eager and excited cry, when they fired in obedience to his gesture, and Major Taunton dropped.

It was over in ten minutes more, and Doubledick returned to the spot where he had laid the best friend man ever had on a coat spread upon the wet clay. Major Taunton's uniform was opened at the breast, and on his shirt were three little spots of blood.

"Dear Doubledick," said he, "I am dying."

"For the love of Heaven, no!" exclaimed the other, kneeling down beside him, and passing his arm round his neck to raise his head. "Taunton! My preserver, my guardian angel, my witness! Dearest, truest, kindest of human beings! Taunton!"

The bright, dark eyes — so very, very dark now, in the pale face — smiled upon him; and the hand he had kissed thirteen years ago laid itself fondly on his breast.

"Write to my mother. You will see Home again. Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her, as it comforts me."

He spoke no more, but faintly signed for a moment towards his hair as it fluttered in the wind. The Ensign understood him. He smiled again when he saw that, and gently turning his face over on the supporting arm as if for rest, died, with his hand upon the breast in which he had revived a soul.

No dry eye looked on Ensign Richard Doubledick that melancholy day. He buried his friend on the field, and became a lone, bereaved man. Beyond his duty he appeared to have but two remaining cares in life,— one, to preserve the little packet of hair he was to give to Taunton's mother; the other to encounter that French officer who had rallied the men under whose fire Taunton fell. A new legend now began to circulate among our troops; and it was, that when he and the French officer came face to face once more, there would be weeping in France.

The war went on — and through it went the exact picture of the French officer on the one side, and the bodily reality on the other — until the Battle of Toulouse was fought. In the returns sent home appeared these words: "Severely wounded, but not dangerously, Lieutenant Richard Doubledick."

At midsummer-time in the year eighteen hundred and fourteen, Lieutenant Richard Doubledick, now a browned soldier, seven-and-thirty years of age, came home to England invalided. He brought the hair with him, near his heart. Many a French officer had he seen, since that day; many a dreadful night, in searching with men and lanterns for his wounded, had he relieved French officers lying disabled; but the mental picture and the reality had never come together.

Though he was weak and suffered pain, he lost not an hour in getting down to Frome in Somersetshire, where Taunton's mother lived. In the sweet, compassionate words that naturally present themselves to the mind to-night, "he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

It was a Sunday evening, and the lady sat at her quiet garden-window, reading the Bible; reading to herself, in a trembling

voice, that very passage in it, as I have heard him tell. He heard the words: "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!"

He had to pass the window; and the bright, dark eyes of his debased time seemed to look at him. Her heart told her who he was; she came to the door quickly, and fell upon his neck.

"He saved me from ruin, made me a human creature, won me from infamy and shame. O, God forever bless him! As He will, He will!"

That night, remembering the words he had cherished for two years, "Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her, as it comforts me," he related everything. It gradually seemed to him as if in his maturity he had recovered a mother; it gradually seemed to her as if in her bereavement she had found a son. During his stay in England, the quiet garden into which he had slowly and painfully crept, a stranger, became the boundary of his home; when he was able to rejoin his regiment in the spring, he left the garden, thinking this was indeed the first time he had ever turned his face towards the old colors with a woman's blessing!

He followed them — so ragged, so scarred and pierced now, that they would scarcely hold together — to Quatre Bras and Ligny. He stood beside them, in an awful stillness of many men, shadowy through the mist and drizzle of a wet June forenoon, on the field of Waterloo. And down to that hour the picture in his mind of the French officer had never been compared with the reality.

The famous regiment was in action early in the battle, and received its first check in many an eventful year, when he was seen to fall. But it swept on to avenge him, and left behind it no such creature in the world of consciousness as Lieutenant Richard Doubledick.

Through pits of mire, and pools of rain; along deep ditches, once roads, that were pounded and ploughed to pieces by artillery, heavy wagons, tramp of men and horses, and the struggle

of every wheeled thing that could carry wounded soldiers; jolted among the dying and the dead, so disfigured by blood and mud as to be hardly recognizable for humanity; undisturbed by the moaning of men and the shrieking of horses, which, newly taken from the peaceful pursuits of life, could not endure the sight of the stragglers lying by the wayside, never to resume their toilsome journey; dead, as to any life that was in it, and yet alive,— the form that had been Lieutenant Richard Doubledick, with whose praises England rang, was conveyed to Brussels. There it was tenderly laid down in hospital; and there it lay, week after week, through the long bright summer days, until the harvest, spared by war, had ripened and was gathered in.

Over and over again the sun rose and set upon the crowded city, over and over again the moonlight nights were quiet on the plains of Waterloo: and all that time was a blank to what had been Lieutenant Richard Doubledick. Rejoicing troops marched into Brussels, and marched out; brothers and fathers, sisters, mothers, and wives, came thronging thither, drew their lots of joy or agony, and departed; so many times a day the bells rang; so many times the shadows of the great buildings changed; so many lights sprang up at dusk; so many feet passed here and there upon the pavements; so many hours of sleep and cooler air of night succeeded; indifferent to all, a marble face lay on a bed, like the face of a recumbent statue on the tomb of Lieutenant Richard Doubledick.

Slowly laboring, at last, through a long heavy dream of confused time and place, Lieutenant Richard Doubledick came back to life. To the beautiful life of a calm autumn evening sunset, to the peaceful life of a fresh quiet room with a large window standing open; a balcony beyond, in which were moving leaves and sweet-smelling flowers; beyond, again, the clear sky, with the sun full in sight, pouring its golden radiance on his bed.

It was so tranquil and so lovely that he thought he had passed

into another world. And he said in a faint voice "Taunton, are you near me?"

A face bent over him. Not his, his mother's.

"I came to nurse you. We have nursed you many weeks. You were moved here long ago. Do you remember nothing?"

"Nothing."

The lady kissed his cheek, and held his hand, soothing him.

"Where is the regiment? What has happened? Let me call you mother. What has happened, mother?"

"A great victory, dear. The war is over, and the regiment was the bravest in the field."

His eyes kindled, his lips trembled, he sobbed, and the tears ran down his face. He was very weak, too weak to move his hand.

From that time he recovered. Slowly, for he had been desperately wounded in the head, and had been shot in the body, but making some little advance every day.

Mrs. Taunton, growing old after three years,— though not so old as that her bright, dark eyes were dimmed,— and feeling that her strength might be benefited by a change, resolved to go for a year to Southern France.

She wrote regularly to her son (as she called him now), and he to her. She went to the neighborhood of Aix; and there, in their own château near the farmer's house she rented, she grew into intimacy with a family belonging to that part of France. The intimacy began in her often meeting among the vineyards a pretty child, a girl with a most compassionate heart, who was never tired of listening to the solitary English lady's stories of her poor son and the cruel wars. The family were as gentle as the child, and at length she came to know them so well that she accepted their invitation to pass the last month of her residence abroad under their roof. All this intelligence she wrote home, piecemeal as it came about, from time to time; and at last en-

closed a polite note from the head of the château, soliciting, on the occasion of his approaching mission to that neighborhood, the honor of the company of Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick.

Captain Doubledick, now a hardy, handsome man in the full vigor of life, broader across the chest and shoulders than he had ever been before, despatched a courteous reply, and followed it in person. Travelling through all that extent of country after three years of Peace, he blessed the better days on which the world had fallen. The corn was golden, not drenched in unnatural red; was bound in sheaves for food, not trodden underfoot by men in mortal fight. The smoke rose up from peaceful hearths, not blazing ruins. The carts were laden with the fair fruits of the earth, not with wounds and death. To him who had so often seen the terrible reverse, these things were beautiful indeed; and they brought him in a softened spirit to the old château near Aix upon a deep blue evening.

It was a large château of the genuine old ghostly kind, with round towers, and extinguishers, and a high leaden roof, and more windows than Aladdin's Palace. The lattice blinds were all thrown open, after the heat of the day, and there were glimpses of rambling walls and corridors within. Then there were immense outbuildings fallen into partial decay, masses of dark trees, terrace-gardens, balustrades; tanks of water, too weak to play and too dirty to work; statues, weeds, and thickets of iron railing that seemed to have overgrown themselves like the shrubberies, and to have branched out in all manner of wild shapes. The entrance doors stood open, as doors often do in that country when the heat of the day is past; and the Captain saw no bell or knocker, and walked in.

He walked into a lofty stone hall, refreshingly cool and gloomy after the glare of a Southern day's travel. Extending along the four sides of this hall was a gallery, leading to suites of rooms; and it was lighted from the top. Still no bell was to be seen.

"Faith," said the Captain, halting, ashamed of the clanking of his boots, "this is a ghostly beginning!"

He started back, and felt his face turn white. In the gallery, looking down at him, stood the French officer — the officer whose picture he had carried in his mind, so long and so far. Compared with the original, at last,— in every lineament how like it was!

He moved and disappeared, and Captain Richard Doubledick heard his steps coming quickly down into the hall. He entered through an archway. There was a bright, sudden look upon his face, much such a look as it had worn in that fatal moment.

Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick? Enchanted to receive him! A thousand apologies! The servants were all out in the air. There was a little fête among them in the garden. In effect, it was the fête day of my daughter, the little cherished and protected of Madame Taunton.

He was so gracious and so frank that Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick could not withhold his hand. "It is the hand of a brave Englishman," said the French officer, retaining it while he spoke. "I could respect a brave Englishman, even as my foe, how much more as my friend! I also am a soldier."

"He has not remembered me as I have remembered him; he did not take such note of my face, that day, as I took of his," thought Captain Richard Doubledick. "How shall I tell him?"

The French officer conducted his guest into a garden, and presented him to his wife, an engaging and beautiful woman, sitting with Mrs. Taunton in a whimsical old-fashioned pavilion. His daughter, her fair young face beaming with joy, came running to embrace him; and there was a boy baby to tumble down among the orange-trees on the broad steps, in making for his father's legs. A multitude of children visitors were dancing to sprightly music; and all the servants and peasants about the château were dancing too. It was a scene of innocent happiness

that might have been invented for the climax of the scenes of peace which had soothed the Captain's journey.

He looked on greatly troubled in his mind, until a resounding bell rang, and the French officer begged to show him his rooms. They went upstairs into the gallery from which the officer had looked down, and Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick was cordially welcomed to a grand outer chamber, and a smaller one within, all clocks, and draperies, and hearths, and brazen dogs, and tiles, and cool devices, and elegance, and vastness.

"You were at Waterloo," said the French officer.

"I was," said Captain Richard Doubledick. "And at Badajos."

Left alone with the sound of his own stern voice in his ears, he sat down to consider, What shall I do, and how shall I tell him? At that time, unhappily, many deplorable duels had been fought between English and French officers, arising out of the recent war; and these duels, and how to avoid this officer's hospitality, were the uppermost thought in Captain Richard Doubledick's mind.

He was thinking, and letting the time run out in which he should have dressed for dinner, when Mrs. Taunton spoke to him outside the door. "His mother, above all," the Captain thought. "How shall I tell *her?*"

"You will form a friendship with your host, I hope," said Mrs. Taunton, whom he hurriedly admitted, "that will last for life. He is so true-hearted and so generous, Richard, that you can hardly fail to esteem one another. If He had been spared," she kissed (not without tears) the locket in which she wore his hair, "he would have appreciated him with his own magnanimity, and would have been truly happy that the evil days were past which made such a man his enemy."

She left the room; and the Captain walked, first to one window, whence he could see the dancing in the garden, then to another

window, whence he could see the smiling prospect and the peaceful vineyard.

"Spirit of my departed friend," said he, "is it through thee these better thoughts are rising in my mind? Is it thou hast shown me, all the way I have been drawn to meet this man, the blessings of the altered time? Is it thou who has sent thy stricken mother to me to stay my angry hand? Is it from thee the whisper comes, that this man did his duty as thou didst,— and as I did, through thy guidance, which has wholly saved me here on earth, — and that he did no more?"

He sat down, with his head buried in his hands, and, when he rose up, made the second strong resolution of his life,— that neither to the French officer, nor to the mother of his departed friend, nor to any soul, while either of the two was living, would he breath what only he knew. And when he touched that French officer's glass with his own, that day at dinner, he secretly forgave him in the name of the Divine Forgiver of injuries.

The time has since come when the son of Major Richard Doubledick and the son of that French officer, friends as their fathers were before them, fought side by side in one cause, with their respective nations, like long-divided brothers whom the better times have brought together, fast-united.

LOUIS KERNEGUY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Time — 1652.

NOTE. In 1649, at the end of the Civil War in England, Charles I was tried for treason and executed. Oliver Cromwell became Lord Protector of England.

Charles II, son of Charles I, was born at St. James' Palace, London, May 20, 1630; died at St. James', February 6, 1685. He was appointed to the command of the Royalist forces in the Western counties of England

in the Civil War, and after the decisive victory of the Parliamentary army at Naseby, left England March 2, 1646, living during his exile chiefly in France and Holland. He was proclaimed king at Edinburgh, February 5, 1649; was crowned at Scone, January 1, 1651; was totally defeated by Cromwell at Worcester, September 3, 1651; and escaped after numerous adventures.

Owing to the influence of General Monk he was proclaimed king at Westminster, May 8, 1660, and was crowned April 23, 1661.

From "The Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia."

CHARACTERS

SIR HENRY LEE. A Royalist.
ALICE LEE. His daughter.
ALBERT LEE. His son, a fugitive with the exiled king, Charles II.
DR. ROCHECLIFFE. A minister of the King's Church.
JOCELINE, PHOEBE } Servants to SIR HENRY LEE.
LOUIS KERNEGUY. King Charles II, in disguise.
COLONEL EVERARD. In love with Alice Lee, but an officer under Cromwell.
ROGER WILDRAKE. A staunch Royalist, but acting as servant to his friend COLONEL EVERARD.
SPITFIRE. Messenger.
OLIVER CROMWELL and SOLDIERS.

FIRST SCENE

[*In the dining room at Woodstock, a royal palace.*]

SIR HENRY LEE. [*With bent head, walking up and down the room.*] Alice, I have lived my time, and beyond it. I have outlived the kindest and most princelike of masters. What do I do on the earth since the dismal thirtieth of January? The parricide of that day was a signal to all true servants of Charles Stuart to avenge his death, or die as soon after as they could find a worthy opportunity.

ALICE. [*Gravely.*] Do not speak thus, father; it does not become your gravity and your worth to throw away that life which may yet be of service to your king and country. It will not and

cannot always be thus. England will not long endure the rulers which these bad times have assigned her. In the meanwhile beware of that impatience which makes bad worse.

SIR HENRY LEE. Worse! *What* can be worse? Is it not at the worst already? Will not these people expel us from the only shelter we have left, dilapidate what remains of royal property under my charge, make the palace of princes into a den of thieves, and then wipe their mouths and thank God, as if they had done an alms-deed?

ALICE. Still, there is hope behind, and I trust the King is ere this out of their reach. We have reason to think well of my brother Albert's safety.

SIR HENRY LEE. [*Reproachfully.*] Aye, Albert! there again, had it not been for thy entreaties I had gone to Worcester myself; but I must needs lie here like a worthless hound when the hunt is up, when who knows what service I might have shown? An old man's head is sometimes useful when his arm is but little worth. But you and Albert were so desirous that he should go alone, and now who can say what has become of him?

ALICE. Nay, nay, father; we have good hope that Albert escaped from that fatal day; young Abney saw him a mile from the field.

SIR HENRY LEE. Young Abney lied, I believe. Young Abney's tongue seems quicker than his hands, but far slower than his horse's heels when he leaves the Roundheads behind him. I would rather Albert's dead body were laid between Charles and Cromwell than hear he fled as early as young Abney.

ALICE. My dearest father. Oh, how can I comfort you?

SIR HENRY LEE. Comfort? I am sick of comfort.

ALICE. [*Weeping.*] Oh, father, father!

SIR HENRY LEE. Do not weep, Alice; we have enough to vex us. What is it that Shakespeare hath it —

"Gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs;"

ALICE. I am glad to hear you quote your favorite again, sir. Our present troubles are ever wellnigh ended when Shakespeare comes in play.

SIR HENRY LEE. His book was the closet-companion of my blessed master, after the Bible — with reverence for naming them together! — he felt more comfort in it than any other; and as I have shared his disease, why, it is natural I should take his medicine. Albeit, I pretend not to my master's art in explaining the dark passages; for I am but a rude man and rustically brought up to arms and hunting.

ALICE. You have seen Shakespeare yourself, sir?

SIR HENRY LEE. Silly wench, he died when I was a mere child — thou hast heard me say so twenty times; but thou wouldst lead the old man away from the tender subject. Ben Jonson I knew, and could tell thee many a tale of our meetings at the Mermaid, where, if there was much wine, there was much wit also. Old Ben adopted me as one of his sons in the muses. I have shown you, have I not, the verses, "To my much beloved son, the worshipful Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, Knight and Baronet"?

ALICE. I do not remember them at present, sir.

SIR HENRY LEE. I doubt thee, wench, but no matter — thou canst not get any more fooling out of me just now. The Evil Spirit hath left Saul for the present. We are now to think what is to be done about leaving Woodstock — or defending it. [*Sits down in a big arm chair, closes eyes, and sleeps.*]

ALICE. [*Taking up some needlework, starts to sew, when she is startled by a sound at the window. At her exclamation her father jumps up and seizes his sword.* ALBERT LEE, *with face covered, startled, falls to ground.*]

SIR HENRY LEE. Alice, thou art the queen of wenches. Stand fast till I secure the rascal.

ALICE. For God's sake no, my dearest father! Joceline will be up immediately. Hark! I hear him.

JOCELINE. I am coming, I am coming, Sir Henry. St. Michael, I shall go distracted. [*Jumps back.*] Lord in Heaven, he has slain his own son!

ALBERT. [*Jumping up.*] No — no — I tell you no. I am not hurt. No noise on your lives; get lights instantly.

JOCELINE. Silence, as you would long live on earth — silence, as you would have a place in Heaven — be but silent for a few minutes; all our lives depend on it.

ALICE. Oh, brother, how could you come in this manner?

ALBERT. Ask no questions. Good God! for what am I reserved? [SIR HENRY LEE *has fallen back as if dead.*] Was my life spared to witness this?

DR. ROCHECLIFFE. [*Who has come in while* ALBERT *was talking.*] Get water instantly!

SIR HENRY LEE. [*Starting up.*] No! My son, Albert, returned! So thou hast seen the last of our battles, Albert, and the King's colors have fallen forever before the rebels!

ALBERT. It is but even so, the last cast of the die was thrown, and alas! lost, at Worcester; and Cromwell's fortune carried it there, as it has wherever he has shown himself.

SIR HENRY LEE. Well, it can but be for a time — it can but be for a time.— And the King — the King, Albert — the King — in my ear — close — close!

ALBERT. [*In a low, tense tone.*] Our last message was one of confidence that he had escaped from Bristol.

SIR HENRY LEE. Thank God for that — thank God for that! Where didst thou leave him?

ALBERT. Our men were almost all cut to pieces at the bridge, but I followed his Majesty, with about five hundred other officers and gentlemen, who were resolved to die around him, until as our numbers and appearance drew the whole pursuit after us, it pleased his Majesty to dismiss us, with many thanks and words of comfort to us in general, and some kind expressions to most of us in especial. He sent his royal greeting to you, sir,

in particular, and said more than becomes me to repeat.

SIR HENRY LEE. Nay, I will hear it every word, boy. Is not the certainty that thou hast discharged thy duty, and that King Charles knows it, enough to console me for all that we have lost and suffered, and would'st thou stint me of it from a false shamefacedness? I will have it out of thee, were it drawn from thee with cords.

ALBERT. It shall need no such compulsion. It was his Majesty's pleasure to bid me tell Sir Henry Lee, in his name, that if his son could not go before his father in the race of loyalty, he was at least following him closely, and would soon move side by side.

SIR HENRY LEE. Said he so? Old Victor Lee will look down with pride on thee, Albert! But I forget — you must be weary and hungry. Joceline — what ho, Joceline — my son and Dr. Rochecliffe are half starving.

JOCELINE. [*Rushing in.*] There is a lad below, a page; he says of Colonel Albert's. I think he could eat a horse. He has devoured a whole loaf of bread and butter as fast as Phœbe could cut it. He is impatient and saucy!

ALICE. Hush, hush, Joceline, you forget yourself!

SIR HENRY. Who is this that he talks of? What page hast thou got, Albert, that bears himself so ill?

ALBERT. The son of a dear friend, a noble lord of Scotland, who followed the great Montrose's banner, and afterwards joined the King of Scotland, and came with him as far as Worcester. He was wounded the day before the battle, and conjured me to take this youth under my charge, which I did, somewhat unwillingly, but I could not refuse a father, perhaps on his deathbed, pleading for the safety of an only son.

SIR HENRY. Thou hadst deserved an halter, hadst thou hesitated. Fetch the youth in; he is of noble blood, and these are no times of ceremony; he shall sit with us at the same table, page though he be; and if you have not schooled him handsomely

in his manners, he may not be the worse of some lessons from me.

ALBERT. You will excuse his national drawling accent, sir, though I know you like it not?

SIR HENRY LEE. I have small cause to like it, Albert, small cause. Who stirred up these disunions? The Scots. Who strengthened the hands of Parliament, when their cause was well nigh ruined? The Scots again. Who delivered up the King, their countryman, who had flung himself upon their protection? The Scots again.

ALBERT. The King has not a more zealous friend in England, than this uncouth boy!

JOCELINE. He commands all about him as if he were in his father's old castle.

SIR HENRY. This must be a forward chick. What 's his name?

ALBERT. His name? It escapes me every hour, it is so hard. [*Hesitating.*] Kerneguy is his name — Louis Kerneguy; his father was Lord Killstewers of Kincardinshire.

SIR HENRY LEE. Kerneguy and Killstewers and Kin — what d'ye call it? Truly these Northern men's names and titles smack of their origin; they sound like a northwest wind, rumbling and roaring among heather and rocks.

DR. ROCHECLIFFE. It is but the asperities of the Celtic and Saxon dialects. But peace — here comes supper and Master Louis Kerneguy. [LOUIS KERNEGUY *enters very awkwardly; seats himself without ceremony and eats ravenously.*]

SIR HENRY LEE. I am glad to see that you have brought a good appetite for our country fare, young gentleman.

LOUIS KERNEGUY. Bread of Gude! Sir, an ye find flesh, I 'se find appetite conforming, ony day of the year.

SIR HENRY LEE. You are country-bred, young man. The youths of Scotland at court had less appetite and more — more — more —

LOUIS KERNEGUY. Meat — the better luck theirs.

SIR HENRY LEE. The lad looks hungrily at yonder cold loin of mutton; put it on his plate! Now God have mercy, Albert, but if this be the son of a Scotch peer, I would not be the English plowman who would change places with him. [*Aside.*] So, he wipes his mouth and fingers with his napkin. There is some grace in him, after all.

LOUIS KERNEGUY. Here is wussing you all a very good health!

SIR HENRY LEE. [*Raising glass.*] A health to King Charles and confusion to his enemies.

ALL. King Charles!

SIR HENRY LEE.

"Though he wanders through dangers,
Unaided, unknown,
Dependent on strangers,
Estranged from his own;
Though under our breath,
Amid forfeits and perils,
Here 's to honor and faith,
And a health to King Charles."

ALBERT. [*Stepping nearer to* SIR HENRY *and kneeling.*] My father's blessing before I retire.

SIR HENRY LEE. [*As* LOUIS KERNEGUY *in a very crude manner bows as he goes out.*] I am glad to see, young man, that you have at least learned the reverence due to age.

ALBERT. Nay, father, the poor lad is almost asleep on his legs; to-morrow he will listen with more profit to your kind admonitions. And you, Louis, remember at least one part of your duty; take the candles and light us — here Joceline, show us the way. Once more, good-night, good Doctor Rochecliffe — good-night all. [*Exit.*]

SECOND SCENE

[*In* ALBERT'S *Bed-room.*]

LOUIS KERNEGUY. [*Laughing as* ALBERT, *after securing all locks, with great deference takes light.*] Why all this formality?

ALBERT. If your Majesty's commands, and the circumstances of the time, have made me for a moment seem to forget that you are my sovereign, surely I may be permitted to render my homage as such while you are in your own royal palace of Woodstock?

LOUIS KERNEGUY. Truly, the sovereign and the palace are well matched. What a fine specimen of olden time is your father, Sir Henry! I warrant you never wore hat in his presence, eh?

Suppose a glorious Restoration come around, and thy father, as must be, of course, becomes an earl and one of the privy council; odsfish man! I shall be as much afraid of him as my grandfather Henry IV was of Old Sully! What a very pretty girl is your sister — or is it your cousin?

ALBERT. She is my sister. Would your Majesty now please to retire to rest? [*Exit.*]

THIRD SCENE

[*The next morning.* DR. ROCHECLIFFE *sitting, reading, in the room.*]

ALBERT. [*Entering room.*] I have come thus early, Dr. Rochecliffe, to ask you some questions which seem not quite untimely.

DR. ROCHECLIFE. Come hither, then, Albert Lee; thou art still the same thou wert when I was thy tutor — never satisfied with having got a grammar rule, but always persecuting me with questions, why the rule stood so, and not otherwise.

ALBERT. You are the only one who knows that our sovereign is here. Are all these that serve here to be trusted? And what — what if Markham Everard comes down on us?

DR. ROCHECLIFFE. We have his word to the contrary — his word of honor transmitted by his friend. He has incurred your father's displeasure by serving Cromwell and through it has lost the right, for the time being, to address Alice.

ALBERT. Doctor, let our foresight serve others far more precious than either of us. Let me ask you, if you have well considered whether our precious charge should remain in society with the family, or betake himself to some of the more hidden corners of the house?

DR. ROCHECLIFFE. Hum! I think he will be safest as Louis Kerneguy, keeping himself close beside you.

SIR HENRY LEE. [*Entering room with* LOUIS KERNEGUY.] Come, Albert, why look so sullen and worried? Why should you be anxious? All accounts agree that the King is safe.

ALBERT. Not without some danger.

SIR HENRY LEE. Not without danger, indeed, but, as Will Shakespeare says:

"There 's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason dares not peep at what it would."

LOUIS KERNEGUY. If I might put in a word, it would be to assure Colonel Albert Lee that I verily believe the King would think his own hap, wherever he may be, much the worse that his best subjects were seized with dejection on his account.

SIR HENRY LEE. You answer boldly on the King's part, young man.

LOUIS KERNEGUY. Oh, my father was "meikle" about the King's hand.

SIR HENRY LEE. No wonder then, that you have so soon recovered your good spirits and good breeding. You are no more like the lad we saw last night than the best hunter I ever had was like a drayhorse.

ALBERT. Oh, there is much in rest, and food, and grooming. The lad was tired out and nearly starved last night.

SIR HENRY LEE. Well, then, but since thy father was a courtier, and thou hast learned, I think, something of the trade, tell us a little, Master Kerneguy, about him we love most to hear about — the King — we are all safe and secret; you need not be afraid. He was a hopeful youth; I trust his flourishing blossom now give promise of fruit?

LOUIS KERNEGUY. I think, my patron, Colonel Albert Lee, is a better judge of the character of King Charles than I can pretend to be.

SIR HENRY LEE. Come, Albert.

ALICE. Yes, Albert; do tell us something about our young King.

ALBERT. If the King had not possessed enterprise and military skill, he never would have attempted the expedition to Worcester; had he not had personal courage, he had not so long disputed the battle that Cromwell almost judged it lost. That he possesses prudence and patience must be argued from the circumstances attending his flight; and that he has love of his subjects is evident, since, necessarily known to many, he has been betrayed by none.

ALICE. For shame, Albert! Is that the way a good Cavalier doles out the character of his prince?

ALBERT. I did my best to trace a likeness from what I have seen and known of the original, Sister Alice; if you would have a fancy portrait, you must get an artist of more imagination than I have to draw it for you.

ALICE. I shall be that artist myself, and in my portrait our monarch will show all that he ought to be, having such high pretensions; all that I am sure he is, and that every loyal heart in the kingdom ought to believe him.

SIR HENRY LEE. She speaks well, Albert. "Look thou upon this picture, and on this!" Go on, daughter, thy tongue shall

do our king full honor with thy sweet manner of saying it.

ALICE. [*Blushing.*] Our king has all the chivalrous courage, all the warlike skill, of Henry of France, his grandfather. He has all his benevolence, love of his people, patience even of unpleasing advice. He is ready to sacrifice his own wishes and pleasures to the commonweal. He will be blest while living! When he dies he will be so long remembered that for ages it shall be thought sacrilege to breathe an aspersion against the throne which he occupied. Long after he is dead, while there remains an old man who has seen him, were the condition of that survivor no higher than a groom or a menial, his age shall be provided for at the public charge, and his gray hairs regarded with more distinction than an earl's coronet, because he remembers the second Charles, the monarch of every heart in England.

SIR HENRY LEE. So much for the King, Alice, but now for the man.

ALICE. Temperate, wise, and frugal, yet munificent in rewarding merit — a friend to letters and the muses, a worthy gentleman — a kind master — the best friend —

SIR HENRY LEE. He was, girl, he was!

ALBERT. [*Starting up as a tap is heard at the door.*] Who is it, and what do you want at this hour?

SPITFIRE. [*Entering, carrying feather.*] Spitfire, sir. I come, sir, from Colonel Everard's home. Master Wildrake gave me this feather to bring to Mistress Lee and he put me out of the window that I might not be stopped by the soldiers.

ALBERT. All this nonsense about a feather.

ALICE. Stay yet a minute. So there are strangers at your master's?

SPITFIRE. Aye! at Colonel Everard's.

ALICE. And what manner of strangers; guests, I suppose?

SPITFIRE. Aye, mistress, the sort of guests that make themselves welcome wherever they come; soldiers, madam.

ALBERT. The men that have been long lying at Woodstock?

SPITFIRE. No, sir; newcomers; and their commander — your honor and your ladyship never saw such a man!

ALBERT. [*Much alarmed.*] Was he tall or short?

SPITFIRE. Neither one nor other; stout made, with slouching shoulders, a nose large, and face one would not like to say "No," to.

ALBERT. [*Pulling* ALICE *aside, whispers to her.*] You are right! the archfiend himself is upon us!

ALICE. [*Greatly disturbed.*] And the feather means flight! What shall we do!

ALBERT. Give the boy a trifle and dismiss him. [*Steps over and whispers to* LOUIS KERNEGUY.]

SIR HENRY. What is the matter, Albert? Who calls at the lodge at this hour? Why do you not answer? Why keep chattering with Louis Kerneguy?

ALICE. A boy brought a message and I fear it is an alarming one.

ALBERT. We must take farewell of you at once, father.

ALICE. No, no, brother, you must stay and aid the defense here. If you and Louis Kerneguy are both missed, the pursuit will be instant. You can change coats with Louis.

ALBERT. Right, noble girl. Yes — Louis, I remain as Kerneguy, you fly as young Master Lee. I 'll follow anon.

LOUIS KERNEGUY. I cannot see the justice of that.

SIR HENRY LEE. [*Very agitated.*] Nor I. Who is this Master Kerneguy, or what is he to me, that my son must stay and take the chance of mischief and this young Scotch page is to escape in his dress?

LOUIS KERNEGUY. I am fully of your opinion, Sir Henry. The moment is come when I must say in a word, that I am that unfortunate Charles Stuart whose lot it has been to become the cause of ruin to his best friends.

SIR HENRY LEE. [*Angrily.*] I will teach you to choose the subjects of your mirth better.

ALBERT. Be still, sir, this is indeed the King! and such is the danger to his person that every moment we waste may bring round a fatal catastrophe.

SIR HENRY LEE. [*Bowing deeply.*] My sovereign. [*Quickly.*] Albert, quickly change the King's apparel. Alice — you will guide the King to the lodge where you can get horses. Joceline, bar every door and window. Quick! The secret places in this castle will keep the rebels busy for two hours at least.

LOUIS KERNEGUY. Farewell, good friend! farewell! Think of me as a son, a brother to Albert and Alice, who are, I see, already impatient. Give me a father's blessing, and let me be gone.

SIR HENRY LEE. The God through whom kings reign bless your Majesty, the Lord of hosts bless you, and bring you in his own good time to the safe possession of the crown that is your due! [KING *and* ALICE *pass out on one side as loud knocking is heard on opposite side.*]

CROMWELL. What can this mean? They cannot surely have fled, and left the house empty. [*More knocking.*]

SIR HENRY LEE. [*Opening door.*] Who is it inquires?

CROMWELL. We come by warrant of the Commonwealth of England. Death to all who resist — life to those who surrender. What guests,— what visitors have you had?

SIR HENRY LEE. My daughter and my son, and I have three maids and one Joceline to attend upon us.

CROMWELL. I do not ask after the regular members of your household. Did you not receive a young Cavalier called Louis Gerneguy?

SIR HENRY LEE. I remember no such name, were I to hang for it.

CROMWELL. Kerneguy, or some such name!

SIR HENRY LEE. A Scotch lad, by that name was my guest, but he left this morning.

CROMWELL. [*Stamping his foot.*] So late! What horse did he ride? Who went with him?

SIR HENRY LEE. My son went with him.

CROMWELL. [*Angrily.*] Where lead all these doors?

SIR HENRY LEE. To the many rooms of the castle.

CROMWELL. [*Turning to his men.*] Search every corner of the castle. You are running up a farther account, Sir Henry, but we shall balance it once and for all.

SIR HENRY LEE. The castle is yours. Command us as you will.

[CROMWELL *and men pass out.* SIR HENRY, *much agitated, paces up and down, looking out of window at intervals.*]

ALICE. [*Entering quickly.*] Father, he is safe. The horses were fresh and even now they are miles away. [CROMWELL *enters.* ALICE *curtseys to him.*]

CROMWELL. Hast thou seen one Kerneguy — Gerneguy?

ALICE. Aye, sir; he was my brother's guest yestere'en.

CROMWELL. [*Stepping close to her.*] Where is he now?

ALICE. I know not, sir; he left long since.

SOLDIERS. [*Coming in.*] The King has escaped!

CROMWELL. [*Turning to* SIR HENRY LEE *as his soldiers pass out.*] Our day of reckoning, Sir Henry Lee, will yet come. [SIR HENRY *with a deep bow, holds open door until all have passed out.*]

FOURTH SCENE

[*Time — June, 1660 — on way to London.*]

[*Crowds waving banners. Old* SIR HENRY LEE, *sitting in chair surrounded by* ALICE, *grandchildren,* JOCELINE, PHŒBE, *etc.*]

CROWD. [*As royal procession comes up.*] God save King Charles!

KING CHARLES. [*Amid the cheers of the people, jumps from his horse, and with one hand pushes* SIR HENRY LEE *back into his*

chair.] Bless, father, bless your son, who has returned in safety, as you blessed him when he departed in danger.

SIR HENRY LEE. [*Almost overcome with feeling.*] May God bless — and preserve —

KING CHARLES [*Turning to* ALICE, *to give* SIR HENRY *a chance to recover himself.*] And you, fair guide, how have you been employed since our perilous night-walk? But I need not ask — [*glancing at children*] — in the service of king and kingdom, bringing up subjects as loyal as their ancestors. A fair lineage, by my faith, and a beautiful sight to the eye of an English king! Colonel Everard [*turning to* ALICE'S *husband*], we shall see you, I trust, at Whitehall? And thou, Joceline, thou canst hold thy quarterstaff with one hand, sure? Thrust forward the other palm. [*Fills hand with gold.*] Buy a headgear for my friend Phœbe with some of these; she, too, has been doing her duty to Old England. [*Taking both* SIR HENRY LEE'S *hands in his and bending down.*]

SIR HENRY LEE.

"Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith."

KING CHARLES. This is something too public a place for all we have to say. But if you come not soon to see King Charles at Whitehall, he will send down Louis Kerneguy to visit you, that you may see how rational that mischievous lad is become since his travels.

SIR HENRY LEE. "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

KING CHARLES. [*Bowing deeply; turns to waiting lords.*] Excuse me for having made you wait, my lords; indeed, had it not been for these good folks, you might have waited for me long enough to little purpose. Move on, sirs.

From "Story and Play Readers."
By Margaret Knox and Anna M. Lütkenhous.

THE STRANGE MISTAKE OF MR. PHILEAS FOGG

JULES VERNE

NOTE. Mr. Phileas Fogg, a member of the Reform Club of London, England, had made a wager with four of his friends that he could make a tour of the world in eighty days. Accompanied by his servant, Passepartout, he left London at eight forty-five o'clock on the evening of October second, promising to return at the same hour of the day on the twenty-first of December or forfeit to his friends the sum of twenty thousand pounds on deposit to his account in the Bank of England. Proceeding eastward by way of Bombay, Calcutta, Hongkong, Yokohama and San Francisco, after many delays and annoying mishaps, he had reached New York only to find that the last steamer by which he could reach London by December twenty-first had sailed a few moments before his arrival.

At a quarter-past eleven in the evening of the 11th, the train stopped in the station on the right bank of the river, before the very pier of the Cunard line but the *China,* for Liverpool, had started three-quarters of an hour before! The *China,* in leaving, seemed to have carried off Phileas Fogg's last hope. None of the other steamers were able to serve his projects. The *Pereire* of the French Transatlantic Company, whose admirable steamers are equal to any in speed and comfort, did not leave until the 14th; the Hamburg boats did not go directly to Liverpool or London, but to Havre; and the additional trip from Havre to Southampton would render Phileas Fogg's last efforts of no avail. The Inman steamer did not depart till the next day, and could not cross the Atlantic in time to save the wager.

Passepartout was crushed; it overwhelmed him to lose the boat by three-quarters of an hour but Mr. Fogg on leaving the Cunard pier, only said, "We will consult about what is best to-morrow. Come."

The party crossed the Hudson in the Jersey City ferry-boat, and drove in a carriage to the St. Nicholas Hotel, on Broadway.

Rooms were engaged, and the night passed, briefly to Phileas Fogg, who slept profoundly, but very long to Aouda and the others, whose agitation did not permit them to rest.

The next day was December 12. From seven in the morning of the 12th, to a quarter before nine in the evening of the 21st, there were nine days, thirteen hours, and forty-five minutes. If Phileas Fogg had left in the *China,* one of the fastest steamers on the Atlantic, he would have reached Liverpool, and then London, within the period agreed upon.

Mr. Fogg left the hotel alone, after giving Passepartout instructions to await his return. He proceeded to the banks of the Hudson, and looked about among the vessels moored or anchored in the river, for any that were about to depart. Several had departure signals, and were preparing to put to sea at morning tide; for in this immense and admirable port, there is not one day in a hundred that vessels do not set out for every quarter of the globe. But they were mostly sailing-vessels, of which, of course, Phileas Fogg could make no use.

He seemed about to give up all hope when he spied, anchored at the Battery, a cable's length off at most, a trading vessel, with a screw, well-shaped, whose funnel, puffing a cloud of smoke, indicated that she was getting ready for departure.

Phileas Fogg hailed a boat, got into it, and soon found himself on board the *Henrietta,* iron-hulled, wood-built above. He ascended to the deck, and asked for the captain, who forthwith presented himself. He was a man of fifty, a sort of sea-wolf, with big eyes, a complexion of oxidized copper, red hair and thick neck, and a growling voice.

"The captain!" asked Mr. Fogg.

"I am the captain."

"I am Phileas Fogg, of London."

"And I am Andrew Speedy, of Cardiff."

"You are going to put to sea?"

"In an hour."

"You are bound for —"

"Bordeaux."

"And your cargo?"

"No freight. Going in ballast."

"Have you any passengers?"

"No passengers. Never have passengers. Too much in the way."

"Is your vessel a swift one?"

"Between eleven and twelve knots. The *Henrietta,* well known."

"Will you carry me and three other persons to Liverpool?"

"To Liverpool? Why not to China?"

"I said Liverpool."

"No!"

"No?"

"No. I am setting out for Bordeaux, and shall go to Bordeaux."

"Money is no object?"

"None."

The captain spoke in a tone which did not admit of a reply.

"But the owners of the *Henrietta* —" resumed Phileas Fogg.

"The owners are myself," replied the captain. "The vessel belongs to me."

"I will freight it for you."

"No."

"I will buy it of you."

"No."

Phileas Fogg did not betray the least disappointment; but the situation was a grave one. Up to this time money had smoothed away every obstacle. Now money failed.

Still, some means must be found to cross the Atlantic on a boat, unless by balloon — which would have been venturesome, be-

sides not being capable of being put in practice. It seemed that Phileas Fogg had an idea, for he said to the captain. "Well, will you carry me to Bordeaux?"

"No, not if you paid me two hundred dollars."

"I offer you two thousand."

"Apiece?"

"Apiece."

"And there are four of you?"

"Four."

Captain Speedy began to scratch his head. There were eight thousand dollars to gain, without changing his route; for which it was well worth conquering the repugnance he had for all kinds of passengers. Besides, passengers at two thousand dollars are no longer passengers, but valuable merchandise. "I start at nine o'clock," said Captain Speedy, simply. "Are you and your party ready?"

"We will be on board at nine o'clock," replied, no less simply, Mr. Fogg.

It was half-past eight. To disembark from the *Henrietta,* jump into a hack, hurry to the St. Nicholas, and return with Passepartout, was the work of a brief time, and was performed by Mr. Fogg with the coolness which never abandoned him. They were on board when the *Henrietta* made ready to weigh anchor.

When Passepartout heard what this last voyage was going to cost, he uttered a prolonged "Oh!" which extended throughout his vocal gamut.

An hour after the *Henrietta* passed the light-house which marks the entrance of the Hudson, turned the point of Sandy Hook, and put to sea. During the day she skirted Long Island, passed Fire Island, and directed her course rapidly eastward.

At noon the next day, a man mounted the bridge to ascertain the vessel's position. It might be thought that this was Captain Speedy. Not the least in the world. It was Phileas Fogg,

Esquire. As for Captain Speedy, he was shut up in his cabin under lock and key, and was uttering loud cries, which signified an anger at once pardonable and excessive.

What had happened was very simple. Phileas Fogg wished to go to Liverpool, but the captain would not carry him there. Then Phileas Fogg had taken passage for Bordeaux, and, during the thirty hours he had been on board, had so shrewdly managed with his bank-notes that the sailors and stokers, who were only an occasional crew, and were not on the best terms with the captain, went over to him in a body. This was why Phileas Fogg was in command instead of Captain Speedy; why the captain was a prisoner in his cabin; and why, in short, the *Henrietta* was directing her course toward Liverpool. It was very clear, to see Mr. Fogg manage the craft, that he had been a sailor.

How the adventure ended will be seen anon. Passepartout thought Mr. Fogg's maneuver simply glorious. The captain had said "between eleven and twelve knots," and the *Henrietta* confirmed his prediction.

During the first days, they went along smoothly enough. The sea was not very unpropitious, the wind seemed stationary in the north-east, the sails were hoisted, and the *Henrietta* plowed across the waves like a real transatlantic steamer.

Passepartout was delighted. His master's last exploit, the consequences of which he ignored, enchanted him. Never had the crew seen so jolly and dextrous a fellow. He formed warm friendships with the sailors, and amazed them with his acrobatic feats. He thought they managed the vessel like gentlemen, and that the stokers fired up like heroes. His good-humor infected every one. He had forgotten the past, its vexations and delays. He only thought of the end, so nearly accomplished; and sometimes he boiled over with impatience as if heated by the furnaces of the *Henrietta*.

As for Captain Speedy, he continued to howl and growl in his cabin; and Passepartout, whose duty it was to carry him his

meals, courageous as he was, took the greatest precautions. Mr. Fogg did not seem even to know that there was a captain on board.

On the 13th they passed the edge of the Banks of Newfoundland, a dangerous locality; during the winter, especially, there are frequent fogs and heavy gales of wind. Ever since the evening before the barometer, suddenly falling, had indicated an approaching change in the atmosphere; and during the night the temperature varied, the cold became sharper, and the wind veered to the southeast.

This was a misfortune. Mr. Fogg, in order not to deviate from his course, furled his sails and increased the force of the steam; but the vessel's speed slackened, owing to the state of the sea, the long waves of which broke against the stern. She pitched violently, and this retarded her progress. The breeze little by little swelled into a tempest, and it was to be feared that the *Henrietta* might not be able to maintain herself upright on the waves.

Passepartout's visage darkened with the skies, and for two days the poor fellow experienced constant fright. But Phileas Fogg was a bold mariner, and knew how to maintain headway against the sea; and he kept on his course, without even decreasing his steam. The *Henrietta,* when she could not rise upon the waves, crossed them, swamping her deck, but passing safely. Sometimes the screw rose out of the water, beating its protruding end, when a mountain of water raised the stern above the waves; but the craft always kept straight ahead.

The wind, however, did not grow as boisterous as might have been feared; it was not one of those tempests which burst, and rush on with a speed of ninety miles an hour. It continued fresh, but, unhappily, it remained obstinately in the south-east, rendering the sails useless.

December 16th was the seventy-fifth day since Phileas Fogg's departure from London, and the *Henrietta* had not yet been seriously delayed. Half of the voyage was almost accomplished, and

the worst localities had been passed. In summer, success would have been well-nigh certain. In winter, they were at the mercy of the bad season. Passepartout said nothing; but he cherished hope in secret, and comforted himself with the reflection that, if the wind failed them, they might still count on the steam.

On this day the engineer came on deck, went up to Mr. Fogg, and began to speak earnestly with him. Without knowing why Passepartout became vaguely uneasy. He would have given one of his ears to hear with the other what the engineer was saying. He finally managed to catch a few words, and was sure he heard his master say, "You are certain of what you tell me?"

"Certain, sir," replied the engineer. "You must remember that, since we started, we have kept up hot fires in all our furnaces, and although we had coal enough to go on short steam from New York to Bordeaux, we have n't enough to go with all steam from New York to Liverpool."

"I will consider," replied Mr. Fogg.

Passepartout understood it all; he was seized with mortal anxiety. The coal was giving out! "Ah, if my master can get over that," muttered he, "he 'll be a famous man!"

And now what course would Phileas Fogg adopt? It was difficult to imagine. Nevertheless he seemed to have decided upon one, for that evening he sent for the engineer, and said to him "Feed all the fires until the coal is exhausted."

A few moments after, the funnel of the *Henrietta* vomited forth torrents of smoke. The vessel continued to proceed with all steam on; but on the 18th, the engineer, as he had predicted, announced that the coal would give out in the course of the day.

"Do not let the fires go down," replied Mr. Fogg. "Keep them up to the last. Let the valves be filled."

Toward noon Phileas Fogg, having ascertained their position, called Passepartout, and ordered him to go for Captain Speedy. It was as if the honest fellow had been commanded to unchain a tiger. He went saying to himself, "He will be like a madman!"

In a few moments a bomb appeared on deck. The bomb was Captain Speedy. It was clear that he was on the point of bursting. "Where are we?" were the first words his anger permitted him to utter. Had the poor man been apoplectic, he could never have recovered from his wrath.

"Where are we?" he repeated with purple face.

"Seven hundred and seventy miles from Liverpool," replied Mr. Fogg, with imperturbable calmness.

"Pirate!" cried Captain Speedy.

"I have sent for you, sir —"

"Pickaroon!"

"Sir," continued Mr. Fogg, "to ask you to sell me your vessel."

"No! no!"

"But I shall be obliged to burn her."

"Burn the *Henrietta!*"

"Yes; at least the upper part of her. The coal has given out."

"Burn my vessel!" cried Captain Speedy, who could scarcely pronounce the words. "A vessel worth fifty thousand dollars!"

"Here are sixty thousand," replied Phileas Fogg, handing the captain a roll of bank-bills. This had a prodigious effect on Andrew Speedy. An American can scarcely remain unmoved at the sight of sixty thousand dollars. The captain forgot in an instant his anger, his imprisonment ,and all his grudges against his passenger. The *Henrietta* was twenty years old; it was a great bargain. The bomb would not go off after all. Mr. Fogg had taken away the match.

"And I shall still have the iron hull," said the captain in a softer tone.

"The iron hull and the engine. Is it agreed?"

"Agreed." And Andrew Speedy, seizing the bank-notes, counted them, and put them in his pocket.

When Andrew Speedy had pocketed the money, Mr. Fogg said

to him, "Don't let this astonish you, sir. You must know that I shall lose twenty thousand pounds, unless I arrive in London by a quarter before nine on the evening of the 21st of December. I missed the steamer at New York, and as you refused to take me to Liverpool —"

"And I did well!" cried Andrew Speedy; "for I have gained at least forty thousand dollars by it!" He added, more sedately, "Do you know one thing, Captain —"

"Fogg."

"Captain Fogg, you've got something of the Yankee about you." And, having paid his passenger what he considered a high compliment, he was going away, when Mr. Fogg said, "The vessel now belongs to me?"

"Certainly, from the keel to the truck of the masts — all the wood, that is."

"Very well. Have the interior seats, bunks, and frames pulled down, and burn them."

It was necessary to have wood to keep the steam up to the adequate pressure, and on that day the poop, cabins, bunks, and the spare deck were sacrificed. On the next day, December 19th, the masts, rafts, and spars were burned; the crew worked lustily, keeping up the fires. Passepartout, hewed, cut, and sawed away with all his might. There was a perfect rage for demolition. The railings, fittings, the greater part of the deck, and top sides disappeared on the 20th, and the *Henrietta* was now only a flat hulk. But on this day they sighted the Irish coast and Fastnet Light. By ten in the evening they were passing Queenstown. Phileas Fogg had only twenty-four hours more in which to get to London; that length of time was necessary to reach Liverpool, with all steam on. And the steam was about to give out altogether!

"Sir," said Captain Speedy, who was now deeply interested in Mr. Fogg's project, "I really commiserate you. Everything is against you. We are only opposite Queenstown."

"Ah," said Mr. Fogg, "is that place where we see the lights Queenstown?"

"Yes."

"Can we enter the harbor?"

"Not under three hours. Only at high tide."

"Stay," replied Mr. Fogg, calmly, without betraying in his features that by a supreme inspiration he was about to attempt once more to conquer ill-fortune.

Queenstown is the Irish port at which the transatlantic steamers stop to put off the mails. These mails are carried to Dublin by express trains always held in readiness to start; from Dublin they are sent on to Liverpool by the most rapid boats, and thus gain twelve hours on the Atlantic steamers.

Phileas Fogg counted on gaining twelve hours in the same way. Instead of arriving at Liverpool the next evening by the *Henrietta,* he would be there by noon, and would therefore have time to reach London before a quarter before nine in the evening.

The *Henrietta* entered Queenstown harbor at one o'clock in the morning, it then being high tide; and Phileas Fogg, after being grasped heartily by the hand by Captain Speedy, left that gentleman on the leveled hulk of his craft which was still worth half what he had sold it for.

The party went on shore at once. They all got upon the train, which was just ready to start, at half-past one; at dawn of day they were in Dublin; and they lost no time in embarking on a steamer which, disdaining to rise upon the waves, invariably cut through them.

Phileas Fogg at last disembarked on the Liverpool quay, at twenty minutes before twelve, December 21. He was only six hours distant from London.

Mr. Fogg and Passepartout left the Custom House without delay, got into a cab, and in a few moments descended at the station. Phileas Fogg asked if there was an express train about to leave for London. The express train had left thirty-five min-

utes before. Mr. Fogg then ordered a special train. There were several rapid locomotives on hand; but the railway arrangements did not permit the special train to leave until three o'clock. At that hour Phileas Fogg, having stimulated the engineer by the offer of a generous reward, at last set out toward London with his faithful servant.

It was necessary to make the journey in five hours and a half; and this would have been easy on a clear road throughout. But there were forced delays, and when Mr. Fogg stepped from the train at the terminus, the hands of the clocks in London showed it was ten minutes before nine.

Having made the tour of the world, he was behindhand five minutes. He had lost.

Mr. Fogg's five friends of the Reform Club passed the three days preceding December 21 in a state of feverish suspense. Would Phileas Fogg, whom they had forgotten, reappear before their eyes? Where was he at this moment? December 17, the day of James Strand's arrest, was the seventy-sixth since Phileas Fogg's departure, and no news of him had been received. Was he dead? Had he abandoned the effort, or was he continuing his journey along the route agreed upon? And would he appear on Saturday, December 21, at a quarter before nine in the evening. on the threshold of the Reform Club saloon? The anxiety in which, for three days, London society existed cannot be described. Telegrams were sent to America and Asia for news of Phileas Fogg. Messengers were dispatched to the house in Saville Row morning and evening. No news.

A great crowd was collected in Pall Mall and the neighboring streets on Saturday evening. Circulation was impeded, and everywhere disputes, discussions, and financial transactions were going on. The police had great difficulty in keeping back the crowd, and as the hour when Phileas Fogg was due approached, the excitement rose to its highest pitch.

The five antagonists of Phileas Fogg had met in the great din-

ing hall of the club. John Sullivan and Samuel Fallentin, the bankers, Andrew Stuart, the engineer, Gauthier Ralph, the director of the Bank of England, and Thomas Flanagan, one and all waited anxiously.

When the clock indicated twenty minutes past eight, Andrew Stuart got up, saying, "Gentlemen, in twenty minutes the time agreed upon between Mr. Fogg and ourselves will have expired."

"What time did the last train arrive from Liverpool?" asked Thomas Flanagan.

"At twenty-three minutes past seven," replied Gauthier Ralph; "and the next does not arrive till ten minutes after twelve."

"Well, gentlemen," resumed Andrew Stuart, "if Phileas Fogg had come in the 7.23 train, he would have got here by this time. We can therefore regard the bet as won."

"Wait; don't let us be too hasty," replied Samuel Fallentin. "You know that Mr. Fogg is very eccentric. His punctuality is well-known; he never arrives too soon, or too late; and I should not be surprised if he appeared before us at the last minute."

"Why," said Andrew Stuart, nervously, "if I should see him, I should not believe it was he."

"The fact is," resumed Thomas Flanagan, "Mr. Fogg's project was absurdly foolish. Whatever his punctuality, he could not prevent the delays which were certain to occur; and a delay of only two or three days would be fatal to his tour."

"Observe, too," added John Sullivan, "that we have received no intelligence from him, though there are telegraphic lines all along his route."

"He has lost, gentlemen," said Andrew Stuart, "he has a hundred times lost! You know, besides, that the *China* — the only steamer he could have taken from New York to get here in time — arrived yesterday. I have seen a list of the passengers, and the name of Phileas Fogg is not among them. Even if we admit that fortune has favored him he can scarcely have reached America. I think he will be at least twenty days behindhand."

"It is clear," replied Gauthier Ralph; "and we have nothing to do but to present Mr. Fogg's check at Barings' to-morrow."

At this moment the hands of the club clock pointed to twenty minutes to nine.

"Five minutes more," said Andrew Stuart.

The five gentlemen looked at each other. Their anxiety was becoming intense; but, not wishing to betray it, they readily assented to Mr. Fallentin's proposal of a rubber.

"I would n't give up my four thousand of the bet," said Andrew Stuart, as he took his seat, "for three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine."

The clock indicated eighteen minutes to nine.

Certainly, however secure they felt, minutes had never seemed so long to them!

"Seventeen minutes to nine," said Thomas Flanagan.

Then there was a moment of silence. The great saloon was perfectly quiet; but the murmurs of the crowd outside were heard, with now and then a shrill cry. The pendulum beat the seconds, which each player eagerly counted, as he listened, with mathematical regularity.

"Sixteen minutes to nine!" said John Sullivan, in a voice which betrayed his emotion.

One minute more, and the wager would be won.

Andrew Stuart and his partners suspended their game, and counted the seconds.

At the fortieth second, nothing. At the fiftieth, still nothing. At the fifty-fifth, a loud cry was heard in the street, followed by applause, hurrahs, and some fierce growls.

The players rose from their seats.

At the fifty-seventh second the door of the saloon opened; and the pendulum had not beat the sixtieth second when Phileas Fogg appeared, followed by an excited crowd, who had forced their way through the club doors, and in his calm voice said, "Here I am, gentlemen!"

Yes; Phileas Fogg in person.

. . . . . .

At five minutes past eight in the evening — about five and twenty hours after the arrival of the travelers in London — Passepartout had been sent by his master to engage the services of the Reverend Samuel Wilson in a certain marriage ceremony, which was to take place the next day.

Passepartout went on his errand enchanted. He soon reached the clergyman's house, but found him not at home. Passepartout waited a good twenty minutes, and when he left the reverend gentleman, it was thirty-five minutes past eight. But in what a state he was! With his hair in disorder, and without his hat, he ran along the street as never man was seen to run before, overturning passers-by, rushing over the sidewalk like a water-spout. In three minutes he was in Saville Row again, and staggered breathlessly into Mr. Fogg's room.

He could not speak.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"My master!" gasped Passepartout —"marriage — impossible —"

"Impossible?"

"Impossible — for to-morrow."

"Why so?"

"Because to-morrow — is Sunday!"

"Monday," replied Mr. Fogg.

"No — to-day — is Saturday."

"Saturday? Impossible!"

"Yes, yes, yes, yes!" cried Passepartout. "You have made a mistake of one day! We arrived twenty-four hours ahead of time; but there are only ten minutes left!"

Passepartout had seized his master by the collar, and was dragging him along with irresistible force.

Phileas Fogg, thus kidnapped, without having time to think, left his house, jumped into a cab, promised a hundred pounds

to the cabman, and, having run over two dogs and overturned five carriages, reached the Reform Club.

The clock indicated a quarter before nine when he appeared.

Phileas Fogg had accomplished the journey round the world in eighty days!

How was it that a man so exact and fastidious could have made this error of a day? How came he to think that he had arrived in London on Saturday, the twenty-first day of December, when it was really Friday, the twentieth, the seventy-ninth day only from his departure?

The cause of the error is very simple.

Phileas Fogg had, without suspecting it, gained one day on his journey, and this merely because he had traveled constantly eastward; he would, on the contrary, have lost a day, had he gone in the opposite direction, that is, westward.

In journeying eastward he had gone toward the sun, and the days therefore diminished for him as many times four minutes as he crossed degrees in this direction. There are three hundred and sixty degrees on the circumference of the earth; and these three hundred and sixty degrees, multiplied by four minutes, give precisely twenty-four hours — that is, the day unconsciously gained. In other words, while Phileas Fogg, going eastward, saw the sun pass the meridian eighty times his friends in London only saw it pass the meridian seventy-nine times. This is why they awaited him at the Reform Club on Saturday, and not Sunday, as Mr. Fogg thought.

And Passepartout's famous family watch, which had always kept London time, would have betrayed this fact, if it had marked the days as well as the hours and minutes!

Phileas Fogg, then, had won the twenty thousand pounds; but as he had spent nearly nineteen thousand on the way, the pecuniary gain was small. His object was, however, to be victorious, and not to win money.

From "Around the World in Eighty Days."

THE OLIVE TREE

SABINE BARING-GOULD

Said an ancient hermit, bending
  Half in prayer upon his knee,
"Oil I need for midnight watching,
  I desire an olive tree."

Then he took a tender sapling,
  Planted it before his cave,
Spread his trembling hands above it,
  As his benison he gave.

But he thought, the rain it needeth,
  That the root may drink and swell;
"God! I pray Thee send Thy showers!"
  So a gentle shower fell.

"Lord I ask for beams of summer,
  Cherishing this little child."
Then the dripping clouds divided,
  And the sun looked down and smiled.

"Send it frost to brace its tissues,
  O my God!" the hermit cried.
Then the plant was bright and hoary,
  But at evensong it died.

Went the hermit to a brother
  Sitting in his rocky cell:
"Thou an olive tree possessest;
  How is this, my brother, tell?"

Said the other, "I entrusted
To its God my little tree;
He who made knew what it needed,
Better than a man like me.

"Laid I on him no condition,
Fixed no ways and means; so I
Wonder not my olive thriveth,
Whilst thy olive tree did die."

GULLIVER THE GREAT

WALTER A. DYER

We had dined at the Churchwarden Club and Enderby had led me to the lounge or loafing-room, an oak-paneled apartment in the rear of the floor above, with huge leather chairs and a seat in the bay window.

But no sooner had Enderby seated himself on the window-seat than there was a rush and a commotion, and a short, glad bark, and Nubbins, the steward's bull-terrier, bounded in and landed at Enderby's side with canine expressions of great joy.

I reached forward to pat him, but he paid absolutely no attention to me.

At last his wriggling subsided, and he settled down with his head on Enderby's knee, the picture of content.

"Friend of yours?" I suggested.

Enderby smiled. "Yes," he said, "we're friends, I guess. And the funny part of it is that he does n't pay any attention to any one else except his master. They all act that way with me, dogs do." And he pulled Nubbins's stubby ears.

"Natural attraction, I suppose," said I.

"Yes, it is," he answered with the modest frankness of a big man. "It's a thing hard to explain, though there's a sort of reason for it in my case.

"Every dog nowadays seems to look upon me as his long-lost master, but it was n't always so. I hated dogs and they hated me. We were born enemies. More than that, I was afraid of dogs. A little fuzzy toy dog, ambling up to me in a room full of company, with his tail wagging, gave me the shudders. I could n't touch the beast. And as for big dogs outdoors, I feared them like the plague. I would go blocks out of my way to avoid one.

"I don't remember being particularly cowardly about other things, but I just could n't help this. It was in my blood, for some reason or other. It was the bane of my existence. I could n't see what the brutes were put into the world for, or how any one could have anything to do with them.

"And the dogs reciprocated. They disliked and distrusted me. The most docile old Brunos would growl and show their teeth when I came near."

"Did the change come suddenly?" I asked.

"Quite. It was in 1901. I accepted a commission from an importing and trading company to go to the Philippines to do a little quiet exploring, and spent four months in the sickly place. Then I got the fever, and when I recovered I could n't get out of there too soon.

"I reached Manila just in time to see the mail steamer disappearing around the point, and I was angry. There would be another in six days, but I could n't wait.

"I made inquiries and learned of an old tramp steamer, named the *Old Squaw,* making ready to leave for Honolulu on the following day with a cargo of hemp and stuff, and a group of Moros for some show in the States, and I booked passage on that.

"She was the worst old tub you ever saw. I did n't learn much about her, but I verily believe her to have been a condemned excursion boat. She would n't have been allowed to run to Coney Island.

"She was battered and unpainted, and she wallowed horribly,

I don't believe she could have reached Honolulu much before the next regular boat, but I could n't wait, and I took her.

"I made myself as comfortable as possible, bribed the cook to insure myself against starvation, and swung a hammock on the forward deck.

"But we had n't lost sight of Manila Bay when I discovered that there was a dog aboard — and such a dog! I had never seen one that sent me into such a panic as this one, and he had free range of the ship. A Great Dane he was, named Gulliver, and he was the pride of the captain.

"With all my fear, I realized he was a magnificent animal, but I looked on him as a gigantic devil. Without exception, he was the biggest dog I ever saw, and as muscular as a lion. His tail was as big around as my arm, and the cook lived in terror of his getting into the galley and wagging it; and he had a mouth that looked to me like the crater of Mauna Loa, and a voice that shook the planking when he spoke.

"I first caught sight of him appearing from behind a huge coil of cordage in the stern. He stretched and yawned, and I nearly died of fright.

"I caught up a belaying-pin, though little good that would have done me. I think he saw me do it, and doubtless he set me down for an enemy then and there.

"We were well out in the harbor, and there was no turning back, but I would have given my right hand to be off that boat. I fully expected him to eat me up, and I slept with that belaying-pin sticking into my ribs in the hammock, and with my revolver loaded and handy.

"Fortunately, Gulliver's dislike for me took the form of sublime contempt. He knew I was afraid of him, and he despised me for it. He was a great pet with the captain and crew, and even the Moros treated him with admiring respect when they were allowed on deck. I could n't understand it. I would as soon have made a pet of a hungry boa-constrictor,

"On the third day out the poor old boiler burst and the *Old Squaw* caught fire. She was dry and rotten inside and she burned like tinder. No attempt was made to extinguish the flames, which got into the hemp in the hold in short order.

"The smoke was stifling, and in a jiffy all hands were struggling with the boats. The Moros came tumbling up from below and added to the confusion with their terrified yells.

"The davits were old and rusty, and the men were soon fighting among themselves. One boat dropped stern foremost, filled, and sank immediately, and the *Old Squaw* herself was visibly settling.

"I saw there was no chance of getting away in the boats, and I recalled a life-raft on the deck forward near my hammock. It was a sort of catamaran — a double platform on a pair of hollow, water-tight, cylindrical buoys. It was n't twenty feet long and about half as broad, but it would have to do. I fancy it was a forgotten relic of the old excursion-boat days.

"There was no time to lose, for the *Old Squaw* was bound to sink presently. Besides, I was aft with the rest, and the flames were licking up the deck and running-gear in the waist of the boat.

"The galley, which was amidships near the engine-room, had received the full force of the explosion, and the cook lay moaning in the lee scuppers with a small water-cask thumping against his chest. I could n't stop to help the man, but I did kick the cask away.

"It seemed to be nearly full, and it occurred to me that I should need it. I glanced quickly around, and luckily found a tin of biscuits that had also been blown out of the galley. I picked this up, and rolling the cask of water ahead of me as rapidly as I could, I made my way through the hot, stifling smoke to the bow of the boat.

"I kicked at the life-raft; it seemed to be sound, and I lashed the biscuits and water to it. I also threw on a coil of rope and a piece of sail-cloth. I saw nothing else about that could possibly

be of any value to me. I abandoned my trunk for fear it would only prove troublesome.

"Then I hacked the raft loose with my knife and shoved it over to the bulwark. Apparently no one had seen me, for there was no one else forward of the sheet of flame that now cut the boat in two.

"The raft was a mighty heavy affair, but I managed to raise one end to the rail. I don't believe I would ever have been able to heave it over under any circumstances, but I did n't have to.

"I felt a great upheaval, and the prow of the *Old Squaw* went up into the air. I grabbed the ropes that I had lashed the food on with and clung to the raft. The deck became almost perpendicular, and it was a miracle that the raft did n't slide down with me into the flames. Somehow it stuck where it was.

"Then the boat sank with a great roar, and for about a thousand years, it seemed to me, I was under water. I did n't do anything. I could n't think.

"I was only conscious of a tremendous weight of water and a feeling that I would burst open. Instinct alone made me cling to the raft.

"When it finally brought me to the surface I was as nearly dead as I care to be. I lay there on the thing in a half-conscious condition for an endless time. If my life had depended on my doing something, I would have been lost.

"Then gradually I came to, and began to spit out salt water and gasp for breath. I gathered my wits together and sat up. My hands were absolutely numb, and I had to loosen the grip of my fingers with the help of my toes. Odd sensation.

"Then I looked about me. My biscuits and water and rope were safe, but the sail-cloth had vanished. I remember that this annoyed me hugely at the time, though I don't know what earthly good it would have been.

"The sea was fairly calm, and I could see all about. Not a

human being was visible, only a few floating bits of wreckage. Every man on board must have gone down with the ship and drowned, except myself.

" Then I caught sight of something that made my heart stand still. The huge head of Gulliver was coming rapidly toward me through the water!

" The dog was swimming strongly, and must have leaped from the *Old Squaw* before she sank. My raft was the only thing afloat large enough to hold him, and he knew it.

" I drew my revolver, but it was soaking wet and useless. Then I sat down on the cracker tin and gritted my teeth and waited. I had been alarmed, I must admit, when the boiler blew up and the panic began, but that was nothing to the terror that seized me now.

" Here I was all alone on the top of the Pacific Ocean with a horrible demon making for me as fast as he could swim. My mind was benumbed, and I could think of nothing to do. I trembled and my teeth rattled. I prayed for a shark, but no shark came.

" Soon Gulliver reached the raft and placed one of his forepaws on it and then the other. The top of it stood six or eight inches above the water, and it took a great effort for the dog to raise himself. I wanted to kick him back, but I did n't dare to move.

" Gulliver struggled mightily. Again and again he reared his great shoulders above the sea, only to be cast back, scratching and kicking, at a lurch of the raft.

" Finally a wave favored him, and he caught the edge of the under platform with one of his hind feet. With a stupendous effort he heaved his huge bulk over the edge and lay sprawling at my feet, panting and trembling.

" Well, there we were. You can't possibly imagine how I felt unless you, too, have been afflicted with dog-fear. It was awful. And I hated the brute so. I could have torn him limb from limb

if I had had the strength. But he was vastly more powerful than I. I could only fear him.

"By and by he got up and shook himself. I cowered on my cracker-tin, but he only looked at me contemptuously, went to the other end of the raft, and lay down to wait patiently for deliverance.

"We remained this way until nightfall. The sea was comparatively calm, and we seemed to be drifting but slowly. We were in the path of ships likely to be passing one way or the other, and I would have been hopeful of the outcome if it had not been for my feared and hated companion.

"I began to feel faint, and opened the cracker-tin. The biscuits were wet with salt water, but I ate a couple, and left the cover of the tin open to dry them. Gulliver looked around, and I shut the tin hastily. But the dog never moved. He was not disposed to ask any favors. By kicking the sides of the cask and prying with my knife, I managed to get the bung out and took a drink. Then I settled myself on the raft with my back against the cask, and longed for a smoke.

"The gentle motion of the raft produced a lulling effect on my exhausted nerves, and I began to nod, only to awake with a start, with fear gripping at my heart. I dared not sleep. I don't know what I thought Gulliver would do to me, for I did not understand dogs, but I felt that I must watch him constantly. In the starlight I could see that his eyes were open. Gulliver was watchful too.

"All night long I kept up a running fight with drowsiness. I dozed at intervals, but never for long at a time. It was a horrible night, and I cannot tell you how I longed for day and welcomed it when it came.

"I must have slept toward dawn, for I suddenly became conscious of broad daylight. I roused myself, stood up, and swung my arms and legs to stir up circulation, for the night had been chilly. Gulliver arose, too, and stood silently watching me until

I ceased for fear. When he had settled down again I got my breakfast out of the cracker-tin. Gulliver was restless, and was evidently interested.

"'He must be hungry,' I thought, and then a new fear caught me. I had only to wait until he became very hungry and then he would surely attack me. I concluded that it would be wiser to feed him, and I tossed him a biscuit.

"I expected to see him grab it ravenously, and wondered as soon as I had thrown it if the taste of food would only serve to make him more ferocious. But at first he would not touch it. He only lay there with his great head on his paws and glowered at me. Distrust was plainly visible in his face. I had never realized before that a dog's face could express the subtler emotions.

"His gaze fascinated me, and I could not take my eyes from his. The bulk of him was tremendous as he lay there, and I noticed the big, swelling muscles of his jaw. At last he arose, sniffed suspiciously at the biscuit, and looked up at me again.

"'It 's all right; eat it!' I cried.

"The sound of my own voice frightened me. I had not intended to speak to him. But in spite of my strained tone he seemed somewhat reassured.

"He took a little nibble, and then swallowed the biscuit after one or two crunches, and looked up expectantly. I threw him another and he ate that.

"'That 's all,' said I. 'We must be sparing of them.'

"I was amazed to discover how perfectly he understood. He lay down again and licked his chops.

"Late in the afternoon I saw a line of smoke on the horizon, and soon a steamer hove into view. I stood up and waved my coat frantically, but to no purpose. Gulliver stood up and looked from me to the steamer, apparently much interested.

"'Too far off,' I said to Gulliver. 'I hope the next one will come nearer.'

"At midday I dined, and fed Gulliver. This time he took

the two biscuits quite without reserve and whacked his great tail against the raft. It seemed to me that his attitude was less hostile, and I wondered at it.

"When I took my drink from the cask, Gulliver showed signs of interest.

"'I suppose dogs get thirsty, too,' I said aloud.

"Gulliver rapped with his tail. I looked about for some sort of receptacle, and finally pulled off my shoe, filled it with water, and shoved it toward him with my foot. He drank gratefully.

"During the afternoon I sighted another ship, but it was too distant to notice me. However, the sea remained calm and I did not despair.

"After we had had supper, I settled back against my cask, resolved to keep awake, for still I did not trust Gulliver. The sun set suddenly and the stars came out, and I found myself strangely lonesome. It seemed as though I had been alone out there on the Pacific for weeks. The miles and miles of heaving waters, almost on a level with my eye, were beginning to get on my nerves. I longed for some one to talk to, and wished I had dragged the half-breed cook along with me for company. I sighed loudly, and Gulliver raised his head.

"'Lonesome out here, is n't it?' I said, simply to hear the sound of my own voice.

"Then for the first time Gulliver spoke. He made a deep sound in his throat, but it was n't a growl, and with all my ignorance of dog language I knew it.

"Then I began to talk. I talked about everything — the people back home and all that — and Gulliver listened. I know more about dogs now, and I know that the best way to make friends with a dog is to talk to him. He can't talk back, but he can understand a heap more than you think he can.

"Finally Gulliver, who had kept his distance all this time, arose and came toward me. My words died in my throat. What was he going to do? To my immense relief he did nothing but sink

down at my feet with a grunt and curl his huge body into a semicircle. He had dignity, Gulliver had. He wanted to be friendly, but he would not presume. However, I had lost interest in conversation, and sat watching him and wondering.

"In spite of my firm resolution, I fell asleep at length from sheer exhaustion, and did not awake until daybreak. The sky was clouded and our craft was pitching. Gulliver was standing in the middle of the raft, looking at me in evident alarm. I glanced over my shoulder, and the blackness of the horizon told me that a storm was coming, and coming soon.

"I made fast our slender provender, tied the end of a line about my own waist for safety, and waited.

"In a short time the storm struck us in all its tropical fury. The raft pitched and tossed, now high up at one end, and now at the other, and sometimes almost engulfed in the waves.

"Gulliver was having a desperate time to keep aboard. His blunt claws slipped on the wet deck of the raft, and he fell and slid about dangerously. The thought flashed across my mind that the storm might prove to be a blessing in disguise, and that I might soon be rid of the brute.

"As I clung there to the lashings, I saw him slip down to the further end of the raft, his hind quarters actually over the edge. A wave swept over him, but still he clung, panting madly. Then the raft righted itself for a moment, and as he hung there he gave me a look. I shall never forget — a look of fear, of pleading, of reproach, and yet of silent courage. And with all my stupidity I read that look. Somehow it told me that I was the master, after all, and he the dog. I could not resist it. Cautiously I raised myself and loosened the spare rope I had saved. As the raft tipped the other way Gulliver regained his footing and came sliding toward me.

"Quickly I passed the rope around his body, and as the raft dived again I hung on to the rope with one hand, retaining my own hold with the other. Gulliver's great weight nearly pulled

my arm from its socket, but he helped mightily, and during the next moment of equilibrium I took another turn about his body and made the end of the rope fast.

"The storm passed as swiftly as it had come, and though it left us drenched and exhausted, we were both safe.

"That evening Gulliver crept close to me as I talked, and I let him. Loneliness will make a man do strange things.

"On the fifth day, when our provisions were nearly gone, and I had begun to feel the sinking dullness of despair, I sighted a steamer apparently coming directly toward us. Instantly I felt new life in my limbs and around my heart, and while the boat was yet miles away I began to shout and to wave my coat.

"'I believe she's coming, old man!' I cried to Gulliver; 'I believe she's coming!'

"I soon wearied of this foolishness and sat down to wait. Gulliver came close and sat beside me, and for the first time I put my hand on him. He looked up at me and rapped furiously with his tail. I patted his head — a little gingerly, I must confess.

"It was a big, smooth head, and it felt solid and strong. I passed my hand down his neck, his back, his flanks. He seemed to quiver with joy. He leaned his huge body against me. Then he bowed his head and licked my shoe.

"A feeling of intense shame and unworthiness came over me, with the realization of how completely I had misunderstood him. Why should this great, powerful creature lick my shoe? It was incredible.

"Then, somehow, everything changed. Fear and distrust left me, and a feeling of comradeship and understanding took their place. We two had been through so much together. A dog was no longer a frightful beast to me; he was a dog! I cannot think of a nobler word. And Gulliver had licked my shoe! Doubtless it was only the fineness of his perception that had prevented him from licking my hand. I might have resented that. I put my

arms suddenly around Gulliver's neck and hugged him. I loved that dog!

"Slowly, slowly, the steamer crawled along, but still she kept to her course. When she was about a mile away, however, I saw that she would not pass as near to us as I had hoped; so I began once more my waving and yelling. She came nearer, nearer, but still showed no sign of observing us.

"She was abreast of us, and passing. I was in a frenzy!

"She was so near that I could make out the figure of the captain on the bridge, and other figures on the deck below. It seemed as though they must see us, though I realized how low in the water we stood, and how pitifully weak and hoarse my voice was. I had been a fool to waste it. Then an idea struck me.

"'Speak!' I cried to Gulliver, who stood watching beside me. 'Speak, old man!'

"Gulliver needed no second bidding. A roar like that of all the bulls of Bashan rolled out over the blue Pacific. Again and again Gulliver gave voice, deep, full, powerful. His great sides heaved with the mighty effort, his red, cavernous mouth open, and his head raised high.

"'Good, old man!' I cried. 'Good!' And again that magnificent voice boomed forth.

"Then something happened on board the steamer. The figures came to the side. I waved my coat and danced. Then they saw us.

"I was pretty well done up when they took us aboard, and I slept for twenty-four hours straight. When I awoke there sat Gulliver by my bunk, and when I turned to look at him he lifted a great paw and put it on my arm."

Enderby ceased, and there was silence in the room.

"You took him home with you, I suppose?" I asked.

Enderby nodded.

"And you have him still?" I certainly wanted to have a look at that dog.

Again and Again Gulliver Gave Voice, Deep, Full, Powerful

But he did not answer. I saw an expression of great sadness come into his eyes as he gazed out of the window, and I knew that Jacob Enderby had finished his story.

THE ADVENTURES OF ARNOLD ADAIR: AIR SCOUT

A ZEPPELIN RAID OVER PARIS

LAURENCE LA TOURETTE DRIGGS

"Just consider a Zeppelin," said Captain Philip Pieron to his corps of aviators, "as a long cigar. She is cut into twenty compartments of equal size, and in each compartment is carried an egg-shaped balloonet of hydrogen gas.

"If you puncture half a dozen of them, the rest will keep the ship afloat. The wrapper of your cigar covers the whole framework, protecting the interior and offering a smooth, sleek surface to the winds. Underneath this wrapper is a space filled with a non-inflammable gas that will actually extinguish a flaming bullet. The framework and compartment walls are of melanite — a metal lighter than aluminum, and elastic. A piece of this framework large enough to cover my sleeping cot yonder will weigh less than nine pounds, including the thousand rivets that hold it together.

"Now, remember that hydrogen gas is sixteen times as light as air. If you release it, the gas will go up to about thirty thousand feet above the earth, where the air is just as light as the gas. But the gas-bags and the framework and the engines and the tanks and all the other necessary parts of the modern airship comprise such a weight that an empty Zeppelin will not rise more than fifteen thousand feet. Now add to this weight the necessary men, then food, guns and ammunition, bombs, and fuel for the engines, and she cannot rise above approximately twelve thousand feet. At that level she displaces a volume of air equal

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to her own weight, so there she floats whether her propellers are in motion or idle. The weight of her load is estimated beforehand. She may carry so much and no more, depending upon the height she considers it necessary to attain. If she wants to come down, she pumps air in. Going up, she pumps air out.

"She does not let her gas escape as the ordinary balloon does. The Germans pump it into compressed gas-tanks which let it rush back into the balloonets as desired. Now, here is the point of this lecture — by quickly substituting gas for air in her front compartments, she turns her nose up, and her buoyancy plus her engine-power make her leap upwards much faster than any airplane can follow. So you 've got to be on the lookout for that or she will get out of your reach."

"Why not get underneath and shoot up at her?" demanded Ned Yale — "Old Eli," as he is called in the Flying Corps.

"Because gas escapes up, not down," replied our instructor. "You must puncture her bags from above. Moreover, her gunners are apt to get you with their machine guns from the gondolas underneath her keel. They fear to shoot from the top platform, as the upward escaping gas might ignite from the flash of the gun and blow up the whole ship."

We were in a hurried conference in the corps commander's office. Our ten airplanes were standing, wing and wing, on the flying field in front of the hangar. The mechanics were trying out the engines, filling the tanks, and examining every spar, strut, and wire. Helpers were oiling the mechanism of the machine guns and fastening loaded magazines in the racks.

Half an hour before, while we were playing bridge, sewing on buttons, writing letters, or ragging one another on our personal appearance and character, the telephone rang. The orderly answered the call and, in the sudden dead silence, called, "Colonel Demain, the telephone, sir."

The tense pause while our commanding officer stalks across the room stiffens every muscle in our bodies. Nobody breathes.

Every brain is active and each pilot's imagination runs swiftly over the list of possibilities. The still, sultry afternoon had irritated our nerves. Here was a call to action!

"Yes, that you, Paul? Yes. What! Well, rather. Two of them? Right. Good-by."

The Colonel dropped the telephone and turned to his orderly. "Call up the airdrome. Have all the Nieuports run out on the field and put in shape. Get the lights ready for night flying. Send the searchlight squads to their posts. Bring Captain Pieron to me."

"Zeps are coming, boys," said the commanding officer, turning to us with a smile. "The Twenty-first Corps spotted two of them just now, lying off Stevoy waiting for darkness. Weather conditions are ideal for them. You will get a taste of night flying at last."

Belts are hitched up another notch, and, with a common inclination, we pass out of quarters down the lane to the flying field. The Lancer walks with me.

"And how many Zeps have you brought down, Lancer?" calls out Old Eli from the rear. My companion grins amicably. He has been flying since the first month of the war and is the veteran of our corps. Severely wounded by a slicing cut across the forehead, he had been invalided to England several months ago and had but recently returned to his command.

We reached the hangar and were directly joined by Captain Philip Pieron — the best-loved officer in the flying service. Drawing us into his office, he closed the door, and we seated ourselves along the benches and on his tables and chairs.

"Boys, it is eight o'clock. It will be dark in half an hour. Does every one of you know how to read the colored light signals at the corners of the field?"

He glances at each one of us in turn. Each nods. Landing in the dark is no job for a novice. Our fast Nieuports travel at the rate of 130 miles an hour. One hits the ground at a speed of

considerably over a mile a minute. Even under the best conditions it requires coolness and judgment to make a good landing. A smooth field and plenty of room are absolutely essential.

At night the center of our flying field is indicated by a searchlight, surrounded by a circle of white lights. The searchlight points straight up into the heavens and winks at regular intervals. The four corners of the field are marked by a combination of colored lights, so that, once certain of the boundary-lines and the corners, one could estimate fairly well his position above the field.

Our home field light winks three times, then shines steadily a moment. Others of our flying fields have other signals. Unless one strays too far away into the night, he can pick up his home signal with little difficulty.

After half an hour's pithy instructions as to our method of attack and the Zeppelin's means of defense, Philip dismissed us, directing each pilot to a certain position in the fan-shaped line of airplane sentries. Co-operating with other flying corps along our front, we should form a continuous line of protection between Paris and the German trenches.

"Lieutenant Adair will remain," the Captain added, as we started to leave the room. "Keep your positions at about eight thousand feet elevation. The Zeps will not be above four thousand until they are attacked. Then they will come up to you."

"Arnold," said Philip to me, when the others had gone, "I am going with you to-night. We have a new one-pounder gun mounted on a Farman machine which we will try. I will be with you in five minutes."

At thirty seconds' intervals our machines were taking the air. One after another each pilot raised and lowered his ailerons and elevators, fanned the rudder, hooked on the safety-belt, and shot his arm up over his head. The helpers jerked away the blocks. The proud conqueror of the air rushed over the ground,

lifting up its shapely tail like a haughty peacock as it left the grass and soared into space.

Darkness was beginning to fall. The Zeppelin is a skulking monster which waits for the blackness of night before unfolding its dastardly designs. Released from its anchorage, it rises to the desired level over its hidden nest and stealthily approaches its victim in the still watches of the night. Its engines muffled to the quietness of the modern automobile engine, it permits no sound to escape save the buzzing of its propellers. Drifting high over places of danger with a following wind, the propellers are stopped and the Corsair floats over in absolute silence.

Back of our front our searchlights are active. Unusually heavy artillery fire has been directed at our searchlight stations by the Germans, but it only serves to redouble our curiosity as to its purpose. Great white shafts of light cut through the night and extinguish the stars above. Flares, exploding rockets, and star-shells keep the heavens constantly agleam.

Philip sits ahead of me straining his eyes through a night-glass. We have a ponderous machine, which seems gigantic and lumbering compared to the flitting lightness of my dainty Nieuport. Lashed to her prow and pointing dead ahead looms the black outline of the new one-pounder. One must aim the airplane to aim the gun, for the gun is immovable. It shoots fifty shots per minute. Each one-pound shell explodes upon impact and breaks into a score of flying fragments which should rend to pieces the fragile structure of any airship. The telescope sights are big and luminous. They are fixed along the edge of the cowl in front of Philip, and the gun is lined up to fit them. Philip has a dual control arranged in the machine, so that he can steer the frigate from the front seat as well as I from behind. It is a frigate indeed, for, besides the big gun weighing one hundred and twenty pounds, I have a rapid-fire gun of light weight mounted on the top plane, which fires over Philip's head.

We have each an automatic pistol and a small supply of fire bombs to be dropped by hand. Capable of making a maximum speed of only eighty miles an hour, loaded as we are, we have climbed to eight thousand feet in order to have the upper berth. It is freezing cold at this height, although the lower levels enjoy the climate of late summer.

"It 's a fake," called Philip to me through the speaking-tube, after an hour's cruising through the night. "They 're making too much of a fuss over there. It 's a blind. The Zeps are not coming over this country. They will run west until they strike the forest along the Oise, then follow down the river to Paris."

He waved his hand to the west as he banked the machine over. In the distance the dense blackness indicated an utter absence of artillery activity, and I began to follow Philip's deductions.

The Zeppelins presumably would steer west by compass while well back of their own front. Picking up the Oise River, they would then follow its left bank, keeping above the heavy forests about Compiègne and Senlis, thus reducing the risk of discovery by our searchlights. Not until they reached the vicinity of Marly would they run the gauntlet of our anti-aircraft guns and searchlights.

That means a journey of two hundred miles for them after dark. They can make sixty-five miles an hour at a pinch. Better estimate it at fifty-five, as they are heavily loaded. That will make it after midnight before they reach Marly. Marly is twenty-five miles north of Paris. We have plenty of time.

We carry fuel enough for six hours' flight in this old bus. The light Nieuports will have to come down long before that. It was now ten o'clock. We will cover the distance to Marly within an hour.

We drop down considerably to get our bearings. Picking up the flying field three miles east of ours, and lining it up against our own flashing signal, we mark out a straight course for Senlis.

Flying at night is somewhat like flying over the foggy sea in that no landmarks are certain by which to lay one's course. Although one follows his compass, a beam wind blowing will take him sideways many miles out of his path. The light breeze from the north we had already noted. At the end of an hour's flight we calculated it would have drifted us south within sight of the signals marking Senlis.

As we droned along under the summer sky I had nothing to do save to avoid colliding with other planes and to keep an eye on my compass, speed-indicator, and altimeter. Philip was again busy with his night-glass, and I would feel an occasional movement of the controls as he altered our course.

We were fully aware of our position relative to certain signal lights below. An occasional flare would light up the gleaming Oise flowing south along our left. Frequent sparks of lights sped under us. These were the tiny red lights on the tips of French airplanes' wings to warn their followers against the danger of collision. Our searchlights about Marly were continuously searching the heavens. Not a sound from outside reached our ears through the roaring of our engine.

Suddenly we noticed the white beams of light ahead of us cease their wandering and concentrate steadily to the westward. Instantly appeared unfolding wreaths of smoke and fog almost yellow in color as the intense light penetrated and crossed these bursts of shrapnel. The enemy had been discovered!

A score of searchlights directed their pointing figures to the one common target. Twoscore airplanes gathered from the adjacent heavens around the silent monster below us. Sweeping in wide circles at eight thousand feet, we judged the Zep to be not more than three or four thousand feet above the earth. Eager to take a hand in this business myself, I pushed over my joystick a bit and nosed the machine down. Philip quickly pulled her back again and waved his hand over his head for me to desist. Dis-

appointed, but confident that my captain had some better plan in his mind, I surrendered the control to him and again watched the proceedings below.

The whole menagerie was moving steadily and swiftly southward. Zeppelins, searchlights, bursting shells, and daring airplanes were keeping pace together rod by rod. Our airplanes were above the enemy and circling wide to avoid the gunfire from our anti-aircraft batteries. Suddenly a signal light burst out from one of the airplanes, and the firing ceased. Simultaneously, like angry wasps, the flock of buzzing planes darted down upon their prey.

The forward motion of the airship slackened. We could see her in the beams of light quickly stand on end, with her nose pointing upwards at a sharp angle. Almost at the instant our airplanes reached her she shot directly up and through them, rising with incredible swiftness. Rapid flashes of fire sparkled from our airplanes' guns, but the sudden upward jump of the huge monster had obviously disconcerted them. The searchlights lost her, wandered again in every direction, and finally picked her up again a mile east.

We ourselves had been unable to follow the maneuvers of the enemy craft from the moment she shot out of the encircling shafts of light. We had observed, however, a significant signal which might well have escaped the attention of both the volplaning pilots and the land forces below. The Zeppelin had let off a rocket which lit up the heavens in our vicinity with its floating blue balls of incandescent light. She was undoubtedly sending up a signal to her sister ship that now was the time to dive across this exposed area while we were all engaged on the present job.

But which way would the second Zep steer her course? Would she keep to the left or would she cross the river and be already well on her way around our other end? Obviously, she will not enter another sector where all the defenses are on the alert, but she

will skirt the edge of this confusion at the opportune moment and work her way to the rear of our sector well behind our center. Then she will have safe going until she reaches the fortifications about Paris itself.

These reflections occupied me only an instant. The self-appreciation that came to me when I realized that Captain Pieron had arrived at the same conclusion occupied me the balance of the night. Phil had headed our slow-going bus directly away from the trenches and was shooting steeply down to a lower level.

On, on we flew. Several times I thought the encircling searchlights below were on the edge of Paris, but we passed them by without hesitation. At last, when we did begin a long sweep to the right, I could not believe we were over the city. The blackness below was not broken by a single spark of light.

We had beaten the enemy to her objective-point and must await the movements of the searchlight operators to indicate the exact place to strike. We had been picked up and followed by these alert operators most of our way in. Our signals satisfied them as to our identity and we were soon cruising about the aerial harbor of Paris, mingling our warning lights with those of countless other defenders — ships that pass in the night! Truly, no equal mystery and concern attach to the passing craft on the sea. Like restless fireflies skimming, the defending planes crossed and recrossed the threshold to Paris at every elevation from one thousand to fifteen thousand feet.

As it is of no use to strain one's eyes against the blackness of the midnight sky, the air-scout plies his craft in and out among his fellows with one eye out for collisions and the other eye following the movements of the searchlights below. As soon as anything hostile is discerned, the inquiring beams of light begin to approach it from every angle. Soon the enemy is in a focus of light which blinds its eyes and reveals its smallest movement to the sweeping scouts above.

Coming steadily along, we now beheld the sister ship, the

cynosure of every focused light, accompanied by the usual spray of bursting shells; moving at her utmost speed, she was still baffling the range-finders and gunners of the French batteries below. The pursuing airplanes swung about her at a safe distance overhead. With marvelous agility, the big balloon dodged and dived her way across the danger-zone covered by our land guns. In the gondolas, swung close below the keel of the ship, we could see the German gunners standing by their pieces. On the backbone of the monster, amidships, was the upper gun platform with a rapid-fire machine gun mounted on an anti-aircraft pedestal. At intervals, several of our circling battleplanes swooped down at the Zeppelin together, pouring in volleys from their small guns as they approached. As they passed under the Zeppelin, the airplanes ceased firing and braved the danger of the exploding shells as well as the German fire from the gondolas while they again climbed in spiral leaps to their upper berth.

Airplane rockets were fired upwards by some of our pilots, but none of them struck their target. Bomb after bomb was dropped from above, and they could be discerned bursting into flame as they struck the ground after grazing the sleek-sided enemy.

Philip had been steadily pushing upwards since the appearance of the straggling intruder. Our slow-going machine was no climber. One chance at the enemy with our heavy gun was all we could expect. Once we had launched our attack and passed under the Huns, we should never have an opportunity to climb above them again. They were moving almost as fast as we were.

Again we were at eight thousand feet. Our darting airplanes below were annoying the raider so persistently that her crew had no time for selecting choice buildings of Paris for their bombs. Again the Germans resorted to their ruse for shaking off the airplanes, and we saw her shooting up out of their midst.

"Quick, before the searchlights lose her!" shouted Philip through his speaking-tube.

Banking steeply over to the right, I cut off the spark and swing

back in a long spiral to the rear. Cutting off another switch, I extinguish our wing-tip lights. In the sudden silence of our deadened engine I can hear the continuous booming of the artillery and the constant explosion of shrapnel bursting around us. So thick is the drifting smoke that the powerful beams of light are dissipated and broken.

Oh, wretched luck! We have lost her! The Zeppelin is nowhere to be seen.

Somewhere hidden in those blinding clouds, our prey that we have so long been stalking is rising to meet us. But have we passed her? It will be pure luck if we ever see her again.

Cautiously I begin to flatten out our path again, when suddenly I shout aloud for joy. Ahead of us and below there darts a sweet clear light outside the pall of smoke. The star-shell bursts and floats away. Leveled out under the glare, the Zeppelin is pursuing her solitary way.

Captain Philip waves both arms over his head and I relinquish to him the control of the machine. Accumulating additional speed as we slide down upon our target, the Farman battleplane prepares for action. I draw out my automatic from my blouse and seize the lanyard string overhead. Philip leans forward, sighting through the luminous telescope the black mass ahead.

Fifty yards away we both begin firing. The quick pom-pom of our heavy gun startles me. The unaccustomed recoil jars our machine. In the excitement of the moment I forget to release my lanyard and my light gun continues barking until the magazine is exhausted.

For a wonderful thing has happened! As we brush under the stern of the monster craft she suddenly vanishes with a roar that stuns me. Our machine is hurled like a feather, sideways, and down. Our terrific speed and the stanchness of our heavy planes save us from the common disintegration. A red glare lights up the heavens and shoots thousands of feet into the stars. Acres of burning débris are floating and falling down around us.

Down through the center of this field of flames a glowing mass of twisted metal is slipping, rotating as it increases its velocity. A million cubic feet of gas has exploded!

"Lieutenant Adair," said Colonel Demain the next morning, eyeing me with his sternest air, "you are to report with Captain Pieron this afternoon to the War Department in Paris. The citizens of Paris do not like burning embers scattered over their houses at night, and I believe they have something to say to you about it."

RHOECUS

(Extract)

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

A youth named Rhoecus, wandering in the wood,
Saw an old oak just trembling to its fall,
And, feeling pity of so fair a tree,
He propped its gray trunk with admiring care,
And with a thoughtless footstep loitered on.
But, as he turned, he heard a voice behind
That murmured, "Rhoecus!" 'T was as if the leaves,
Stirred by a passing breath, had murmured it,
And, while he paused, bewildered, yet again
It murmured "Rhoecus!" softer than a breeze.
He started and beheld with dizzy eyes
What seemed the substance of a happy dream
Stand there before him, spreading a warm glow
Within the green glooms of the shadowy oak.
It seemed a woman's shape, yet far too fair
To be a woman, and with eyes too meek
For any that were wont to mate with gods.
All naked like a goddess stood she there,

And like a goddess all too beautiful
To feel the guilt-born earthliness of shame.
"Rhoecus, I am the Dryad of this tree,"
Thus she began, dropping her low-toned words
Serene, and full, and clear, as drops of dew,
"And with it I am doomed to live and die;
The rain and sunshine are my caterers,
Nor have I other bliss than simple life;
Now ask me what thou wilt, that I can give,
And with a thankful joy it shall be thine."
Then Rhoecus, with a flutter at the heart,
Yet, by the prompting of such beauty, bold,
Answered; "What is there that can satisfy
The endless craving of the soul but love?
Give me thy love, or but the hope of that
Which must be evermore my nature's goal."
After a little pause she said again,
But with a glimpse of sadness in her tone,
"I give it, Rhoecus, though a perilous gift;
An hour before the sunset meet me here."
And straightway there was nothing he could see
But the green glooms beneath the shadowy oak,
And not a sound came to his straining ears
But the low trickling rustle of the leaves,
And far away upon an emerald slope
The falter of an idle shepherd's pipe.

Young Rhoecus had a faithful heart enough,
But one that in the present dwelt too much,
And, taking with blithe welcome whatsoever
Chance gave of joy, was wholly bound in that,
Like the contented peasant of a vale,
Deemed it the world, and never looked beyond.
So, haply meeting in the afternoon

Some comrades who were playing at the dice,
He joined them and forgot all else beside.

The dice were rattling at the merriest,
And Rhoecus, who had met but sorry luck,
Just laughed in triumph at a happy throw,
When through the room there hummed a yellow bee
That buzzed about his ear with down-dropped legs
As if to light. And Rhoecus laughed and said,
Feeling how red and flushed he was with loss,
"By Venus! Does he take me for a rose?"
And brushed him off with rough, impatient hand.
But still the bee came back, and thrice again
Rhoecus did beat him off with growing wrath.
Then through the window flew the wounded bee,
And Rhoecus, tracking him with angry eyes,
Saw a sharp mountain-peak of Thessaly
Against the red disk of the setting sun,—
And instantly the blood sank from his heart,
As if its very walls had caved away,
Without a word he turned, and rushing forth,
Ran madly through the city and the gate,
And o'er the plain, which now the wood's long shade,
By the long sun thrown forward broad and dim,
Darkened well nigh unto the city's wall.

Quite spent and out of breath he reached the tree,
And, listening fearful, he heard once more
The low voice murmur "Rhoecus!" close at hand;
Whereat he looked around him, but could see
Naught but the deepening glooms beneath the oak.
Then sighed the voice, "O Rhoecus! nevermore
Shalt thou behold me or by day or night,
Me, who would fain have blessed thee with a love

More ripe and bounteous than ever yet
Filled up with nectar any mortal heart:
But thou didst scorn my humble messenger,
And sentst him back to me with bruised wings.
We spirits only show to gentle eyes,
We ever ask an undivided love,
And he who scorns the least of nature's works
Is henceforth exiled and shut out from all.
Farewell! For thou canst never see me more."

Then Rhoecus beat his breast and groaned aloud,
And cried, "Be pitiful! Forgive me yet
This once and I shall never need it more!"
"Alas," the voice returned, "'t is thou art blind,
Not I unmerciful; I can forgive
But have no skill to heal thy spirit's eyes;
Only the soul hath power o'er itself."
With that again there murmured "Nevermore!"
And Rhoecus after heard no other sound,
Except the rattling of the oak's crisp leaves,
Like the long surf upon a distant shore,
Raking the sea-worn pebbles up and down.
The night had gathered round him: o'er the plain
The city sparkled with its thousand lights
And sounds of revel fell upon his ear
Harshly and like a curse; above the sky,
With all its bright sublimity of stars,
Deepened, and on his forehead smote the breeze:
Beauty was all around him and delight,
But from that eve he was alone on earth.

CLOCKS

JEROME K. JEROME

There are two kinds of clocks. There is the clock that is always wrong, and that knows it is wrong, and glories in it; and there is the clock that is always right — except when you rely upon it, and then it is more wrong than you would think a clock could be in a civilized country.

I remember a clock of this latter type, that we had in the house when I was a boy, routing us all up at three o'clock one winter's morning. We had finished breakfast at ten minutes to four, and I got to school a little after five, and sat down on the step outside and cried, because I thought the world had come to an end: everything was so death-like!

The man who can live in the same house with one of these clocks, and not endanger his chance of heaven about once a month by standing up and telling it what he thinks of it, is either a dangerous rival to that old established firm, Job, or else he does not know enough emphatic language to make it worth his while to start saying anything at all.

The great dream of its life is to lure you on into trying to catch a train by it. For weeks and weeks it will keep the most perfect time. If there were any difference in time between that clock and the sun, you would be convinced it was the sun, not the clock that wanted seeing to. You feel that if that clock happened to get a quarter of a second fast, or the eighth of an instant slow, it would break its heart and die.

It is in this spirit of child-like faith in its integrity that, one morning, you gather your family around you in the passage, kiss your children, and afterward wipe your jammy mouth, poke your finger in the baby's eye, promise not to forget to order the coals, wave a last fond adieu with the umbrella, and depart for the railway station.

I never have been quite able to decide, myself, which is the more irritating, to run two miles at the top of your speed, and then to find, when you reach the station, that you are three quarters of an hour too early; or to stroll along leisurely the whole way, and dawdle about outside the booking-office, talking to some local idiot, and then to swagger carelessly on to the platform, just in time to see the train go out!

As for the other class of clocks — the common or always-wrong clocks — they are harmless enough. You wind them up at the proper intervals, and once or twice a week you put them right and "regulate" them, as you call it. But you do all this, not from any selfish motives, but from a sense of duty to the clock itself. You want to feel that, whatever may happen, you have done the right thing by it, and that no blame can attach to you.

So far as looking to it for any return is concerned, that you never dream of doing, and consequently you are not disappointed. You ask what the time is, and the girl replies:

"Well, the clock in the dining-room says a quarter past two."

But you are not deceived by this. You know that, as a matter of fact, it must be somewhere between nine and ten in the evening; and, remembering that you noticed, as a curious circumstance, that the clock was only forty minutes past four, hours ago, you mildly admire its energies and resources, and wonder how it does it.

I myself possess a clock that for complicated unconventionality and light-hearted independence, could, I should think, give points to anything yet discovered in the chronometrical line. As a mere time-piece, it leaves much to be desired; but, considered as a self-acting conundrum, it is full of interest and variety.

It was my wife's idea, getting it, in the first instance. We had been to dinner at the Buggles', and the Buggles had just bought a clock —"picked it up in Essex," was the way he described the transaction. Buggles is always going about "picking

up" things. He will stand before an old carved bedstead, weighing about three tons, and say: "Yes — pretty little thing! I picked it up in Holland;" as though he had found it by the roadside, and slipped it into his umbrella when nobody was looking.

Buggles was rather full of this clock. It was of the good old-fashioned "grandfather" type. It stood eight feet high, in a carved-oak case, and had a deep, sonorous, solemn tick, that made a pleasant accompaniment to the after-dinner chat, and seemed to fill the room with an air of homely dignity.

We discussed the clock, and Buggles said how he loved the sound of its slow, grave tick; and how, when all the house was still, and he and it were sitting up alone together, it seemed like some wise old friend talking to him, and telling him about the old days and the old ways of thought, and the old life and the old people.

The clock impressed my wife very much. She was very thoughtful all the way home, and, as we went upstairs to our flat, she said:

"Why could not we have a clock like that?"

She said it would seem like having some one in the house to take care of us all — she should fancy it was looking after baby!

I have a man in Northamptonshire from whom I buy old furniture now and then, and to him I applied. He answered that he had exactly the very thing I wanted. (He always has. I am very lucky in this respect.) It was the quaintest and most old-fashioned clock he had come across for a long while, and he inclosed photograph and full particulars; should he send it up?

From the photograph and the particulars, it seemed, as he said, the very thing, and I told him:

"Yes; send it up at once."

Three days afterward there came a knock at the door — there had been other knocks at the door before this, of course; but I am dealing merely with the history of the clock. The girl said a

couple of men were outside, and wanted to see me, and I went to them.

I found they were Pickford's carriers, and, glancing at the way-bill, I saw that it was my clock that they had brought, and I said, airily:

"Oh, yes! it 's quite right; bring it up."

They said they were very sorry, but that was just the difficulty. They could not get it up.

I went down with them, and, wedged securely across the second landing of the staircase, I found a box which I should have judged to be the original case in which Cleopatra's Needle came over.

They said that was my clock.

I brought down a chopper and a crowbar, and we sent out and collected in two extra hired ruffians, and the five of us work away for half an hour and got the clock out; after which the traffic up and down the staircase was resumed, much to the satisfaction of the other tenants.

We then got the clock upstairs and put it together, and I fixed it in the corner of the dining-room.

At first it exhibited a strong desire to topple over and fall on people, but by the liberal use of nails and screws and bits of fire-wood, I made life in the same room with it possible, and then, being exhausted, I had my wounds dressed, and went to bed.

In the middle of the night, my wife woke me up in a great state of alarm, to stay that the clock had just struck thirteen, and who did I think was going to die?

I said I did not know, but hoped it might be the next-door dog.

My wife said she had a presentiment it meant baby. There was no comforting her; she cried herself to sleep again.

During the course of the morning, I succeeded in persuading her that she must have made a mistake, and she consented to smile once more. In the afternoon the clock struck thirteen again.

This renewed all her fears. She was convinced now that both baby and I were doomed, and that she would be left a childless widow. I tried to treat the matter as a joke, and this only made her more wretched. She said that she could see I really felt as she did, and was only pretending to be light-hearted for her sake, and she said she would try and bear it bravely.

The person she chiefly blamed was Buggles.

In the night, the clock gave us another warning, and my wife accepted it for her aunt Maria, and seemed resigned. She wished, however, that I had never had the clock, and wondered when, if ever, I should get cured of my absurd craze for filling the house with tomfoolery.

The next day the clock struck thirteen four times, and this cheered her up. She said that if we were all going to die, it did not so much matter. Most likely there was a fever or a plague coming, and we should all be taken together.

She was quite light-hearted over it!

After that, the clock went on and killed every friend and relation we had, and then it started on the neighbors.

It struck thirteen all day long for months, until we were sick of slaughter, and there could not have been a human being left alive for miles around.

Then it turned over a new leaf, and gave up murdering folks, and took to striking mere harmless thirty-nines and forty-ones. Its favorite number now is thirty-two, but once a day it strikes forty-nine. It never strikes more than forty-nine. I don't know why — I have never been able to understand why — but it does n't.

It does not strike at regular intervals, but when it feels it wants to and would be better for it. Sometimes it strikes three or four times within the same hour, and at other times it will go for half a day without striking at all.

He is an odd old fellow!

I have thought now and then of having him "seen to," and

made to keep regular hours and be respectable; but, somehow, I seem to have grown to love him as he is, with his daring mockery of Time.

He certainly has not much respect for it. He seems to go out of his way almost to openly insult it. He calls half past two thirty-eight o'clock, and in twenty minutes from then he says it is one!

Is it that he really has grown to feel contempt for his master, and wishes to show it? They say no man is a hero to his valet; may it be that even stony-faced Time himself is but a short-lived puny mortal — a little greater than some others, that is all — to the dim eyes of this old servant of his? Has he, ticking, ticking, all these years, come at last to see into the littleness of that Time that looms so great to our awed human eyes?

Is he saying, as he grimly laughs, and strikes his thirty-fives and forties:

"Bah! I know you, Time, god-like and dread though you seem. What are you but a phantom — a dream — like the rest of us here? Ay, less, for you will pass away and be no more. Fear him not, immortal men. Time is but the shadow of the world upon the background of Eternity!"

THE FLAG IN BELGIUM

WILLIAM C. EDGAR

We stood on Belgium's tortured soil,
War-scarred it was — blood red,
While Hunger stalked the smitten land
And widows mourned their dead;
And there was nowhere sign of hope,
And nowhere help was nigh,
Save in that spot where flew our flag,
The Stars and Stripes, on high.

Beneath it, safe protected, lay
The food by Pity sent,
And where it waved, Compassion stood
With succor for the spent.
The little children blessed the flag,
And women kissed its bars.
And men looked up, again with hope
To gaze upon its stars.

Go, trace its glories to their source
In fights by land or sea,
And tell of all that made this flag
The emblem of the free,
But nobler fight was never waged
Nor higher honor gained
Than where this flag 'gainst Famine's force
God's mercy still maintained.

THE SIEGE OF BERLIN

ALPHONSE DAUDET

We were going up the Champs Elysées with Dr. V——, gathering from the walls pierced by shell, the pavement plowed by grape shot, the history of the besieged Paris, when just before reaching the Place de l'Etoile, the doctor stopped and pointed out to me one of those large corner houses, so pompously grouped around the Arc de Triomphe.

"Do you see," said he, "those four closed windows up there on the balcony? In the beginning of August, that terrible month of August of '70, so laden with storm and distress, I was called there to attend a case of apoplexy. The sufferer was Colonel Jouve, an old Cuirassier of the First Empire, full of enthusiasm

for glory and patriotism, who, at the beginning of the war, had taken an apartment with a balcony in the Champs Elysées — for what do you think? To assist at the triumphal entry of our troops. Poor old man! The news of Wissembourg arrived as he was rising from the table. On reading the name of Napoleon at the bottom of that bulletin of defeat he fell senseless.

"I found the old man stretched upon the floor, his face bleeding and inert as from the blow of a club. Standing he would have been very tall; lying, he looked immense; with fine features, beautiful teeth, and white curling hair, carrying his eighty years as though they had been sixty. Beside him knelt his granddaughter in tears. She resembled him. Seeing them side by side, they reminded me of two Greek medallions stamped with the same impress only the one was antique, earth-stained, its outlines somewhat worn; the other beautiful and clear, in all the luster of its freshness.

"The child's sorrow was touching. A daughter and a granddaughter of soldiers — her father was on MacMahon's staff — the sight of the old man stretched before her evoked in her mind another no less terrible vision. I did my best to reassure her, though in reality I had but little hope.

"For three days the patient remained in the same comatose condition. Meanwhile came the news of Reichshofen — you remember how strangely? Till the evening we all believed in a great victory — twenty thousand Prussians killed, the Crown Prince taken prisoner.

"I cannot tell by what miracle, by what magnetic current, an echo of this national joy was transmitted to our poor invalid, up to this time deaf and dumb to all around him; but this evening, on approaching the bed, I found a new man. His eye was clear, his speech less difficult, and he had the strength to smile and stammer: —

"'Victory, victory!'

"'Yes, Colonel, a great victory.' And as I gave the details of

MacMahon's splendid success I saw his features relax and his countenance brighten. When I went out his granddaughter was waiting for me, pale and sobbing —

"'But he is saved,'" I said taking her hands.

"The poor child had hardly courage to answer me. The true Reichshofen had just been announced, MacMahon a fugitive, the whole army crushed. We looked at each other in consternation, she anxious for her father, I trembling for her grandfather Certainly he would not bear this new shock. And yet, what could we do? Let him enjoy the illusion which had revived him? But then we should have to deceive him.

"'Well, then, I'll deceive him,' said the brave girl, and hastily wiping away her tears she reentered her grandfather's room with a beaming face.

"'It was a hard task she had set for herself. For the first few days it was comparatively easy as the old man's head was weak and he was as credulous as a child. But with returning health came clearer ideas. It was necessary to keep him au courant with the movements of the army and to invent military bulletins. It was pitiful to see that beautiful girl bending day and night over her map of Germany, marking it with little flags, forcing herself to combine the whole of a glorious campaign — Bazaine on the road to Berlin, Frossard in Bavaria, MacMahon on the Baltic. In all this she asked my counsel and I gave it to her as far as I could, but it was the grandfather who did most for us in this imaginary invasion. He had conquered Germany so often during the First Empire. He knew all the moves beforehand. 'Now they should go there. That is what they will do,' and his anticipations were always realized, not a little to his pride. Unfortunately, we might take towns and gain battles, but we never went fast enough for the Colonel. He was insatiable. Every day I was greeted with a great feat of arms.

"'Doctor, we have taken Mayence,' said the young girl, coming

to meet me with a heartrending smile, and through the door I heard a joyous voice crying:

"'We are getting on. We are getting on. In a week we shall enter Berlin.'

"At that moment the Prussians were but a week from Paris. At first we thought it might be better to move to one of the provinces, but once out of doors the state of the country would have told him all, and I thought him still too weak, too enervated to know the truth. It was therefore decided that they should stay where they were.

"On the first day of the investment I went to see my patient — much agitated, I remember, and with that pang in my heart which we all felt at knowing the gates of Paris were shut, that the war was under our walls, that our suburbs had become our frontiers.

"I found the old man jubilant and proud.

"'Well,' said he, 'the siege has begun.'

"I looked at him stupefied.

"'How, Colonel, did you know?'

"His granddaughter turned to me:

"'Oh, yes, Doctor, it is good news. The siege of Berlin has commenced.'

"She said this composedly, while drawing out her needle. How could he suspect anything? He could not hear the cannon nor see that unhappy Paris, so sullen and disorderly. All that he saw from his bed was calculated to keep up his delusion. Outside was the Arc de Triomphe and in the room quite a collection of souvenirs of the First Empire. Portraits of marshals, engravings of battles, the King of Rome in his baby robes; the stiff consoles, ornamented with trophies in brass, were covered with Imperial relics, medal, bronze; a stone from St. Helena under a glass shade; miniatures all representing the same becurled lady, in ball dress, in a yellow gown with leg-of-mutton sleeves, and light eyes; and all — the consoles, the King of Rome, the medals, the

yellow ladies with short waists and sashes under their arms — in that style of awkward stiffness which was the grace of '06. Good Colonel! It was this atmosphere of victory and conquest, rather than all we could say, which made him believe so naïvely in the siege of Berlin.

"From that day our military operations became much simpler. Taking Berlin was merely a matter of patience. Every now and then, when the old man was tired of waiting, a letter from his son was read to him — an imaginary letter, of course, as nothing could enter Paris, and as, since Sedan, MacMahon's aide-de-camp had been sent to a German fortress. Can you not imagine the despair of the young girl, without tidings of her father, being reasonably sure that he was a prisoner, deprived of all comforts, perhaps ill, and yet obliged to make him speak in cheerful letters, somewhat short, as from a soldier in the field, always advancing into conquered territory. Sometimes, when the patient was more than usually weak, weeks passed without further news. But when he was restless and unable to sleep, suddenly came a letter from Germany which she read joyfully at his bedside, struggling hard against her tears. The Colonel listened religiously, smiling with a superior air, approving, criticising, explaining. But it was in the answers to his sons that he was at his best. 'Never forget that you are a Frenchman,' he wrote; 'be generous to those poor people. Do not make the invasion too hard for them.' His advice was never ending; edifying sermons about respect of property, the politeness due to ladies,— in short, quite a code of military honor for the use of conquerors. With all this he put in some general reflections on politics and the conditions of peace to be imposed on the vanquished. With regard to the latter, I will say that he was not exacting: —

"'The war indemnity and nothing else. It is no good to take provinces. Can one turn Germany into France?'

"He dictated this with so firm a voice, and we felt so much

sincerity in his words, so much patriotic faith, that it was impossible to listen to him unmoved.

"Meanwhile the siege went on — not the siege of Berlin, alas! We were at the worst period of cold, of bombardment, of epidemic, of famine. But, thanks to our care and the indefatigable tenderness which surrounded him, the old man's serenity was not for a moment disturbed. Up to the end I was able to procure white bread and fresh meat for him, and him only. You could not imagine anything more touching than those breakfasts of the grandfather, so innocently egotistic, sitting up in bed, fresh, smiling, the napkin tied under his chin, and at his side his granddaughter, pale from her privations, guiding his hands, making him drink, helping him to eat all these good, forbidden things. Then, revived by the repast, in the comfort of his warm room, shut out from the wintry wind and the snow eddying about the window, the old Cuirassier would recall his Northern campaigns and would relate to us that disastrous retreat in Russia where there was nothing to eat but frozen biscuits and horse flesh.

"'Can you understand that, little one? We ate horse flesh.'

"I should think she did understand it. For two months she had tasted nothing else. As convalescence approached, our task daily increased in difficulty. The numbness of the Colonel's senses as well as of his limbs, which had hitherto helped so much, was beginning to wear away. Once or twice already, those terrible volleys at Porte Maillot had made him start and prick up his ears like a war horse; we were obliged to invent a recent victory of Bazaine's before Berlin and salvos fired by the Invalides in honor of it. Another day (the Thursday of Buzenval) his bed had been pushed to the window whence he saw some of the National Guard massed upon the Avenue de la Grande Armée.

"'What soldiers are those?' he asked and we heard him grumbling between his teeth: —

"'Badly drilled, badly drilled.'

"Nothing came of this, but we understood that henceforth greater precaution was necessary. Unfortunately, we were not careful enough. One evening I was met by the child in great trouble.

"'It is to-morrow they make their entry,' she said. Could the grandfather's door have been opened? In thinking of it since, I remember that all evening his face wore an extraordinary expression. Probably he had overheard us; only we spoke of the Prussians and he thought of the French, of the triumphal entry he had so long expected, MacMahon descending down the avenue amidst flowers and flourish of trumpets, his own son riding beside the marshal, and he himself on the balcony, in full uniform as at Lutzen, saluting the ragged colors and the eagles blackened by powder.

"Poor Colonel Jouve! He, no doubt, imagined that we wished to prevent his assisting at the defile of our troops, lest his emotion prove too much for him, and therefore took care to say nothing to us. But the next day, just at the time the Prussian battalions cautiously entered the long road leading from the Porte Maillot to the Tuileries, the window up there softly opened and the Colonel appeared on the balcony with his helmet, his sword, all his long unused but glorious apparel of Milhaud's Cuirassiers.

"I often ask myself what supreme effort of will, what sudden impulse of fading vitality had placed him thus, erect in harness.

"All we know is that he was there, standing at the railing, wondering to find the avenue so silent, the shutters all closed, Paris like a great lazaret, flags everywhere, but such strange ones, white with red crosses, and no one to meet our soldiers.

"For a moment he may have thought himself mistaken.

"But no. There behind the Arc de Triomphe, there was a confused sound, a black line advancing in the growing daylight — then, little by little, the spikes of the helmets glisten, the little drums of Jena begin to beat, and under the Arc de l'Etoile, accom-

panied by the heavy tramp of the troops, by the clatter of sabers, bursts forth Shubert's Triumphal March.

"In the dead silence of the streets was heard a cry, a terrible cry: —

"'To arms! — to arms! — the Prussians!'

"And the four Uhlans of the advance guard might have seen up there, on the balcony, a tall old man stagger, wave his arms, and fall. This time Colonel Jouve was dead."

THE STARS AND STRIPES

HENRY WARD BEECHER

A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag, but the nation itself. And whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, that belong to the nation that sets it forth. When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. . . . When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, on a fiery ground, set forth the banner of Old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the idea of that great monarchy.

This nation has a banner, too; and until recently wherever it streamed abroad men saw day-break bursting on their eyes. For until lately the American flag has been a symbol of Liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope to the captive and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the bright morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light. As at early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then as the sun advances that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and in-

tense white striving together, and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so, on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever this flag comes and men behold it they see in its sacred emblazonry no ramping lion and no fierce eagle; no embattled castles or insignia of imperial authority; they see the symbols of light. It is the banner of Dawn.

THE END

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

ā as in āle.
å as in åle.
å as in sen′-åte.
â as in âir.
ă as in făt.
ä as in ärm.
à as in àsk.
a as in in′-fant.
ạ as in ạll.
ē as in ēve.
e as in ẽ′vent.
ĕ as in ĕnd.
ẽ as in hẽr.
e as in nov′-el.
ī as in īce.
ī as in i-dī′a.
ĭ as in pĭn.
ō as in ōld.
o̊ as in o̊-bey′.
ô as in ôrb.
ŏ as in ŏdd.
ū as in ūse.
ů as in ůnite′.
ụ as in rụde.
u as in full.
ŭ as in ŭp.
û as in ûrn.
y as in pit′-y̆.
o͞o as in fo͞od.
o͝o as in fo͝ot.
ou as in out.
oi as in boil.

GLOSSARY

A

a-cu′-mĕn, keenness; quickness of perception.
a-droit′, quick in the use of hands or mental faculties.
a-gile (ăj′-ĭl), active, lively.
a-lăc′-rĭ-tў, cheerful readiness.
A-lost (ä′-lōst), a town in N. E. Belgium.
a-me-na-ble (ȧ-mē′-na-b'l), willing to yield, tractable.
ăn′-ĭ-mŭs, animating spirit; temper; intention.
ăr′-gŭs-eyed, watchful; sharp sighted.
a-ro′-mȧ, fragrant quality of plants or other substances.
ăr-tĭ-cled pupil, one bound by articles of agreement.
a-tro-cious (ȧ-trō′-shus), extremely wicked.
at-tĕn′-ū-āte, to lessen, to weaken.
aus-tere (ȧs-tēr′), severe.
a-vĭd-ĭ-tў, greed, intense desire.

B

băr′-rĭs-tĕr, a counselor qualified to plead at the bar.
bel-lig′-er-ents (bĕl-lĭj′-ẽr-ẹnts), those engaged in warfare.
Bel-li-ni (Bĕl-lē′-nĭ), Italian painter.
Berceau de Dieu (Bĕr-cō′ de Dyū).
bĭt′-tẽrn, a wading bird similar to the heron.
bludg-eon (blŭj′-ŭn), short heavy-ended stick used for a weapon.
bōat′-swain (bōt′-swān), an officer in charge of boats, anchor, etc., of a ship, and who summons the crew.
Bois (Bwä), a boulevard in Paris.
bo͞ot, a place at either end of a stage coach for baggage.
bourne (bōrn), a stream, boundary or limit; a goal.
bra-zier (brā′-zhẽr), a worker in brass; a plan to hold burning coal.
breech-button (brĭch′-button).
brē-vĕt′, a military commission giving an officer higher rank than that for which he receives pay.

brĭm′-stōne and trēa′-cle, sulphur and molasses.
bŭmp′-kĭn, a clown.
byre (bȳr), a cowstable.

C

ca-jole (kȧ-jōl′), to flatter.
căr′-i-cȧ-tūre″-ist, one who exaggerates the characteristics by description or drawing.
car-nĭv′-ō-rȧ, animals capable of eating flesh.
car-ron-ade (car-rŭn-ād′), an obsolete kind of short cannon.
chaise (shāz), a two-wheeled carriage.
chal′-ice (chăl′-is), a bowl.
Chau-ny′ (shō′-ni), a town in Aisne department of France.
che-ka-ko (chĭ-chā′-ko), a tenderfoot; a newly arrived miner.
chi-can-e-ry (shĭ-kā′-ner-ȳ), trickery, strategem.
chi-me-ra (kĭ-mē′-rȧ), a foolish fancy.
cĭr-cŭm-vĕnt′, to gain advantage by arts or deception.
clĕm′-ĕn-cȳ, gentleness, compassion.
co-los-sal (kō-lŏs-sȧl), huge, gigantic.
com-fit (kŭm′-fit), a dry sweet meat, a confection.
con′-script (kŏn′-scrĭpt), an enrolled soldier or sailor.
con-tour′ (kŏn-tōōr′), the outline of a body.
cŭl′-mĭ-nāte, to reach the highest point.
cū-pĭd′-ĭ-tȳ, covetousness.

D

dam′-son (dăm′-z'n), a small oval plum.
de-bouch′ (dē-bōōsh′), to march out into an open space; to issue.
dĕft′-ly, cleverly, neatly.
de-gra-da-tion (dĕg-rȧ-dā′-shŭn), a lessening of strength or value; disgrace.
dē-lĭb-ĕr-ā′-tion, careful examination.
dem-a-gogue (dĕm-ȧ-gŏg), a seditious mob orator, a leader of the rabble.
de-mor-al-ize (dē-mŏr′-'l-īz), to corrupt in morals or courage; to weaken in efficiency.
dĕp′-rē-cāte, to disapprove of strongly.
dĕp′-ū-tȳ, one who represents another and has the power to act for him; an agent.
dē-tē′-rĭ-ō-rāte, to become worse; to impair.

dis-cern′ (dĭz-zẽrn′), to recognize, to distinguish.
dĭ-shĕv′-el, to permit to hang loosely.
dĭs′-sĭ-pāte, to scatter completely, to vanish.
Dix-mude
dŏck, the place in court where the accused person stands.
Doge (dōj), the chief magistrate of the republics of Venice and Genoa.
Dŏl′-o-mĭtes, a group of mountains of the Carpathian Alps in Tyrol.
dŏn, to put on.
drĭv′-el-ing, slavering like a baby or an idiot.
dŭn-gȧ-rēē′, coarse cotton cloth used for sailors' clothes.

E

ĕ-cŏ-nŏm′-ĭc, relating to the means of living, or the resources and wealth of a country.
ec′-sta-sy (ĕk′-stȧ-sy), excessive joy or enthusiasm.
ef-ful′-gence (ĕf-fŭl′-jĕns), great brightness, splendor.

F

făl′-lȧ-cy, a mistake; deception.
făl′-lōw, land plowed but not seeded.
fȧ-năt′-ĭ-cĭsm, excessive enthusiasm.
far′-thĭn-gāle, a hoopskirt.
fē′-al-tȳ, loyalty; constancy.
fea-si-ble (fē′-zĭ-b'l), practicable; capable of being done.
fĕnd, to resist, to keep off.
floe (flō), a flat mass of floating ice.
flō-tĭl′-lȧ, a little fleet of small vessels.
Fok-ker (patrols).
for-age (fŏr′-ăj), search for provisions; food for animals especially horses or cattle.
fra-cas (frā-k's), an uproar; a noisy quarrel.
francs-tireurs (frȧn-tē-rŭr), a French soldier.
frĕs′-cō, a painting on plaster.
frĕt′-tĕd, ornamented.
fū′-sĕl-āge, the framework of an air machine.
Fus-il-iers Marins (fiū′-sĭ-lērs), naval soldiers.
fŭs-tian (-chăn), a coarse twilled stuff including corduroy and velveteen.

G

gal-li-ard (găl′-yărd), an old-fashioned dance of brisk movement.
gärb, clothing; costume.
găv′-el, the mallet of the presiding officer in court or any legislative body.
Ghent (gent), capital of East Flanders.
gos′-sa-mer, a gauze-like fabric; thin waterproof stuff.
gro-tesque′ (grō-tĕsk′), fantastic.
gui-nea (gĭn′-ē), an English gold coin worth about five dollars, but no longer coined.
gy-ra-tions (jī-rā′-shŭn), to revolve around a central point.

H

hal-berd (hŏl-bĕrd), an ancient long-handled weapon resembling both spear and axe.
hănd′-spĭke, a heavy iron bar used as a lever in lifting weights.
hĕnch′-man, an attendant; a servant.
hŏm′-āge, respect; reverent regard.
Ho-tel de Ville (hō-tĕl′-dė-Vēē), city hall.

I

ĭg-nō-mĭn′-ĭ-ous, shameful; degrading.
Il dĭvino Triziano (dĭ-vē-nō Trĭ-zĭ-à-nō), Titian, famous Italian painter.
ĭl-lĭt′-ĕr-āte, uneducated.
ĭm-bībe′, to absorb.
ĭm-păn′-ĕl, to enroll.
ĭm-pē-tŭs, impulse; force.
ĭn-crē-dū-lĭ-tў, skepticism; disbelief.
ĭn-dĕm′-nĭ-tў, security; insurance.
in-ex′-ōr-à-ble, relentless; firm.
in-flĕx′-ĭ-ble, stiff; unyielding.
in′-quest (in′-kwĕst), official examination.
in-vāde′, to enter for conquest or plunder.
in-vŭl′-nĕr-à-ble, not capable of being wounded or of receiving injury.
i-răs′-cĭ-ble, irritable; easily angered.

L

lair (lâr), bed of a wild beast.
lan′-guor-ous (lan′-gwĕr-us), dreamy; exhausting.

le-thar'-gic (lĕ-thär'-jĭk), profoundly sleepy; indifferent.
links, a torch made of pitch or tow.
lo-qua'-cious (lō-kwā'-shus), given to continual talking; garrulous.

M

"Mademoiselle, je viens vous faire mes adieux." "Mademoiselle, I come to say good bye to you."
mà-lĭg'-nànt, spiteful; bent on evil.
mãle'-mūte, an Eskimo dog; also a tribe of Indians found in Alaska.
măn'-nà, food unexpectedly supplied to the Israelites in the Wilderness.
Mau'-gra-bins, inhabitants of Mograb on the northern coast of Africa.
mar-ĭn', a soldier serving on a war vessel.
masque (măsk), a frolic or show where all wear masks.
măs'-tō-dŏn, an extinct animal of the elephant species but larger.
maw, stomach or craw.
mĕd'-ĭ-tate, consider; study; think deeply.
met'-a-phor (mĕt'-à-fẽr), a compressed simile.
mĭl-lĕn'-nĭ-ŭm, the thousand years when it is prophesied that Christ shall reign upon earth.
mĭz'-zĕn-mast, the hindmost mast of a three masted ship.
moi'-thẽr-ed, bewildered; perplexed.
mŏl'-lĭ-fȳ, to soften; to make tender.
mŏn'-ĭ-tẽr, an iron clad war vessel.
mŏ-răss', marsh.
môr'-bĭd, unsound; diseased.
mŏ-rōse, ill humored; sour tempered.
mū-zhik', a Russian peasant.

N

năn-kēēn', durable yellow clŏth.
Nieu'-port (nyū'-por), a French aeroplane named for its inventor.
nigger-head flat, a dark colored rock.
nŏn-chàl-lănce', indifference, coolness.
nox'-ious (nŏx'-shus), hurtful; corrupting to the morals.

O

o'-chre (ō'-kĕr), an iron ore substance used in making yellow paint.
ŏm-nĭ-prĕs'-ence, present in all places at the same time.

o͞oze, soft mud or slime
or′-a-cle (ŏr′-a-k'l), a very wise person.
or-mo͝-lu͝′, mosaic gold; brass made to look like gold.
Oui da (wē′-dȧ). Louise de la Ramee, a French authoress.

P

pȧ-drō′-ne (-nā̆), a protector.
păn′-o͝-plĭ-ed, fully armed.
păr′-kȧ, an outer garment of undressed skins worn by the Eskimos.
pȧ-rōle′, dismissed on promise to return if called.
păr′-ŏx-ĭsm, sudden and violent emotion.
păr′-tĭ-sȧn-ship, the act of being a member of a faction or party; adherence to a particular group.
pa͝u′-pĕr, a very poor person.
pa͝wn, one of the very lowest rank in chess.
pĕlf, money; riches.
Phoe-bus (fē′-bŭs), god of the sun; the sun.
phy-sick-ing (fĭz-ĭk-ing), giving of medicine
pĭg′-ments, any material from which dye or paint may be prepared.
pir-ouette (pĭr-o͞o͞-ĕt), to whirl like a dancer.
poise, well balanced.
prē-cŭr′-sor (-sẽr), fore-runner; predecessor.
prē-lĭm′-ĭ-nā̆-ry, introduction; prelude.
prī-mal, first; original; chief.
pro-dig′-ious (prŏ-dĭj′-ŭs), very great; immense.
prŏ-phĕt′-ĭc, predicting; promising.
psy-chol′-o-gy (sī-kŏl′-o͝-jў), the science that treats of the mind.
pū′-ĭs-sa͝nt, powerful; forceful.
punc-til′-io (pŭnk-tĭl′-yō), exactness in social forms and in conduct.
pўg′-mў, a dwarf.

Q

quăr′-rў, a hunted animal; a place where stone is taken from the earth.

R

răn′-cor (răn-kẽr), inveterate hatred; extreme spite.
rē″-cȧ-pĭt′-u͝-lāte, to summarize; to repeat in brief.
rĕl′-ĭct, widow; one left behind.
Ribe mont.

rụ′-ble, a Russian coin worth about seventy-seven cents.
run à-mŭck′, to attack ferociously everyone met.

S

săck′-ed, plundered; devastated.
sa-găc′-i̇-tў, shrewdness; penetration.
săg′-à-mōre, head of a tribe of American Indians; chief.
sä′-mo̊-vär, a metal urn used in Russia for making tea.
scim′-i-ter (sĭm′-i̇-tẽr), an Oriental saber edged on the convex side.
scŭl′-lion (-yŭn), kitchen servant.
sẽ-di̇′-tion, resistance to lawful authority; rebellion.
sĕn′-ĕ-chal, steward; officer in a prince's house.
ser′-ried (sĕr′-rĭd), crowded; compact.
shak-os.
shăm′-bles.
sĭn′-i̇s-tẽr, inauspicious, unlucky
stà-bĭl′-i̇-tў, steadiness.
stăm′-i̇-nà, power of endurance; vigor; backbone.
stĕr′-i̇le, producing no fruit; barren.
sti̇p″-u̇-lā′-tion, agreement; contract.
sti̇′-vẽr, a Dutch coin worth two cents; a trifle.
stō′-gie, a coarse cigar.
sto̊′-i̇-çism, indifference to pleasure or pain.
St. Quentin.
stu-pen′-dous (stū-pĕn′-dŭs), amazing; astonishingly great.
sûr′-fei̇t-ed, overfed or over supplied.

T

tăp′-ĕs-trў, woven hangings of wool or silk.
tĕn′-tà-cle, slender sense organs attached to the head of some insects; also the arms of a cuttle fish by which it crushes its victims before devouring them.
Termonde.
Thĕrmŏp′-ў-lae (-lē), narrow mountain pass from Thessaly into Greece.
thews (thūz), nerves; sinews.
tōr′-ĕt, a revolving tower containing a cannon.
trŭck′-le (-l′).
tŭrn′-ĕrў, the process of making articles by use of a lathe.

U

Uh′-lans (ū′-lăn), German soldiers.
Usher of the Black Rod, an officer of the English royal household who acts as messenger between the House of Lords and the House of Commons.

V

vär′-lĕt, a scoundrel; a rascal.
vė̂-nēēr-ing, thin layer of expensive wood or other material placed on a foundation of inferior stuff; false pretense.
ven′-ûe, "change of venue," change of place of trial for some good reason.
vẽrst, a Russian measure of length containing about 3,500 English feet.
vẽr′-sŭs, against.
vi̇̂′-cė-vẽr′-sȧ, the order reversed.
vi̇̂′-si̇̆on-ā̆-rў, a dreamer; an idealist.
vô-li̇̂′-tion, choice; preference.

W

wăm′-pŭm, beads of shell used by the Indians as money and woven into belts.
wạr′-ped, twisted.
whĕt′-ting, sharpening; making eager; stimulating.
whi̇̂f-fle-tree, bar of a carriage or plow to which the traces of the harness are fastened.
whi-lom (hwi̇̂-lŭm), once; formerly.

Y

Ysaye (ï-sȧ′-yē), Belgian violinist and composer.
Yser.

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